ROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Collier's

UGUST 26, 1944 TEN CENTS

BRARY
KANSAS

KGL. NORSKE MA

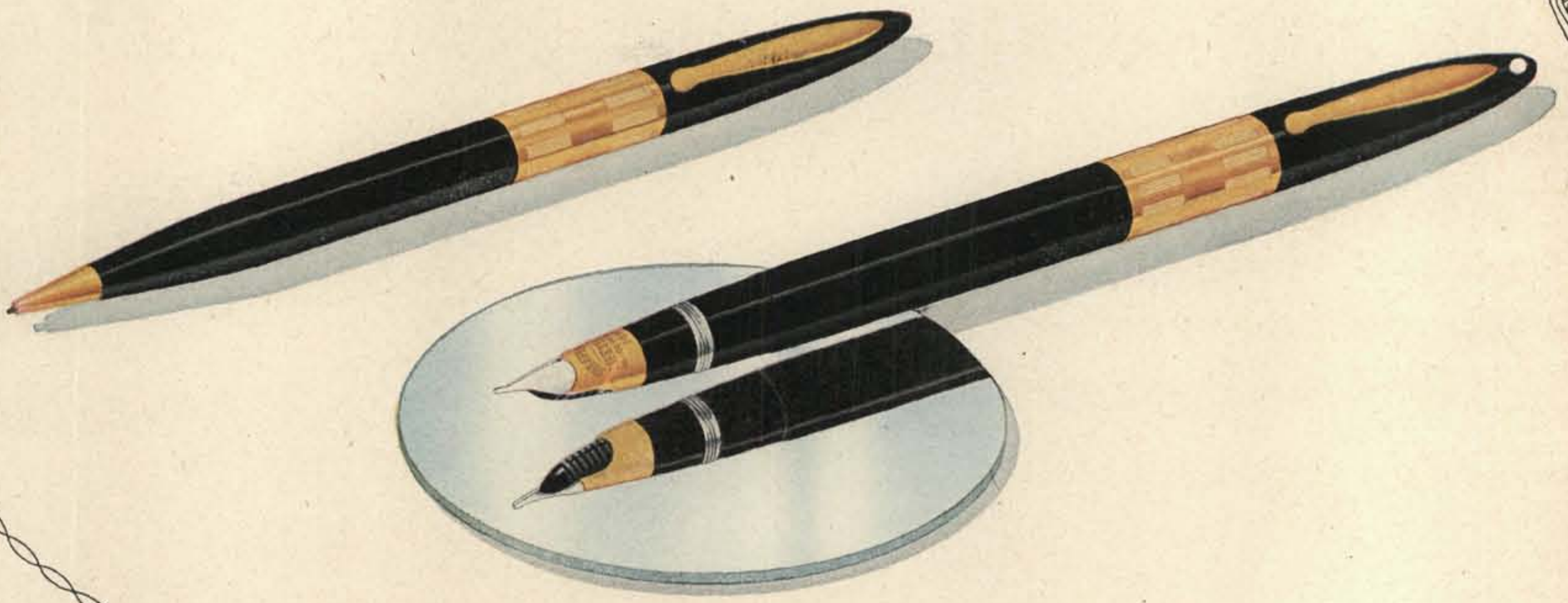
PHOTOGRAPH BY MUKY

BEGINNING "EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN"

The Great Love Story of the Yea

August 26. 1944 **By GWETHALYN GRAHAM**

LIBR
25AU45
A 15835 C
RKK



THE SERVICE SIDE OF BEAUTY...

To be a Sheaffer — a fountain pen not only must *look* the part . . . it must *act* the part! Underlying the beauty of design there must be mechanical perfection resulting from precision craftsmanship of the highest order!

That's why the Sheaffer's "TRIUMPH" *Lifetime** has entirely changed popular conceptions of versatility and continuous service which comprise fountain pen performance. The "business," or writing, end of the "TRIUMPH," with its high capacity feed, its Feather-touch writing action, its 14K Gold Sheath Point with *more gold* —all combine with perfect balance to make this pen feel and write like *your* pen from the start — *the* pen you'll be glad to use and proud to own for lifelong satisfaction! Sheaffer's "TRIUMPH" pencil to match.

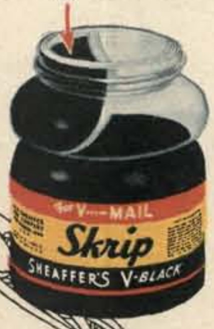
100% war work now employs many Sheaffer precision craftsmen. However, while many Sheaffer pens now being made are going to our Armed Forces, a substantial number are available for civilians through authorized Sheaffer dealers. W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company, Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Above: "TRIUMPH" *Lifetime** pen, with clip, $12.50; pencil, $5—"TRIUMPH TUCKAWAY" model, without clip, for men or women, carries safely *in all positions* in purse or pocket—pen, $12.50; pencil, $4.

*All *Lifetime* pens, identified by the White Dot, are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the first user *except against* loss and willful *damage*—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c if you send it to the factory yourself; slightly more if you request the dealer to do it for you.

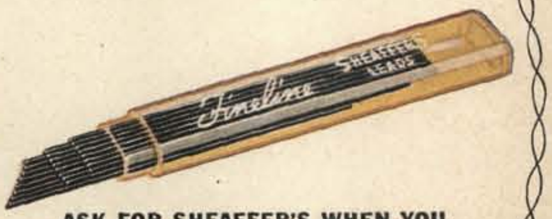
THE BOTTLE WITH THE PEN FILLING TOP WELL

Top Well keeps fingers clean because it is not necessary to dip pen into bottom well. Only SKRIP has the Top Well.



V-BLACK SKRIP FOR V-MAIL

V-Black SKRIP writes a lustrous ebony black that stays black! And black photographs best in reproducing V-Mail! SKRIP makes all pens write better, last longer, require less servicing. Ask for V-Black SKRIP in the 4-oz. REGULAR SIZE—25c.



ASK FOR SHEAFFER'S WHEN YOU ASK FOR LEADS

Most of the better stores have complete Sheaffer lead departments containing all sizes, colors and grades—strong, smooth-writing, grit-free—the original, genuine Fineline leads developed for Sheaffer by the Jos. Dixon Crucible Company. Economy package, 25c; regular package, 15c.

ARMY E NAVY

***Listen to* SHEAFFER'S WORLD PARADE with UPTON CLOSE**

***NBC Complete Network—Sundays,* 3 to 3:30 P.M. E.W.T.;**
2 to 2:30 P.M. C.W.T.; 1 to 1:30 P.M. M.W.T.;
12 to 12:30 P.M. P.W.T.

SHEAFFER'S

Copyright 1944, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Why are men so tickled when we promise this SHAVING CREAM will not make shaving a pleasure?

No samples . . . no prizes . . . no premiums for box-tops . . . yet intelligent men have flooded us with heart-warming fan mail

Before you put your money down for your next tube of shaving cream, we want to get started with you on the right basis. So we begin by presenting the biggest plank in our simple platform: The word *pleasure* shouldn't even be mentioned in the same breath with *shaving*.

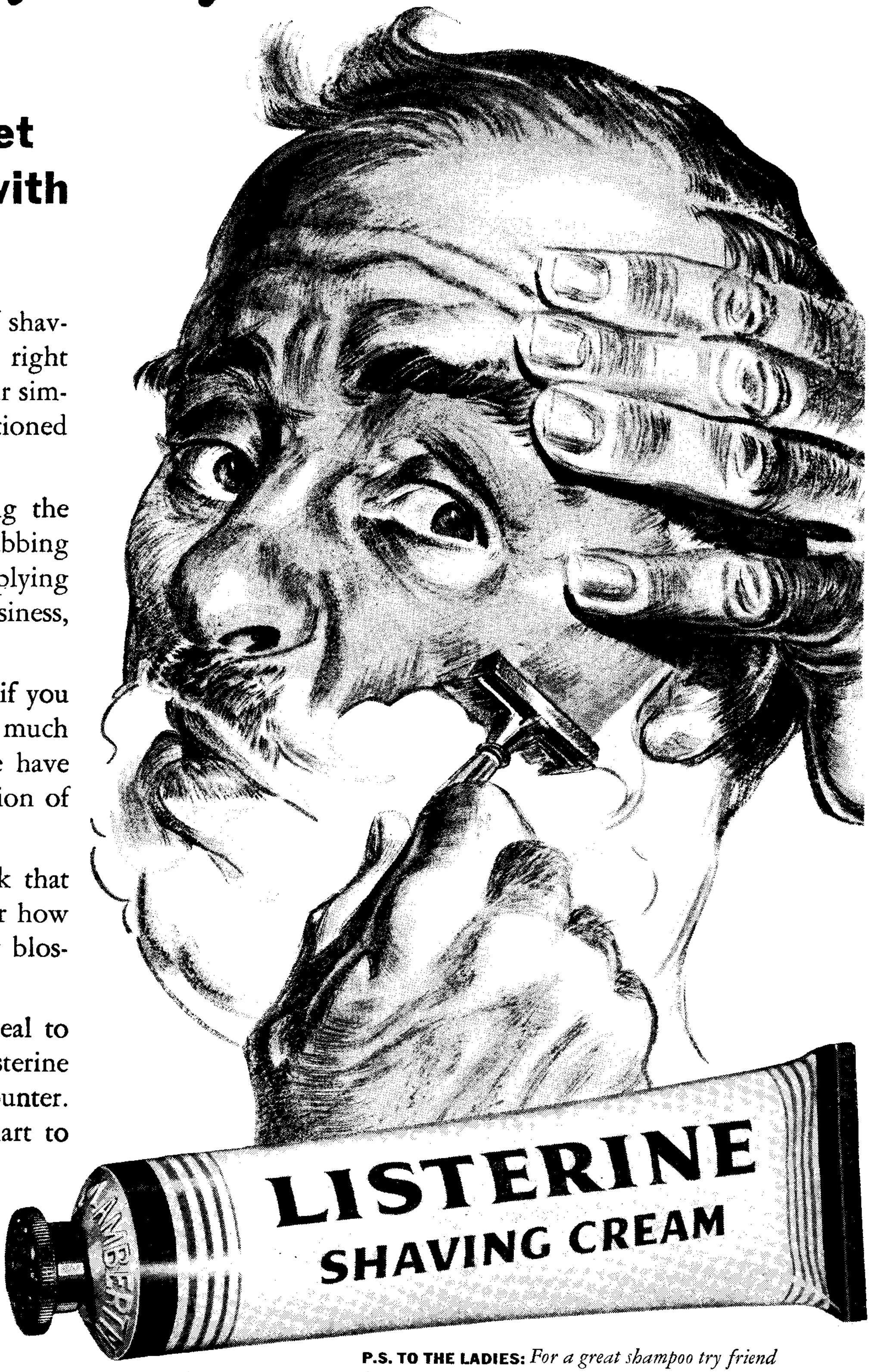
From start to finish, the whole business of washing the beard with hot and cold water . . . of brushing up and rubbing in lather . . . of mowing down the bristles . . . and then applying hot towels, lotions, styptic, and talcum . . . the whole business, we say, is at best a nuisance and a bore.

That is why we do not pretend to offer you pleasure, if you use our Listerine Shaving Cream. We do promise you as much comfort as any reasonable man can expect, because we have devoted our technical skill and resources to the production of a *quality* shaving cream.

Now "quality" is an overworked word, but we think that you will agree that it's the right one, when you discover how a fraction of an inch of Listerine Shaving Cream quickly blossoms into lots and lots of good, rich lather.

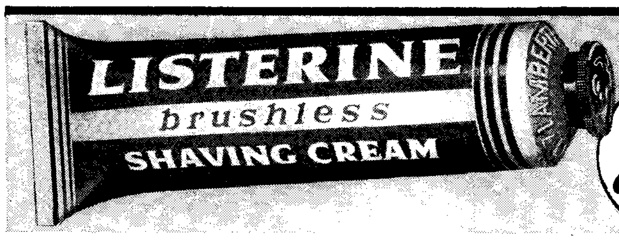
If these reasonable claims for a quality product appeal to you, you're just the man who ought to meet our Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*



35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S
month after month after m-o-n-t-h

P.S. TO THE LADIES: *For a great shampoo try friend husband's Listerine Shaving Cream . . . just a little makes clouds of foamy, cleansing lather.*



25¢

REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
Out of this tube come comfortable shaves for men who prefer no-brush cream

RADIOPHONE SERVICE ON THE
Beachhead
PROVIDED BY
Motorola
HANDIE-TALKIE

"You're on a beachhead. Hidden machine guns open up. Mortar batteries get your range. You need help, mighty fast. Then, via the Handie-Talkie, you give your batteries the word—and the range. That's all for the enemy—you move up, and mark up—one more job well done by the Handie-Talkie."

The Handie-Talkie is a portable, two-way, battery-operated, radiotelephone system used by our fighting men to send and receive information over the air. They call it the *"fightingest radio"* in the army. The Handie-Talkie is an exclusive development of Motorola engineers and you may expect pleasant surprises from Motorola when peacetime radios for home and car can once again be made.

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION
CHICAGO 51, ILL.

Motorola Radio

F-M RADIO • AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPHS • TELEVISION • F-M POLICE RADIO • RADAR • MILITARY RADIO COMMUNICATIONS

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY • Publisher **HENRY LA COSSITT** • Editor
JOE ALEX MORRIS • Managing Editor

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	**FRANK GERVASI**	Mediterranean	**GURNEY WILLIAMS**	Humor
W. B. COURTNEY	Invasion			**JIM MARSHALL**	West Coast
ERNEST HEMINGWAY	Invasion	**KYLE CRICHTON**	Articles	**GRATTAN O'LEARY**	Ottawa
MARTHA GELLHORN	Invasion	**HERBERT ASBURY**	Articles	**EDWARD TOMLINSON**	The Other Americas
FRANK D. MORRIS	Pacific Fleet	**AMY PORTER**	Articles		
GEORGE CREEL	Washington	***JIM BISHOP***	Articles	**HENRY L. JACKSON**	Wearables
ROBERT DE VORE	Washington	**U. L. CALVOSA**	Photographs	**ALLEN MARPLE**	Fiction
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington	**IFOR THOMAS**	Photographs	**JAMES N. YOUNG**	Fiction
FREDERICK R. NEELY	Aviation	**AIMEE LARKIN**	Distaff	**ELIZABETH BOUTELLE**	Fiction

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • Art Director

Any Week

FROM Lieutenant John S. Schmolze, who is in Moore General Hospital in North Carolina, we have received a little homily on modesty—a quality we have always regarded as pretty unnecessary. He has been reading our July 15th issue and finds on the cover a number of magazines only one of which is identifiable—Collier's. On page 18, Collier's is shown on a table. On page 49 another Collier's is shown in the cartoon. And on page 57, a soldier is shown reading—Collier's. Let's see. Where were we? Oh, yes, about modesty. Well, we tried that some years ago and it just didn't work.

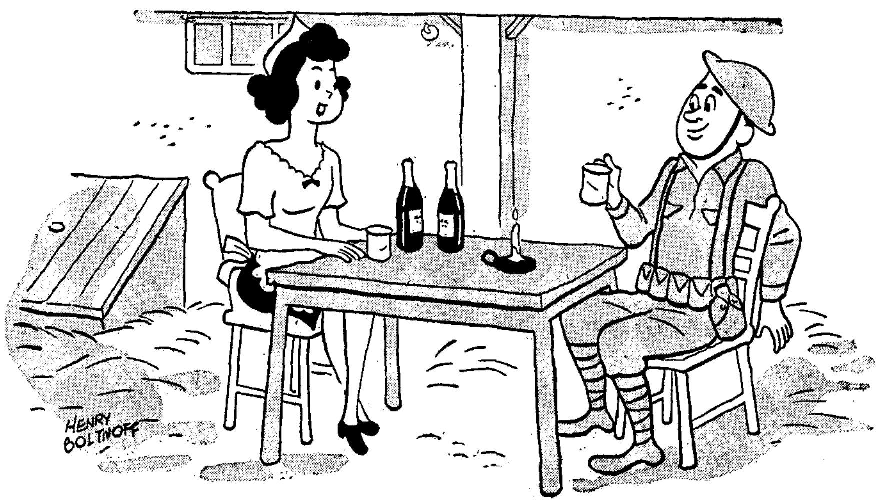
PROTESTS continue to arrive from veterans of the 111th Infantry with whom we fought in the Little World War many, many years ago. Our aging comrades are aroused by our comment that in spite of that gallant and historic regiment's motto —Never a Step Backward—several backward steps were nevertheless taken. Well, all we can say is that this old soldier stepped backward with some celerity on one or two occasions. We had a senile idea that some of the lads were with us on such occasions, but, of course, we must be mistaken. We were scurrying pretty fast and weren't paying much attention. So we're in favor of settling for the statement that we know a member of the 111th Infantry who positively reeeee-treated now and then. Once we took refuge in the cellar of a farmhouse that was occupied by a dame with two bottles of champagne.

WE DON'T know about you, but some time ago we quit reading pieces by sociologists, politicians and thinkers (all civilian) about what G.I. Joe is going to do when he gets home. What we've been saving ourself for is something on the subject by a G.I. Joe. Well, a letter arrived this morning from a foot soldier in Italy, and he's not at all pleased, either, with what he has read on the subject. Frankly he wants to know "how the hell you guys who wouldn't know one end of a bazooka from the other know what we're going to do. We don't. We'll be awfully sick of war. We are already awfully sick of guys who write about our future. All we will want is a job and a chance to settle back into anonymous sanity. Why don't you guys make that possible instead of wasting time in long-distance mind reading?"

BUT Mr. James A. Simons in Jackson, Mississippi, says that a friend of his was accosted on Capitol Street by a drunk. The drunk produced pencil and paper and demanded: "What's the name of the wife of the president of Bolivia?" Mr. Simons' friend allowed that he doubted that ten per cent of the people of Bolivia itself know. The drunk put away pencil and paper, thought deeply, then said, "Why can't we have a government like that?"

ANOTHER political note—this one from Mr. Joe K. Lyster of Kokomo, Indiana. Mr. Lyster is a Republican with doubts.

(Continued on page 46)



HENRY BOLTINOFF

Vol. 114, No. 9. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1944, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEE

AUGUST 26, 1944

SHORT STORIES

GEORGE HARMON COXE
Alias the Killer. A woman's fai helps rebuild a man's faith in hir self. Page

HARRY SYLVESTER
A Small Clear Light. Under gunfir an expatriate finds his courage ar his heart. Page

ROBERT EASTON
Bonaparte McPhail. He was ar o hand at inventions, but he co save himself. Page

W. L. KNICKMEYER
That Girl Nancy. When a girl mak up her mind, a boy *might just* well surrender. Page

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Deep-Down Sure, by Jean Kinkea Page

SERIAL STORY

GWETHALYN GRAHAM
Earth and High Heaven. The first four parts. Page

ARTICLES

FRANK GERVASI
There is a Short Cut to Tokyo. B we're prepared to go the long wa too! Page

SENATOR HARRY S. TRUMAN
Our Armed Forces Must Be Unifie With Army and Navy under a sing command, we could have saved r lions. Page

BILL DAVIDSON
Daffy Over Dahlias. Enthusiasts tl world over pursue the fabulo blooms. Page 1

COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN
Cochran's Commandos. Col. Coc ran and his gang invented a ne kind of jungle warfare. Page

WALTER DAVENPORT
Detroit Develops Peace Nerves. Th problems of reconversion and unen ployment threaten the automobil capital. Page 2

JIM BISHOP
Swedish Stopover. Interned Amer can fliers enjoy a life of enforce neutrality. Page

ARTHUR GRAHAME
Railroad Crossing. Stop, look an listen—or you'll wish you had! Page 5

DAVID J. COWEN
Solomon Salesmen. The poor ign rant savages outwit the Yanke their own game. Pag

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page

THE WEEK'S WORK. Page

WING TALK. Page 3

DAVID O. WOODBURY
Your Life Tomorrow. Page 3

ABBREVIATIONS TEST. Page 4

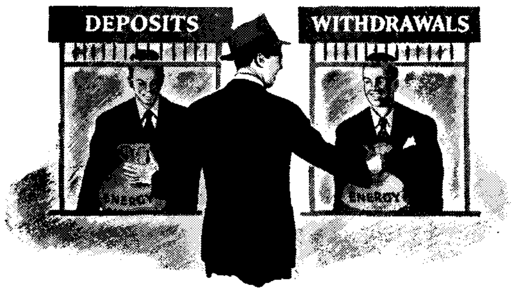
EDITORIAL
Advertising and the War Effort. Page 8

COVER MUK

Have you ever faced *his* problem?

● When this fellow gets tired, his problem is simple: he just goes to sleep. But do you know what to do about "that tired feeling"?

Suppose, for a minute, you think of your supply of bodily energy as a sort of savings account...



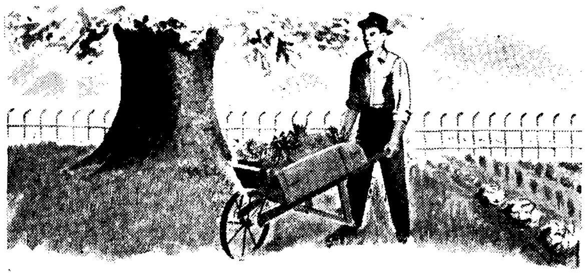
You *make deposits* in the form of food which bodily processes convert into useful energy—aided by sleep, rest, sunshine, water, and fresh air.

You *withdraw* energy from your account every time you so much as lift a finger, every time you breathe.

So long as you *balance* your energy account every 24 hours, you feel well and work efficiently. But if, day after day, you spend more energy than you replace, fatigue *accumulates*. You get "that tired feeling."

This is nature's warning to do four things...

1. **See your doctor.** Chronic illnesses, such as tuberculosis or heart disease, can cause fatigue. So can poor eyesight or hearing, foot disorders, faulty posture, bad eating habits. Since bad teeth may be a cause—see your dentist too.
2. **Accumulate more energy.** Eat adequate meals at *regular* intervals, including a good breakfast. Try to get to bed an hour earlier. Seek *extra* sunshine and fresh air.
3. **Withdraw less energy.** Try to change habits and living conditions which waste energy. Plan ahead—"What your head does, your feet won't have to." Worry, tension, fear, and anger squander energy—control your emotions! *Learn to relax!...*
4. **Practice relaxing** by deliberately letting stiff, tense muscles go limp, one by one. Use every odd moment to acquire this restful habit.



There's absorbing interest in your job if you look for it, and interest combats tension. After work take up a hobby—sports, music, Victory Gardening, reading, walking, just plain loafing—whatever revives *you* most quickly.

Today, it is a patriotic duty to make every ounce of energy count. You will find helpful suggestions about overcoming fatigue in Metropolitan's free booklet, "Fatigue—What to Do About 'That Tired Feeling.'" Send for it.

COPYRIGHT 1944—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 94-C, entitled "Fatigue—What to Do About 'That Tired Feeling.'"

Name________________________

Street________________________

City______________State________

FLORSHEIM SHOES

Designed and Built for Longer Rationed Wear

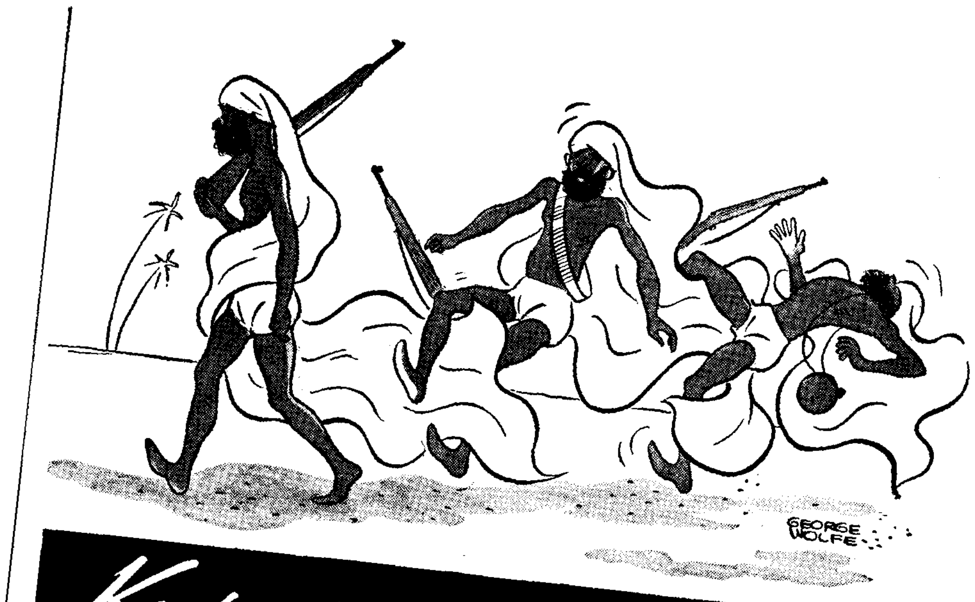
The DEARBORN

Under rationing, many men are learning for the first time what thousands have known for so long: the quality and dependability that have made Florsheims America's standard of fine shoe value for 52 years.

Most Styles $10.50 and $11

Florsheim Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



Keep up with the world

As Moslems must be buried in a white linen shroud instead of a casket, many of the men, when going on a journey or to war, make sure that their burial cloth will be available if needed by carrying it with them, usually wrapped around their head and shoulders.

A Cleveland company presented the three winners of a contest held in 1932 with their prize money in a form that was symbolic of the firm's welding business—steel checks on which steel letters and figures were welded. Although two feet long, a foot wide and three-sixteenths of an inch thick, the checks were honored and then canceled with a submachine gun, the word "Paid" being spelled out with bullet holes.

Few women have been honored by their country as was Eleonora Duse, the great Italian actress, who died in Pittsburgh in 1924 at the age of sixty-four. The government of Italy not only sent the liner Duilio to bring her body home, but also held a state funeral and proclaimed a period of national mourning for her.

As Nazi soldiers in control of French cities often neglect to sound an alert for the inhabitants when bombers are approaching, an R.A.F. plane now flies over a town twenty minutes before an Allied air raid and sounds its own special siren to warn and give the people sufficient time to take shelter.

The War Food Administration is now storing 75,000 tons of food in a leased limestone mine near Atchison, Kansas. Its 12,000,000 cubic feet of caverns are equivalent to nearly one tenth of all public refrigerated storage space in this country today. While the construction of a warehouse with this capacity would cost about $15,000,000, the chief expense of equipping this mine was $1,000,000 for machinery to reduce its temperature of 50 degrees F. to 30 degrees.

The U.S. Army Air Forces now use two types of glider: the 4,500 pound CG-4 which has a maximum load capacity of 3,000 pounds, or 67 per cent of its weight; and the 8,000-pound CG-13 which has a maximum load capacity of 9,000 pounds, or 112 per cent of its weight.

Until about five years ago, all bottles of American wine were fitted with a cork stopper, while today approximately 90 per cent of them are sealed with either a metal or a plastic cap.—*By Sgt. T. C. Waldron, APO, New York City.*

The only birds that are able to fly the moment they are hatched are the megapodes of Australia. . . . Japan and the lands it has invaded and holds contain 418,000,000 persons, or 19 per cent of the world's population. . . . Some drums used by African natives to "broadcast" messages can be heard at night over an area of 700 square miles.

The only Pope to possess a British decoration is the present pontiff, Pius XII, who received the Coronation Medal while in London as a papal representative at the coronation of King George V in 1911.

Special kits of medical supplies are about to be sent by the U.S. Army to Americans who are war prisoners in the Far East. Packed in three sizes with varied assortments, they contain dressings, sterilizing equipment, water purifiers, simple surgical and dental instruments, and a total of 126 different drugs with instructions for their use.

Of the 33,000,000 families in the United States today, 15,000,000 have mechanical refrigerators, 9,000,000 use ice, and the other 9,000,000 are still without refrigeration of any kind.—*By Jhan Robbins, Brooklyn, New York.*

A book describing the 27 "official" romances of Mussolini during the last ten years of his regime has just been published and circulated by the underground press in northern Italy. Among the illustrations is a photostatic copy of a letter that he wrote to one of these ladies, the contents of which are so interesting that she was able to sell the original for $21,000.

In 1902, China awarded the United States $24,440,000 to indemnify the government and American citizens for damages and expenses resulting from the Boxer Rebellion. In 1908, after all accounts had been settled, there still remained $11,960,000 or nearly half of the award. So the United States, in a unique gesture, returned this balance to the Chinese government, which used the money to educate Chinese students in America.

Ward's Natural Science Establishment in Rochester, N. Y., is the only firm in the world that supplies ready-made exhibits to natural-history museums, carrying in stock more than 100,000 items which range from 600-pound sea shells to 60,000,000-year-old fishes. Ward's has also helped to start numerous museums, one being the Field Museum in Chicago, which was founded with $100,000 worth of its exhibits.

In the United States today at least 50,000 municipal policemen and firemen are members of some 600 local labor unions. . . . For failing to vote in an election in Cuba, a citizen may now be fined as much as $500.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

by Freling Foster

WE WERE
Grounded on Guadalcanal

PHOTO BY AMERICAN MAGAZINE

The author—a gunner who flew on more than 69 missions. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal, the Purple Heart and a Presidential Citation. Recently he received a medical discharge.

★ ★ ★

Henderson Field, Guadalcanal

October 17. "We came out looking for food. After spending the last 48 hours straight in our foxholes—waist-deep in mud and water, while the Japs shelled us from their cruisers and shore batteries—we were hungry. But we had no luck at any of the field kitchens. When we asked where the hell our chow was, the mess officer told us the cooks were down on the beaches doing something a lot more important than filling our bellies. They were manhandling 50-gallon gasoline drums. Apparently the cargo ships had had to throw the stuff overboard and let the tide carry the drums in toward shore. So we went on down to help out. We spent 72 hours without a break, manhandling those 50-gallon drums of gasoline around in deep water. The belly of a plane has a hell of a lot more priority on being fed than the belly of a soldier . . ."

Henderson Field

October 28. "Operations canceled all bombing missions today for a new reason—which makes things look pretty black around here. For a long time now, we've been short on gasoline. The bomb-bay tanks of all Fortresses were drained today to feed the fighters. Apparently some tankers have been sunk on their way out here, and there is barely enough gasoline to keep our tiny force of fighters in the air—let alone to send a Fortress out bombing, which needs about 2000 gallons. This is a real tight spot. If gasoline does not come in a week, we might as well surrender or retreat. Never gave much thought to the stuff before, but now realize the whole damn war hinges on it, and that I better start taking lessons in Japanese unless tankers get here pronto . . ."

Henderson Field

November 1. "Terrific celebrations in camp today (on home brew from the coconuts!). The tankers arrived! These tankers had been on their way to some other destination, but frantic radio messages diverted them to us. Thank God we've got gasoline at last! Our chances of ever getting out of this hell hole look better now. And tomorrow we go bombing again—up to hit at Bougainville . . ."

New Hebrides

November 20. "What a day! Bombed Munda Point, New Georgia. Our bombardier did a wonderful job and laid eight 500-pounders right in their lap, straight across their airstrip. We believe he blew up a gasoline dump, judging by the flames and explosions. Put Tojo right in that spot we were in back in October. Boy, if he is out of gas we'll be able to paste the living daylights out of him!"

New Hebrides

November 26. "Landed from a tough 10-hour mission, and looked forward to chow and sleep. But Operations had different ideas. A new Jap task force had just been sighted and we were ordered out to bomb it immediately. We loaded a new set of bombs and a fresh supply of ammunition and started to take on the 1000 gallons of gasoline we needed. Then the pumping system went phut. So we had to load by hand. But help came in the shape of a three-star general and his staff, of all things! When he heard we had to load by hand after 10 hours' straight flying and had to go out again immediately, he ordered us all to take a snooze under the wing while the old man himself and his pompous staff took off their shirts and loaded 400 gallons themselves by *hand!* Nearly killed them, I guess, with the thermometer at 120°. First time I have ever seen a three-star general load gasoline while a private slept under the wing! Did my soul good. But just shows what a hell of a swell outfit this Air Force is when we go into combat."

★ ★ ★

Now you know what gasoline—or the lack of it—can mean at the fighting front. Please remember, gasoline powers the attack—don't waste a drop. Buy as little—use as little—as you can. Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

COPYRIGHT 1944, ETHYL CORPORATION

First customer—
and severest critic...

He learned to fly in World War I, without a parachute . . . He never had a crack at a Hun or a medal, felt that his wings were honor enough. When Uncle Sam gave him a sixty buck bonus and a ticket home, he couldn't go back to the old life—saw his future in flying.

Or maybe he was too young for the War, and hung around hangars with his heart in his eyes until he could trade odd jobs for stick time.

He slaved and saved to own a plane—an Army relic, a rebuilt crash job, a homemade version. He gave lessons, sold rides, barnstormed, flew in prize meets; carried the mail; sometimes hit the headlines flying serum to a sick baby. But he wasn't a glory hound; just wanted to make a living flying—and often died at it.

If the crate acted cranky or the motor quit, he couldn't tell the crew chief or Maintenance. Maintenance was his affair—or his funeral.

He needed an engine that didn't need a nursemaid . . . one that was easy on gas, simple enough that he could service it, up to hard work and hard knocks on cowpasture airports. Jacobs gave him such an engine, and later better and larger versions. First customer and severest critic, he helped Jacobs develop the workhorse of plane engines.

When war came, the Jacobs was ready for the bi-motored trainers, sure and safe for student pilots . . . On training fields from Canada to Cape Horn, the Jacobs takes more take-offs and full throttle time than any engines in combat . . . stands up for more than 1,000 hours between major overhauls—*three times the original specifications* . . . helped train fine bomber pilots fast, and cut costs for taxpayers!

We hope that these new pilots and their proud parents will not forget . . . how much of the success, speed and safety of the vast training program is due to the breed of men who believed and lived and worked to make airpower feasible . . . though many of them never survived to see the fact! . . . Jacobs Aircraft Engine Company, Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

JACOBS • **Pottstown, Pa.**

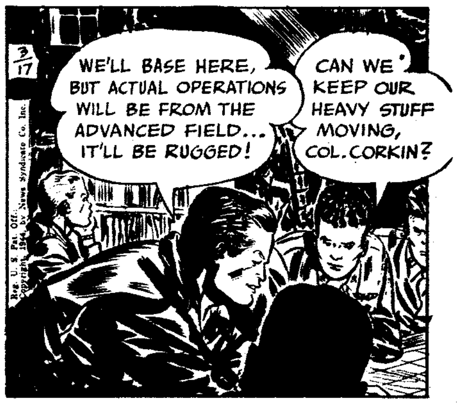
The Week's Work

Gwethalyn Graham

LEJA GORSKA

GWETHALYN GRAHAM, author of the sensitive and brilliant novel, Earth and High Heaven, which begins in this issue (p. 11), has an answer to anti-Semitism. She says: "If you love even one Jew, you become vulnerable to all the insults and injuries to which a whole race is subjected. Then it becomes more than a question of abstract justice. If you have just one Jewish friend that you love—it's as simple as that!—you realize the sufferings of people who are made to conform to other people's ideas of a composite type." In her own case, her feeling about the problem of her many Jewish friends of many nationalities "burst into a book." Here is the book with its moving love story giving still more poignancy to the Jewish problem which is its theme.

Miss Graham is a thirty-year-old Canadian with an international viewpoint and a great determination to write as she pleases. Of the five novels she has written, only two have reached publication—this one and Swiss Sonata. The other three might have been published—except that the author, a stern self-critic, refused to submit them to anyone. "They weren't good enough," she says. "They were only practice." Swiss Sonata, published in England, is on the Nazi blacklist, the author is happy to say.


3/17
WE'LL BASE HERE, BUT ACTUAL OPERATIONS WILL BE FROM THE ADVANCED FIELD... IT'LL BE RUGGED!
CAN WE KEEP OUR HEAVY STUFF MOVING, COL. CORKIN?

Caniff's Col. Flip Corkin

Her international-minded family planted the seeds of international understanding in their daughter by sending her on extensive travels through Europe and to school in Switzerland. Her best friends during those years were an Armenian girl, an American Jewish girl, an Italian and a Pole.

Later she came to the United States to attend Smith College, but during her second year, at the age of nineteen, she gave up school in favor of marriage.

After the birth of a son, Anthony, now ten, she settled to serious writing, living in Montreal in the winter and spending idyllic summers at Georgian Bay, Ontario, where her family owns an island.

She sold occasional articles to newspapers and magazines, but she did not exactly make a living at it. "I kept telling myself that, even so, I was doing better than Bernard Shaw did at first. He earned $30 in nine years of writing. I earned $1,200 in the same length of time. Now if I could only follow his footsteps the rest of the way . . ."

Her unusual family background may partly explain Miss Graham's interest in sociological problems. Her grandfather James Frederick McCurdy, a naturalized American citizen, was a world-famous expert on the Orient. Her father, a well-known barrister, is Frank Erichsen-Brown, K.C., and her mother was a leader in the Canadian suffragette movement. Her older sister is an active worker for the betterment of Negroes, and her younger sister is married to a Britisher who is an authority on prison reform.

Earth and High Heaven will be published in book form by Lippincott.

IN COCHRAN'S COMMANDOS, p. 20, Major Corey Ford and Captain Alastair MacBain give us the first of what we hope will be many articles based on their observations during a three months' tour of duty in the China-Burma-India theater of war.

You already know what the fighting, flying hero of the piece looks like, Major Ford says, if you follow Milt Caniff's comic strip, Terry and the Pirates. Colonel Cochran is the original on which the strip's famous character, Flip Corkin, is based.

SERGEANT BILL DAVIDSON never had seen a dahlia until, in the course of his duties as a correspondent for Yank, he called on Colonel Eddy at Fort Warren, Cheyenne, Wyoming. . . .

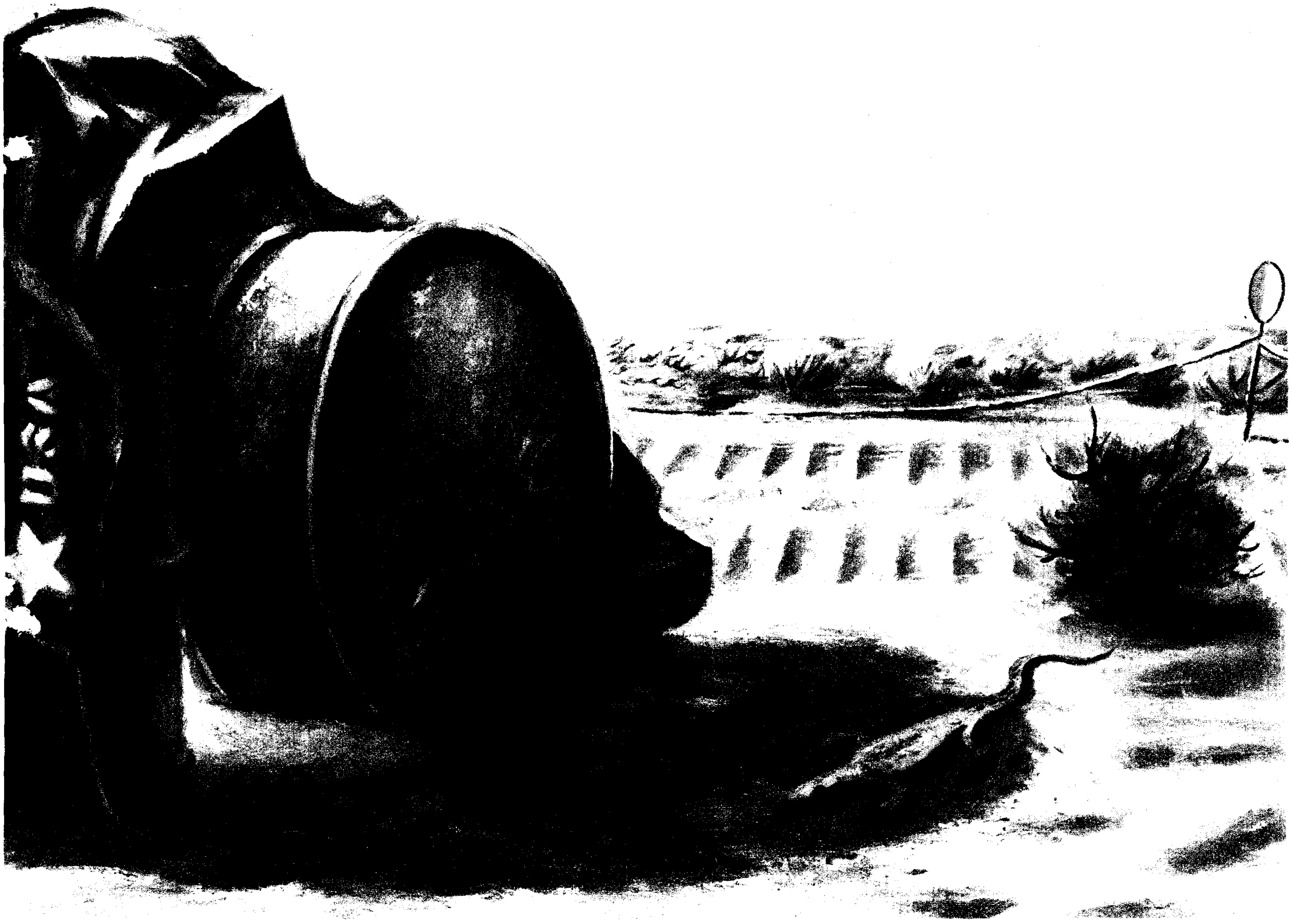
But Colonel Eddy initiated him (see Daffy Over Dahlias, p. 18), and now he's a dahlia grower himself, sort of. At least, before he left on an overseas assignment, he planted one dahlia in the back yard of his mother's home in Jersey City.

Sergeant Davidson was born in Jersey City at a fateful moment on March 4, 1918, "just as a parade of another generation of soldiers went marching down the street to board a transport in Hoboken—a fact which my mother has always regarded suspiciously." He attended New York University, where he spent most of his time in skipping over hurdles.

Then sports writing for newspapers, radio and magazines took up his time until, in May, 1941, came the Army, "where I soon found myself writing again, for Yank, the same type of article I had been doing as a civilian, but for a sergeant's pay." Davidson traveled more than 200,000 miles around the country as a Yank correspondent covering the Home Front for the troops overseas. . . . A. P.

Sergeant Bill Davidson

"Sizzling Lizards... HOT!"



TAKE the machines and materials of our temperate civilization into 120° of desert heat and you get some new problems . . .

Actually, 100 octane Aviation Gasoline—volatile, temperamental—stewing in a fuel dump of steel drums, begins to separate into its constituent parts . . . gets "gummy."

This was one of the hazards of a war in which aviation gasoline must be kept "on tap" in the hottest spots of all geography.

* * *

SCIENTISTS AT THE "UNIVERSITY OF PETROLEUM," Shell's research laboratories—who made possible the first commercial production of 100 octane fuel back in 1934—had a special interest in solving this new wartime problem. The answer was a long time coming, but they have it now—a new, revolutionary "inhibitor."

It's a "stopper"—a "preventer"—it "inhibits" the separation of aviation fuel. A few drops in a barrel of fuel, and its molecules stay put. Gum doesn't form . . .

STORAGE OF 7 YEARS, AT 120°, IS POSSIBLE. Although it is not yet in production, the Army Air Forces have accepted Shell's new inhibitor as a research achievement of prime importance to desert operations.

Solution of this war problem was the immediate goal. But you will notice that practically every advance of Shell Research has a continuing value. In the future world of air travel and transport, for example, an "inhibitor" for aviation fuel stored in the desert will contribute to the safety and smooth operation of the air fleets.

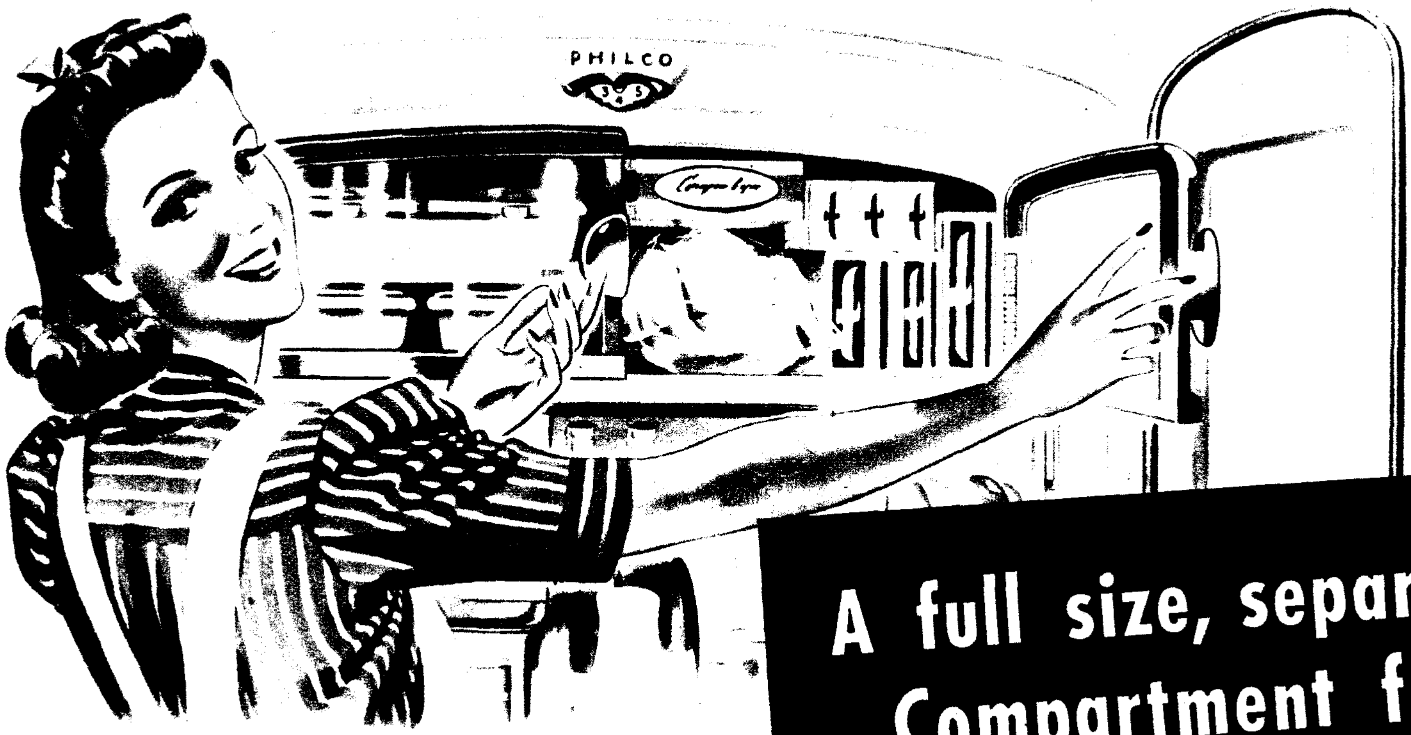
First oil refinery to win the Army-Navy "E"—
Shell's Wood River Refinery

SHELL

SHELL RESEARCH

Sword of Today
Plowshare of Tomorrow

Even Before the War, the PHILCO REFRIGERATOR Gave You this Advanced Design!



A full size, separate Compartment for FROZEN STORAGE

IN ADDITION TO THE REGULAR ICE CUBE CHAMBER

TODAY owners of Philco Refrigerators have good reason to congratulate themselves on their choice. For before the war, Philco introduced an entirely new kind of refrigerator with a full size, separate compartment for Frozen Storage where foods of all kinds can be kept at below freezing temperatures for weeks. Think what that means in these days of food rationing and restricted shopping trips. And remember, it's an *exclusive* feature, only one example of the modern Advanced Design that Philco has brought to refrigeration.

TOMORROW under the influence of Philco Advanced Design, the refrigerator will be tremendously more useful and convenient in your home. New ideas are waiting for development when Philco engineers return from their war research. Watch Philco in refrigeration after the war. You'll see new evidence of the engineering progress that has made the Philco name stand for *Leadership* over the years!

Tune in the Radio Hall of Fame Orchestra and Chorus with Paul Whiteman. Sundays, 6 to 7 P.M., E.W.T., Blue Network.

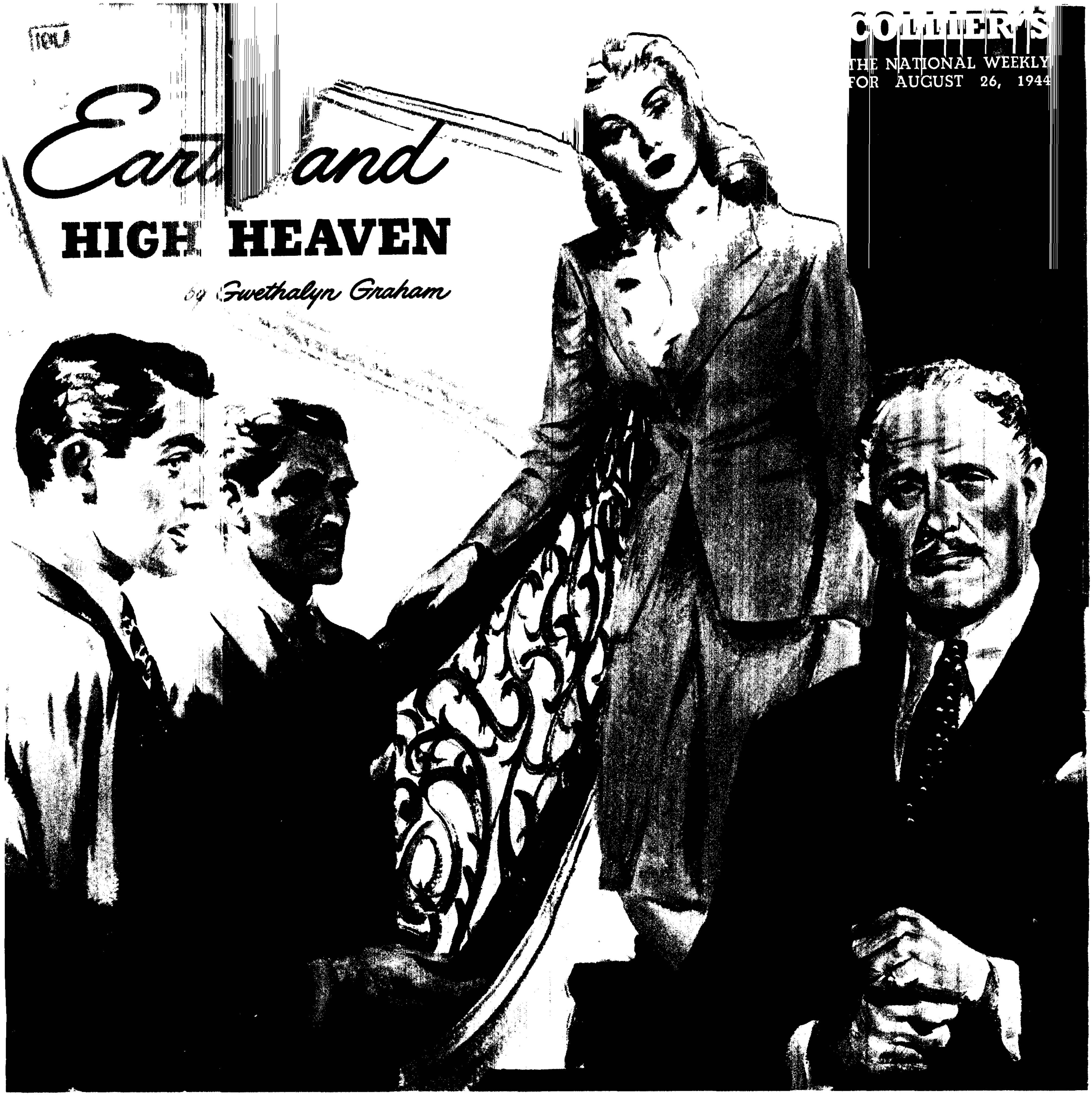
PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR AUGUST 26, 1944

Earth and HIGH HEAVEN

by Gwethalyn Graham



Erica and her father met them at the foot of the stairs. René started to introduce Marc, when Erica's father cut him short

We can think of no better introduction to this great love story than the following telegram from Dr. Ralph W. Sockman of Christ Church, New York: "Have read Earth and High Heaven. A realistic and arresting treatment of racial intolerance, it shows that love can deliver us from our labels and courage can get us out of some tragic grooves"

MONTREAL society is divided roughly into three categories—French, English and Jewish—and there is not much coming or going between them. In the natural course of their lives, it is improbable that Erica Drake and Marc Reiser should have met. She was English Canadian, a Gentile, one of the Westmount Drakes who for three generations had drawn substance from the Drake Importing Company, dealers in sugar, rum and molasses from the West Indies. He was a Jew, son of a family that had emigrated from Austria to northern Ontario in 1907, now a young Montreal lawyer. Having met, it is incredible, almost impossible, that these two should have fallen in love.

None of the Drakes had ever seen Marc Reiser before he was brought to a cocktail party at their house up in Westmount by René de Sevigny. René's sister, Madeleine, had married Erica's brother, Anthony Drake, just before he had gone overseas with the R.C.A.F., and now she was expecting a baby. There were rumors that Erica might marry René. He was a rising politician, a lean young man with dark hair, an aquiline nose, and fine, highly arched eyebrows which gave him a slightly satanic expression. But then she met Marc.

Her mother saw him first, standing alone in the far window of the drawing room, holding a drink in his hand, looking lost and out of everything among the small, chattering knots of people who knew one another so well. Margaret Drake was a kindly person, still slender and with light brown hair which she wore waved close to her head. She was intelligent, practical and efficient, born and bred in the Puritan tradition, and a good hostess.

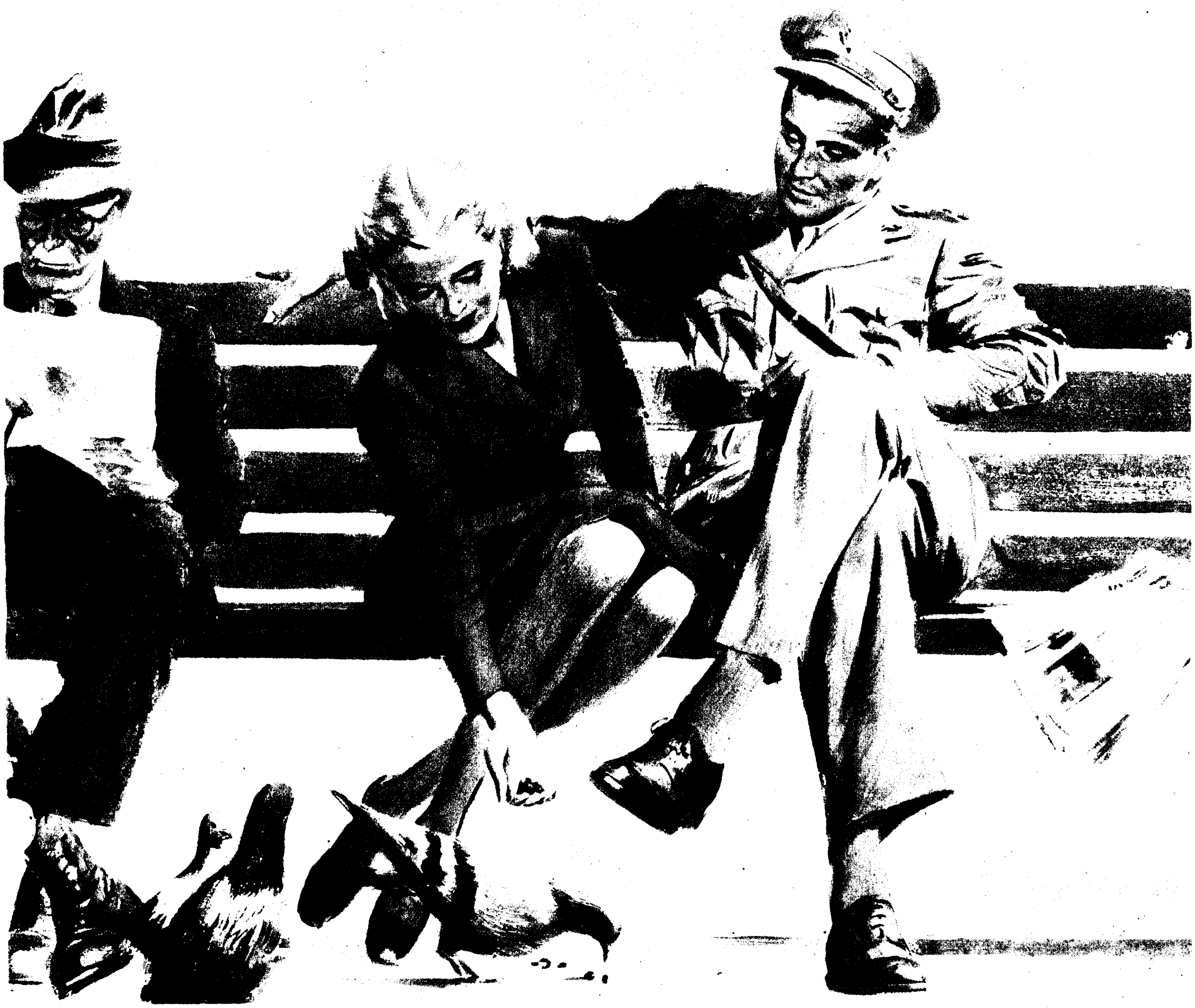
She turned to her daughter and said, "Do something about that young man over there by the window. Madeleine was talking to him a while ago, but she seems to have disappeared."

Erica asked, "Who is he?"

"I don't know. His name sounded foreign, so I suppose he's a refugee."

"All right," said Erica, and started across the long light-walled room.

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL



Erica scattered some corn among the pigeons, and then she said suddenly, letting herself go at last, "The whole world has changed for me since I met you, Marc Reiser"

The strange young refugee was tall and very slender except for his shoulders; he had slanting greenish eyes, high cheekbones and a square jaw.

She said, "Hello. I'm Erica—one of the invisible Drakes. I'm afraid I got home rather late— You see, I work on the Post."

"My name's Marc Reiser," he said, shaking hands. "René brought me."

"Of course—he's often talked about you." She sat down on one of the window seats and inquired, "Have you seen him recently?"

"Not since he disappeared half an hour ago."

"He has a way of doing that," said Erica. "How long have you been standing here?"

"Well, I . . ."

"And of course, he didn't bother to introduce you to anyone; he never does," she said, looking amused. "Wouldn't you like a drink?"

"Not if you have to go and get it. I've spent most of the past half-hour trying to look like a piece of furniture, and all I want is not to be left alone."

"All right, then, I won't leave you if I can help it," said Erica, smiling up at him.

THERE was a pause, during which he looked back at her with a curious directness, and finally he said, "This is an awfully nice room."

"Yes, it—it is, isn't it?" said Erica lamely. Something in the way he had looked at her had thrown her slightly off balance. He was leaning against the window frame, half turned away from her, with his eyes on the print of Van Gogh's L'Arlésienne which hung over the fireplace, and after another pause she asked, "You're a lawyer, aren't you?"

"Yes. I'm with Maresch & Aaronson." Marc glanced at her and then said quickly, "I'm not doing much law at the moment. I'm just sort of hanging around at Divisional Headquarters, waiting for my unit to be sent overseas."

"Army?"

"Yes, reinforcements for the first battalion of the Gatineau Rifles." He stared out the window for a moment. "What a marvelous place to live!"

Between the Drakes' house and the house on the street below, the steep slope was planted with rock gardens, squat pines and cedars, flowers and flowering shrubs, and halfway down there was a cherry tree in blossom. Beyond the cherry tree and the lower houses half hidden by green leaves, the skyscrapers and the church spires were turning to gold, and the city was full of long blue shadows.

"Wait another hour until the lights are on, and it isn't quite dark," she said. "I've lived up here all my life and I still haven't got used to it. I've been in love with Montreal ever since I can remember."

He was watching a ship which was moving slowly up the Lachine Canal, and thinking of Erica, only half hearing her voice as she went on talking, softly and unselfconsciously as though she had known him for years.

She was not only lovely to look at, she was also the sort of person whom you liked and with whom you felt at ease from the first moment. Her character was in her fine, almost delicate face, in the way she talked and listened to what you had to say; there was nothing put on about her and nothing hidden. You could tell at a glance that she had a good brain, that she was generous, interested and highly responsive.

She was wearing a gray flannel suit and very little make-up, sitting on the window seat with the light falling on her long, fair hair. He knew that she had stirred his imagination, and that if he never saw her again, he would not forget her entirely.

ERICA was staring at René, who had come in and was standing with his shoulders against the mantelpiece, his hands in his pockets and his eyes squinting against the smoke rising from the cigarette in the corner of his mouth. She was actually thinking of Marc, however, for there was something not only preoccupied but remote about him, as though he had spent half his life learning how to withdraw into himself and observe the world from a safe distance. He had an unusually fine body and a physical grace which reminded her of her sister Mimi; he was obviously sensitive and very intelligent, and she realized instinctively that his disconcerting remoteness and preoccupation were both a kind of defense.

"Where do you come from?" she asked suddenly.

"From Manchester. It's in northern Ontario."

Erica had spent a night in Manchester once; it was on the transcontinental line. And now she made an entirely unsuccessful effort to visualize the obviously civilized individual beside her, against what she remembered as the usual

small-town background of hardware stores, gas stations, beer parlors and vacant lots.

"How on earth did you get there?" she finally asked.

"I was born in Manchester." He seemed rather proud of it.

"Where were your parents born?"

"My parents were born in Austria."

"Oh, that explains it," said Erica.

"Explains what?"

"When I first saw you, I thought you were Austrian. Why did your parents choose Manchester, of all places?"

"Partly because they didn't want to live in a city, and partly because the Reisers had always been mixed up with lumber in some form or other, and my father heard there was a planing mill for sale there. I like it," he said, looking down at her. "I'd far rather spend the rest of my life in Manchester than in Montreal."

"Why?"

"Because in a small town you have a chance to do something. You can be . . ." He broke off, searching for the right word, and went on, "You can be effective. I suppose that's the only criterion of 'success,' which isn't somehow associated with the idea of making a lot of money."

"Aren't you interested in making a lot of money?" asked Erica, regarding him curiously.

"Not particularly. I wouldn't know what to do with it." He paused, looking off down the room and remarked, "I'd like to make enough out of law to be able to have a farm someday, though."

"Why?" asked Erica again.

"Because I like horses. I've always done a lot of riding, and I like living in the country—not out in the middle of nowhere, of course, but near enough to a town, so that I could go in to the office every day. You ask an awful lot of questions."

He didn't appear to mind her questions, and she said, "It's the only way to get anything out of you. Besides, if you know what a person wants most, you usually have a pretty good idea what he's like."

"What do you want most?"

"Just what every other woman wants," said Erica. "I'm afraid I'm not very original. What else do you dream about besides horses?"

"That sounds rather Freudian," said Marc, grinning, and then answered, "Nothing much. I'd like to be able to buy all the books I want and . . ." He paused for thought and added, "Oh, yes. I want a custom-built radio-phonograph with two loud-speakers and a room full of good records."

"Do you like music, too?" asked Erica.

"What do you mean—'too'?"

"Never mind," said Erica. "I was just wondering where you'd been all these years. What kind of music do you like?"

"Almost everything." He said quickly. "I don't know anything about it; almost every time I go to a concert, or turn on the radio, I hear something I haven't heard before. I'm still at the beginning stage."

SHE told him about her father's custom-built radio-phonograph and his record library and said, "You must come with René some evening and we'll play whatever you like. Charles has almost everything from Corelli to Shostakovich."

Afterward, she was to remember the way his face lighted up and the way he said, "I'd like to awfully, if your father wouldn't mind."

And the utter confidence with which she had answered, "Charles wouldn't mind at all, once he'd recovered from the shock of meeting someone who was really interested."

"Do you always call him Charles?" asked Marc.

"Yes. We have a very unusual relationship, I guess. We even lunch together downtown once or twice a week, as if we didn't see enough of each other the rest of the time!"

People were beginning to go. Erica got up and crossed the room to say goodby to someone, and then came back and sat down on the window seat beside Marc again, hoping that no one else would notice her. Having done her duty and made the rounds before she discovered Marc, Erica had no intention of moving again if she could help it, at least until the general exodus got under way. She turned toward him and saw that he was still leaning with one shoulder against the wall, looking down at her, having watched her all the way across the room and back again with an expression which told her nothing except that he was as absorbed and as oblivious of everything else as she was herself.

Marc offered her a cigarette, then found he was out of matches and as Erica started up to get them he said quickly, "No. I'll do it. If you go, someone else will stop you and start telling you the story of his life. Where are they?"

"Over there on that little table at the end of the sofa."

Her eyes followed him as he made his way through the groups of people toward the fireplace, and she said to herself that he would stop to look at the Arlésienne. He did. When he returned with the matches, she asked him where he lived.

"In a rooming house on Sherbrooke Street."

"Is it a nice one?"

"No, it's awful. You don't know where I could get a furnished apartment, more or less central, on a month-to-month lease, do you?"

"Well, there's that new building on Côte des Neiges. I don't know whether it's open yet or not—I think it's called The Terrace."

"I know; I've been there. They had some vacancies, but the janitor told me they don't take Jews."

He said it so matter-of-factly that Erica almost missed it, and then it was as though it had caught her full in the face. She had met a good many Jews before Marc, but in some way which already seemed to her inexplicable, she had neglected to relate the general situation with any one individual. Evidently some vital part of the machinery of her thought had failed to work until this moment or, worse still, she might have defeated its efforts to function by taking refuge in the comfortable delusion that even if these prejudices and restrictions were actually in effective operation, they would only be applied against—well, against what is usually designated as "the more undesirable type of Jew." In other words, against people who more or less deserved it.

Now, she saw for the first time that it was the label, not the man, that mattered. It made no difference what Marc was like; he could still be told by janitors that they didn't take Jews, before the door was slammed in his face.

"Hello," said Marc. He smiled at her, then the smile faded. He stared at her, straightening up so that he was no longer leaning against the window frame, without taking his eyes from her face, and then he said with an undercurrent of desperation in his voice. "You did realize I was Jewish, didn't you?"

"Yes, of course," said Erica. "Of course, I did."

"I'm sorry, I thought . . ."

"Yes," said Erica. "Well, you thought wrong. If you'll sit down, I'll try to explain it to you."

He sat down beside her on the window seat and, after a pause, she went on, "You see, the trouble with me is that I'm just like everybody else—I don't realize what something really means until it suddenly walks up and hits me between the eyes. I can be quite convinced intellectually that a situation is wrong, but it's still an academic question which doesn't really affect me personally, until, for some reason or other, it starts coming at me through my emotions as well. It isn't enough to *think*, you have to feel."

"I see," said Marc, as Erica stopped abruptly, somewhat embarrassed. He took her hand without thinking and held it for a moment, then remembered where he was and quickly let it go again, remarking also embarrassed, "That makes us even."

"How long have we known each other?" asked Erica, after a pause.

"What difference does it make?" He glanced at his watch and remarked, "Three quarters of an hour. You're very honest, aren't you?"

"It seems my honesty is rather belated. Anyhow," she said, smiling at him, "if I never meet you again, Mr. Reiser, you'll still have done me a lot of good."

"You can't call me Mr. Reiser when I've just been holding your hand. And what makes you think you're not going to see me again? You've already invited me to come and listen to your father's records," he pointed out, and then asked, "What do you do on the Post?"

"I'm the Woman's Editor—you know, social stuff, fashions, women's interests, meetings, charities, and all that."

"Do you like your job?"

Erica paused, and said finally, "Yes, I like working on a newspaper because I like people, particularly newspaper people, but I'm not a career woman, if that's what you mean."

She broke off as René appeared, sauntering toward them with a glass in either hand. "I see you've met each other. Do I have to give him my drink?" he asked Erica, as he lowered himself to the window seat beside her.

"It's about time you did something for him besides leave him alone."

René smiled at her, remarking, "I don't know why I put up with you. Where's your father?"

"You're about the tenth person who's asked me that. If we ever give another party, which," said Erica, "I must say is unlikely, I'm going to hang a sign in the front hall saying, 'Mr. Drake welcomes you all and hopes you will have a good time, but wishes to be left strictly alone.' He's upstairs in the study," she told René.

"Your mother seems to be waving at you," said Marc.

She got up with a sigh, saying, "I'll probably be back sooner or later," and went over to the doorway where her mother was talking to two young army officers and their wives. Erica smiled at them but kept in the background.

As soon as they were on their way down the hall to the front door, her mother said, "I was wondering if you could persuade Charles to come down, at least for long enough to say goodby to Scotty and the others."

"I'll try," said Erica. "And do talk to Marc Reiser if you get a chance."

"Which one is he?"

"René's refugee friend I was supposed to rescue, only he isn't a refugee, he comes from Ontario. He's over there by the window with René now, and he's awfully nice. You'll like him."

UPSTAIRS, she found her father sitting in the corner of the study, the radio going, the evening newspaper on the floor at his feet and the ash tray beside him heaped with dead matches. He was very tall and heavily built, with dark eyes and black hair streaked with gray, an unusually warm and pleasant voice, and a personality which was both magnetic and charming, so that quite involuntarily he fooled most people he met into thinking that he was far more interested in them than he actually was.

"Hello, Charles."

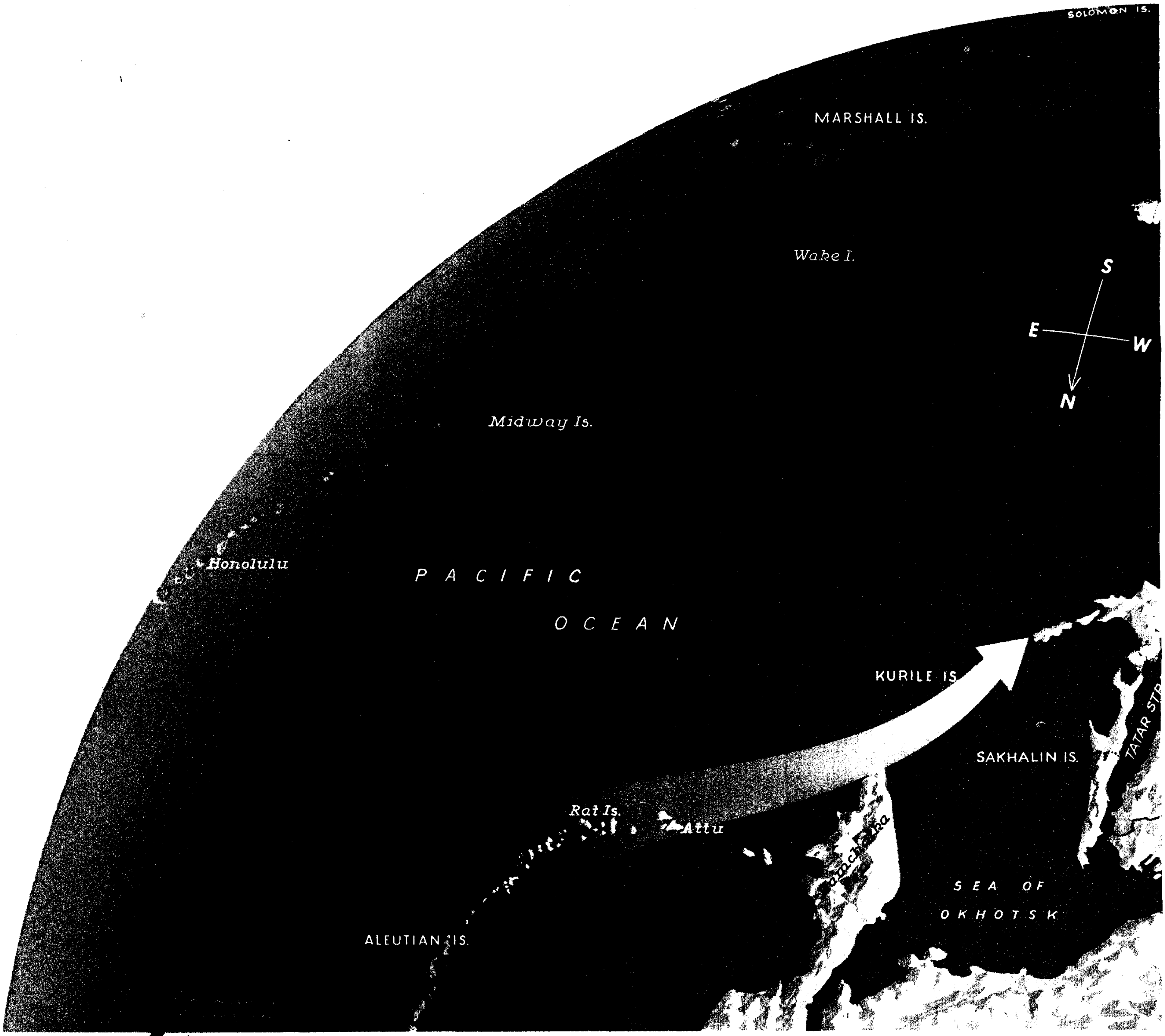
"Oh, it's you, Erica—come in," he said, beckoning with one hand. He was glad it was she, he was always glad it was she, and usually managed to show it in some way.

He never realized that he made more of an effort for his daughter, more of an occasion of her arrivals and departures, than he ever did for anyone else. He knew that Erica was the only human being who really understood him and with whom he did not have to put up a false front of consistency, but that was as far as he got. To go any farther would have involved some disloyalty to his wife and, in all the years of his marriage, Charles Drake had never been disloyal to her, even in thought.

As for Erica, her father had held her interest ever since she could remember. Because she knew when and—still more important—how to disagree with him, he rarely tried to override her opinions and never tried to override her personality. She was the only one of his three children with whom his relationship had so far been entirely successful.

Erica lighted a cigarette and sat down on the arm of a chair. The short-wave broadcast her father had been listening to seemed to be almost over, and after making an effort to keep her mind on what the announcer was saying, she gave up and went on thinking about Marc, letting the voice from Berlin drop away from her, out of hearing. She was wondering what people meant when

(Continued on page 29)



—*if* RUSSIA joins the Pacific war against Japan. Down in Washington, our Pacific strategists are going ahead with their plans for the annihilation of Japan independently of actual physical help from anyone except our declared Allies. But the Russian short cut stares tantalizingly at them from the maps, as shown here. The island heart of Japan's empire lies only some 800 miles from the bold, rugged Russian peninsula of Sikhota Alin and the powerful Vladivostok base. Nippon's war plants, concentrated on Honshu, are exposed to potential mass-bombing raids from Soviet soil on a scale comparable to the raids that have hit German industrial centers from Great Britain.

It makes bombardiers' trigger fingers twitch to think what they could do to Japanese war production from airfields in the U.S.S.R. Russian neutrality in the Pacific war during the Red army's mighty struggle against the Nazis has necessarily sealed this invasion highway to Japan, but if it opens up after the European war is over, there are those who believe that months or even years might be lopped off the time required to bring Japan to unconditional surrender.

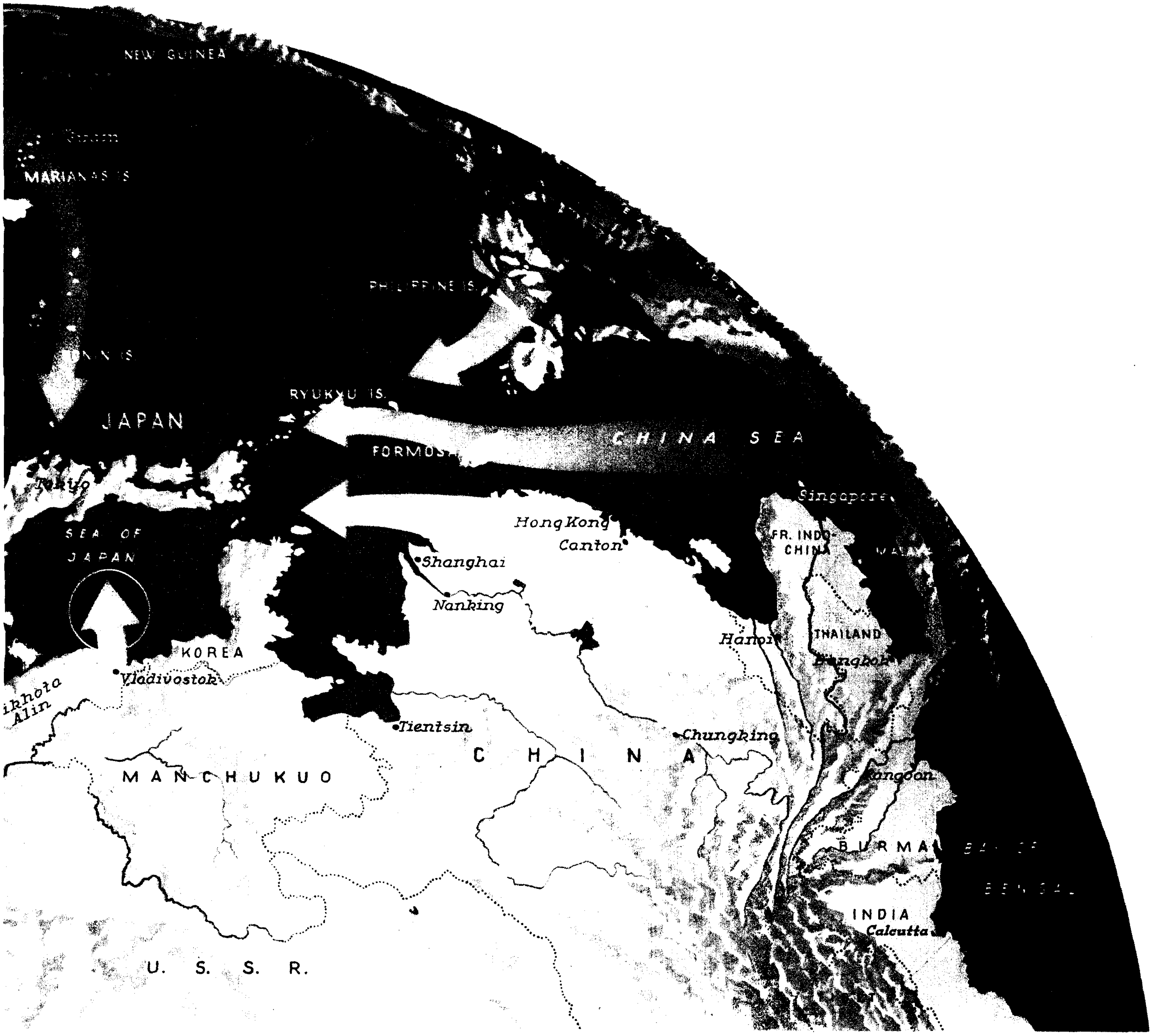
Many formidable problems arise in speculation on Russia's future attitude toward the Pacific war. There are those who point out why it is reasonable to anticipate that the Russians will be at our side in at least the final phase of the Battle of the Pacific. The reasons are well known to the Japanese, and there is cause to wonder why Japan didn't pounce on the Soviets when their army was being pressed by the Germans two years ago.

Russia's only eastern port worthy of the name, Vladivostok, is sea-locked by Japan's arc of islands and by Korea. Soviet ships bound for San Francisco can sail out of the Sea of Japan only through gateways held by the Japs or by way of the Tatar Strait, between Sikhota Alin and Sakhalin Island, and the Sea of Okhotsk; but the latter is closed, almost as though they constituted a submarine net, by the Jap-held Kuriles which reach from Hokkaido to Kamchatka.

Russia hasn't an adequate all-weather eastern seaboard for postwar trade any more than it has adequate western ports not exposed to possible enemy attack. Russia has a tremendous stake in the Far East. With her established prestige in Europe, will Moscow pass up the struggle for freedom in the Orient and the chance to avenge the military humiliation of Port Arthur and the Russo-Japanese war?

but—

WE ARE NOT counting on or depending on the Russian short cut. There are those who see strong arguments against it. Russia may be so exhausted by her mighty effort in Eu-



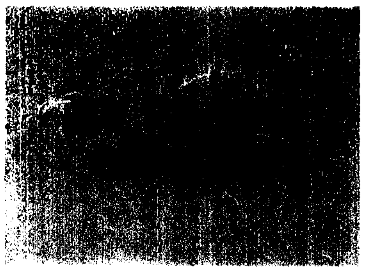
MAP BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON

rope that she will not be able to help fight Japan. Perhaps the most that we can expect is that the Soviet Union will come in for the kill and the postwar settlement. Premier Stalin has powerful bargaining advantages. He can point to Vladivostok's vulnerability to Japanese attack from all sides. He can recall how long Russia waited for the opening of the Second Front in France. He can mention Russia's neutrality pact with Japan, which runs until 1946.

And there are five other roads to Japan—roads that we are traveling today. As can be seen on the map, they are, in miles, long roads, but miles are often covered with incredible speed in modern warfare. These routes are contemplated by our Pacific strategists every hour of every day on the master charts that wall the secret Map Room in the White House. These charts show Allied and enemy naval, air and army bases. The global battle lines are drawn in infinite detail, often down to the location of divisional and even regimental headquarters. At least once and frequently several times daily, President Roosevelt, his War and Navy secretaries and the Joint Chiefs of the Staff sit in the air-conditioned room somewhere in the lower regions of the White House and ponder those maps.

Every item of Allied and enemy Intelligence, known or approximated, is reduced to varicolored lines and symbols. The vast panorama of the war spreads before our battle planners in a constantly changing mural which tells them instantly the progress of the Russians on the great Eastern front and of the Allies in France and Italy. It tells them, too, the dramatic story of the Battle of the Pacific. So far, what they've accomplished has been something like wonderful, despite those who nag about "island hopping" and despite Pearl Harbor. This is at least partly because our strategists include tough, imaginative professionals who deduced Japan's intentions, and long before December 7, 1941, had blueprinted our revenge independently of assistance from outside powers.

One of the five other invasion roads to Japan lies through China, on the coast of which the U. S. Navy has said it intends to land in defiance of enemy occupation forces. Japan's big steel works are just across the China Sea from Shanghai, for example; Formosa is just a hop, skip and jump from the China bulge. The Japanese army may have sealed off invasion routes—except the air lanes traveled by our B-29s—from Chungking, but a landing on the China coast would cut in two the vast territory seized by the enemy.



Of the other routes, the shortest to Tokyo is from Alaska, along the flat sickle of the Aleutians, the Rat Islands and the minuscule Near Islands, where we hold Attu, conquered a year ago in bloody fighting. Its advantages are obvious, but so are its disadvantages. The Aleutian bases constitute unsinkable aircraft carriers as close as 800 miles to

(Continued on page 62)

OUR ARMED FORCES MUST BE UNIFIED

BY HARRY S. TRUMAN

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MISSOURI

The Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee pleads for the merger of our Armed Forces and cites the price we have paid for lack of co-ordination in the past

PROOF that a divine Providence watches over the United States is furnished by the fact that we have managed to escape disaster even though our scrambled professional military setup has been an open invitation to catastrophe. The bitter lessons of the last few years, however, make it plain that we can rely no longer upon chance and luck. The nation's safety must have a more solid foundation.

An obvious first step is a consolidation of the Army and the Navy that will put all of our defensive and offensive strength under one tent and one authoritative, responsible command. A complete integration that will consider the national security as a whole. Absolute cohesion instead of independent departments and agencies, each with its own pride of identity, its prejudices and jealous rivalries that masquerade as *esprit de corps.*

These are not new conclusions with me. For years, the American Legion, out of the membership's firsthand knowledge of the need, has urged the unification of the country's fighting forces. I helped to frame this Legion policy and indorsed it without reservation. As a senator, faced daily with the confusions and conflicts inherent in separated commands, what was a belief has grown into a sincere conviction. But if this background had been lacking, what happened on December 7, 1941, would have made me the ardent champion of a single authority over everything that pertains to America's safety. As nothing else, Pearl Harbor revealed the danger that lies in a division of responsibilities.

For weeks it was known that Japan planned war, building ships and planes for operations across the Pacific, and yet throughout that perilous time, national security rested on conferences and correspondence as the one authorized means of assuring the necessary co-ordination between Army and Navy. In Washington, Secretary Stimson and Secretary Knox could meet or exchange letters. In Hawaii, General Short and Admiral Kimmel could meet, if they happened to be on speaking terms, or exchange cables and radiograms.

This is not meant as criticism. Under existing conditions no other course was possible. Each Secretary could give orders only within the confines of his own department, and there was the same division of power and function in the field. Not one team and one huddle, but *two* teams and *two* huddles. And with what result?

According to the report of the Presidential commission headed by Justice Roberts: "While General Short and Admiral Kimmel conferred frequently with respect to joint Army-Navy plans and procedures, they did not, on or subsequent to November 27, 1941, hold any conference specifically directed to the meaning of the messages received from the War and Navy departments, or concerning action required to be taken pursuant to those messages."

I quote again from the report: "On and after November 27, 1941, the commanding general, Hawaiian Department, and the commander in chief of the Pacific Fleet, took such action as each deemed appropriate to the existing situation. Neither informed the other specifically of the action he was taking, and neither inquired of the other whether any action had been taken, nor did they consult as to the appropriateness of the actions taken by them respectively."

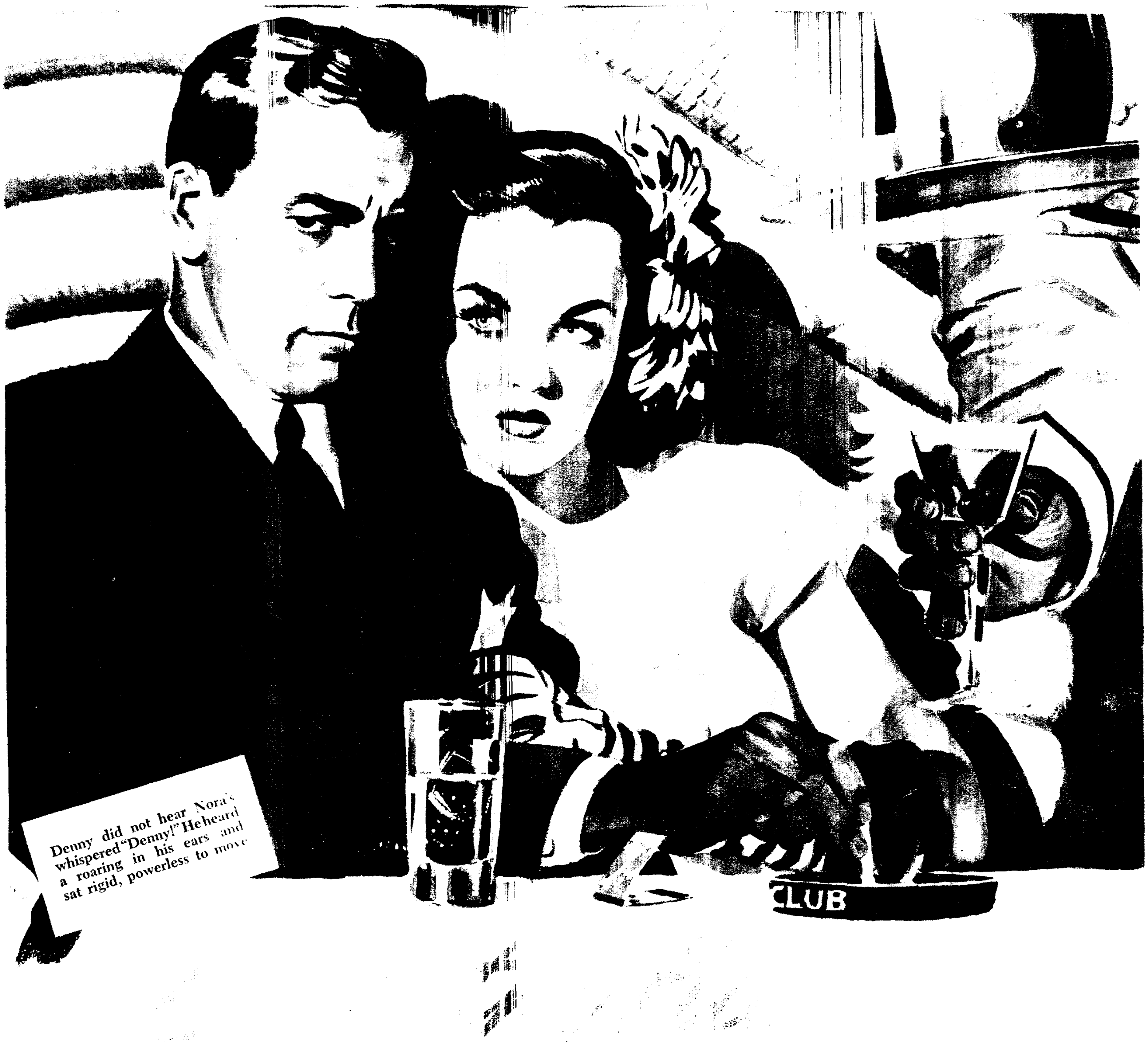
Without entering into the question of personal remissness, I hold that a principal fault was the division of authority that necessitated *conferences* over *two* sets of orders instead of obedience to *one* set of orders.

The report also brought out the habit of independent action bred by years of separation. A direct responsibility of the Army was the operation of an aircraft warning system. By November 27th, only certain mobile equipment had been installed, and because of it, the (A.M. okay) system operated only from 4 A.M. to 7 A.M.

At no time, however, did Admiral Kimmel ask or receive information as to the manner in which the Army was discharging its highly important duty. The Navy, for its part, was entrusted with the task of conducting distant air reconnaissances, radiating from Oahu to a distance of seven or eight hundred miles. No such reconnaissances were conducted except during drills and maneuvers, but never

(Continued on page 63)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY OESER-SARRA



Denny did not hear Nora's whispered "Denny!" He heard a roaring in his ears and sat rigid, powerless to move

BY GEORGE HARMON COXE

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

He is taught to kill—and he kills. Will the killing be in his blood when he comes home? Many women are asking that question, and this story gives the answer for one man

LIKE most nicknames, this one was born of spontaneity and friendly regard and it is likely that it would not have survived the Italian front after Dennis Carr left there on a stretcher had it not been for the combat correspondent who used it in a story. That story told the world how Dennis (Killer) Carr had won the D.S.C. for defending a position in the west end of Cassino so recklessly that he had, in one afternoon, killed twenty-one Germans by the actual count of his superior officer.

Denny didn't know about the dispatch until Nora Marin enclosed the clipping in a letter while he was in the hospital, but when he came home with a patched-up knee that was deemed serviceable enough for a detective in the police department, if not for the Army, he understood how the nickname had preceded him.

Almost from the first, some of his friends in the precinct house, and sometimes a cabby or newsboy, called him Killer, and he did not resent it but grinned back because it was not unpleasant to hear and was given in friendliness. To Denny Carr it did not matter whether someone called him "Butch," or "Killer," or simply, "Hi," so long as it was friendly.

It had been like that until two nights ago when he had shot and killed Leo Aranson in the back room of a River Street tavern. Since then, since yesterday morning and McQuillen's piece in the Bulletin, the name had a new and ugly significance.

McQuillen had played it up big. Killer Carr Does It Again, is what the piece said; Slain Suspect Another Notch for Detective's Gun, McQuillen had said, and down at the bottom of the column he reported that Alderman Zeigler would demand a full and open inquiry.

Now, with the late afternoon sun prying at the shades of the district attorney's office, the inquiry was nearly over. The witnesses—the bartender from the tavern and two men who had been customers at the time—had been excused. Alderman Zeigler, a cousin of Aranson, was shaking his finger at Braim, the district attorney.

"Because this man is a hero," he said, "and got decorated for killing a lot of Germans has got nothing to do with the murder of Leo Aranson. The fact is, no matter how you try to explain it, no gun was found and I say Leo Aranson did not have a gun."

BRAIM glanced at Commissioner Cleary and Captain Hague. He sighed and his voice was patient.

"We've gone over all that, Mr. Zeigler."

"Furthermore," Zeigler said, "this man is an expert pistol shot. You won the police medal before you went to war, didn't you?" he said to Carr. "Yet in this little room—by your own story you were not over fifteen feet from Aranson—you were not satisfied to wound or cripple him, you shot to kill. At the heart."

Denny Carr tried to be as patient as Braim. "No," he said. "I told you what I did." And he explained again what had happened.

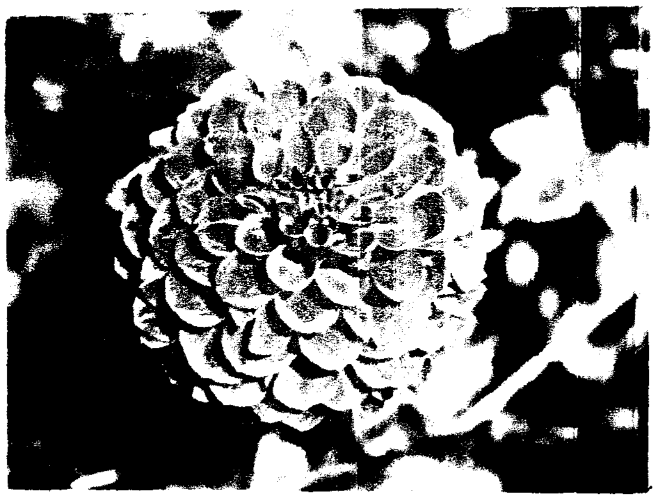
The affair had started out as a routine checkup. The Aranson brothers—Leo and Nate—who, in a period since they had been expelled from school, had been charged with everything from petty larceny to murder and convicted but once, were wanted for questioning in connection with the fatal shooting of a policeman named McCarthy, who had frustrated the attempted robbery of a wholesale liquor house.

A few nights later, in the guarded, anonymous manner of most tips, a telephone call came to Denny Carr's home. Because it was late and he did not want to bother Tom Linehan, his partner and a family man, he walked alone into this River Street tavern, glanced at the customers at the bar and, without asking questions, continued to a closed door at the rear.

What happened when he opened that door was clear in a general sort of way, but it was so swiftly done that some of the details were lost.

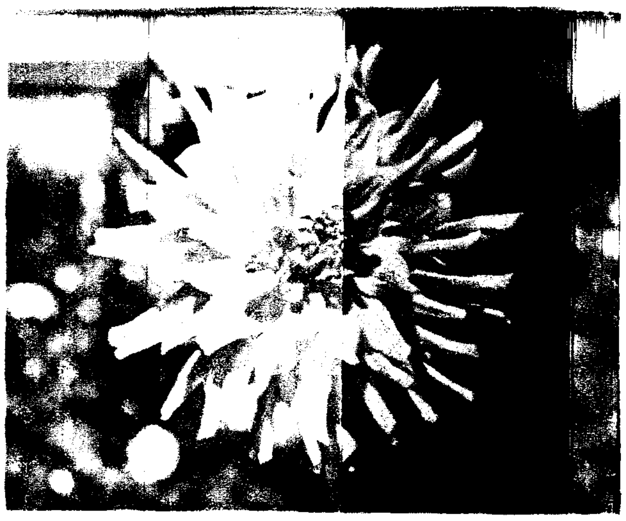
Of these facts he was sure: There had been three men in the room, two standing near a door leading to the alley and one sitting down within recognition range of the room's single light. This man was Leo Aranson and he jumped up and, ignoring Denny's command,

(*Continued on page 46*)



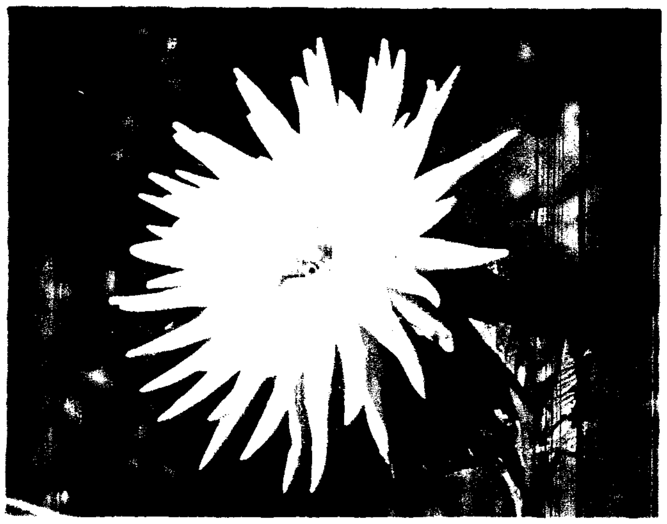
The Mystery-S—6″

New Seedling—6″



Dorothy Schmidt—7″

Wanda Meade I.D.—7″



Jersey's Dainty I.C.—6″

Santa Claus I.D.—7″ to 8″

Vin Well Paragon F.D. to I.D.—8″ to 9″

DAFFY OVER Dahlias

BY BILL DAVIDSON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY BEN SCHNALL

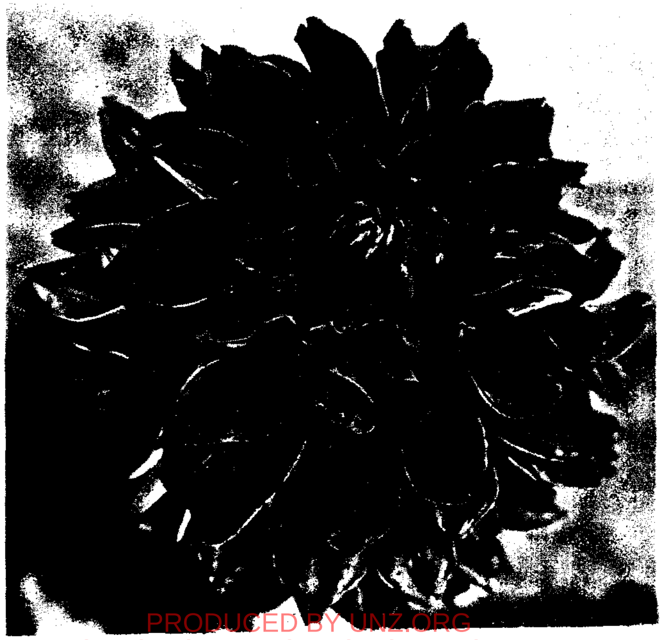
To dahlia addicts nothing is more exciting than their beautiful, unpredictable blooms. In war or peace, the faithful seek new and lovelier varieties and dream of the fabulous blue flower that will some day make its discoverer's fortune

---

KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS:

F.D.—Formal Decorative; S.C.—Semi-Cactus; I.C.—Incurved Cactus; I.D.—Informal Decorative. Measurement refers to diameter of blooms

Clockwise: Fuji San, Delight, Virginia Zourek, Yellow Dogwood, Seedling 34-42, Cheerful, Twinkle



Director Marshall A. Howe F.D.—8″ to 10″

Jersey Beauty F.D.—7″

DAHLIA growers are to flowers what Brooklyn Dodger fans are to baseball. They are extremists of the worst possible variety. They have their own international association and publish their own official organ. They have been known to die defending their dahlia beds in occupied Europe, and a Japanese grower, Hiroshi Endow, once risked the headman's block by having a copy of the American Dahlia Society Bulletin smuggled in to him. Dahlia growers breed and exhibit their flowers as if they were thoroughbred dogs and fondly give them historic names like those of precious jewels. They sneer uncompromisingly at anyone who raises other species of flowers—which they regard as Hollywood weeds. When they meet anywhere in the world, despite differences in language, they will stand for hours discussing dahlia tubers and seedlings—in sign language, if need be.

Mrs. James Roosevelt, the President's mother, once said that her two principal interests in life were (1) a new lavender dahlia on which she was working, and (2) her son's career. One of Thomas Edison's Formal Decorative dahlias produced a pink and bronze bud the day his phonograph was completed—and the phonograph was forgotten in the rush. When Samuel Untermyer's gardener, William H. Waite, came up with the Jersey Beauty—the most famous dahlia in the world—the great lawyer canceled case after case to stay home and watch the gorgeous pink buds develop. A South Australian cattle raiser named Leo Fitzgerald, who addresses everyone as "Pal," converted all of his tough Aussie cow hands to the growing of dahlias. At one time Jawaharlal Pandit Nehru wrote, "My time in prison was not wasted. I have succeeded in crossing a King Peter with an Indiana Moon to produce what seems to be an exquisite black bud."

Other famous dahlia nuts are Hirohito of Japan, Jan Smuts of South Africa and Harold Ickes of Washington. Between plays, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne rush home to look after two magnificent new species known as the Alfred Lunt and the Lynn Fontanne. The Alfred Lunt is a brilliant, scarlet red with a noble Shakespearean bearing. The Lynn Fontanne is cinnabar red with spottings of yellow. It is a languorous, majestic flower, which promises to become one of the biggest money-makers on the commercial market.

Victory Over the Jap

One of the heroes of the dahlia world is a Los Angeles florist named Graham Dibble. It seems that a Jap grower on the West Coast had imported a secret, nameless dahlia from Japan. This breathtaking red species was so beautiful and hardy that in a short period the Japanese grower had made a small fortune by selling the flowers alone.

Two weeks before Pearl Harbor, the Jap suddenly began to destroy all his stock. When the F.B.I. came to take him away as an enemy agent, the species was extinct. Not a tuber or seed remained. It was then that Dibble stepped into the picture. He had several full-grown flowers he had purchased from the Jap. He cut off the stems, planted them in a special-type sand, and fed them expensive fertilizers. For weeks, Dibble scarcely left the stalks. Finally, they took root. A few healthy tubers developed. Dibble sent out a special bulletin to the breathless dahlia world. The new dahlia (which probably will be named after the late famous horticulturist, Max Schling) was saved.

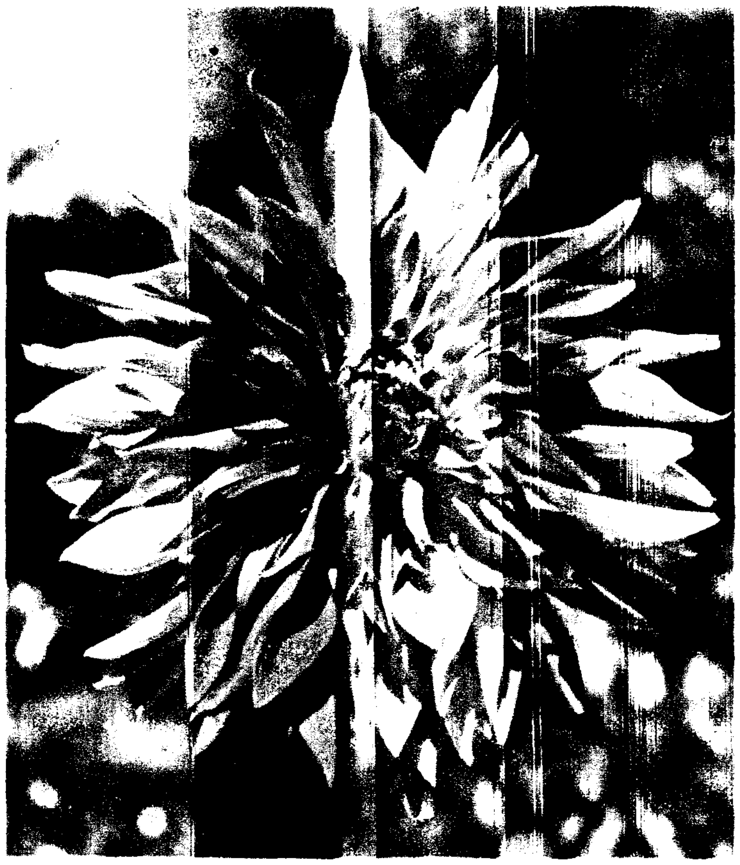
Headman of the dahlia-growing fraternity is humorous, gray-haired, 51-year-old Richard T. Eddy of Encino, California. Despite his high station in the dahlia world, Eddy's profession is the law. Before the war, in fact, he was one of the top railroad lawyers of the country, and at one time or another was Acting Secretary of the Interior and Interstate Commerce Commissioner. He is also a dabbler in other unusual hobbies, such as hanging around circuses and functioning as ruthless landlord to innumerable movie stars and directors—a highly original method of getting back at Hollywood.

Last year Eddy was on active duty as a lieutenant colonel in the Army at Fort

(Continued on page 52)

Baltimore Bell S.C.—9″ to 10″

Lady Gartmor I.D.—10″



Sun Tan S.C.—11″

Lynn Fontanne S.C. to I.D.—13½″

Freida George I.D.—10″

Ada Hoffman I.D.—10″

COCHRAN'S COMMANDOS

BY COREY FORD AND ALASTAIR MAC BAIN

When promotions arrive from Washington for Phil Cochran's sky-happy gang, they are all tossed in a hat, and everybody draws lots. On the other hand, their historic airborne invasion of Jap-held Burma established a brand-new idea of jungle warfare

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. AIR FORCES

Above: Col. Phil Cochran adjusts his parachute before the take-off for Burma. Below: Members of the First Air Commando Force who made history in the jungle. Flight Officer Jackie Coogan squats at the far right

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. AIR FORCES

SOMEWHERE in India: Phil Cochran finally issued an order. They do say it is the only order he issued as Commanding Officer of the First Air Commando Force in Burma, which happens to be the first Air Commando Force in history, but orthodox military procedure doesn't mean much to Phil Cochran's outfit. There was the time his whole camp slept on until noon, for the simple reason that nobody happened to wake up. Finally an enlisted man rolled over and noticed it was after twelve. Or the time they were without food for a couple of days; it seems nobody had remembered to go to town. Or the time they heard the British were having a polo game near Imphal, and all the pilots took L-5s and flew over and landed in the middle of the field to watch.

The solitary order came about when a visiting general, fresh from the States, was duly outraged to discover that enlisted men and officers were eating elbow to elbow in the same mess, and people didn't salute one another much, and nobody bothered to shave. The general objected particularly to the whiskers; so Colonel Cochran sat down cross-legged under the wing of his plane—which is usually his office—and wrote out an order on the spot, and it was mimeographed and officially posted next day. It read:

"Hqs. First Air Commando Force, 13 March, 1944. To: *All Personnel and Attached Organizations:*

"Look, Sports: The beards and attempts at beards are not appreciated by visitors.

"Since we can't explain to all strangers that the fuzz is a gag or 'something I always wanted to do' affair, we must avoid their reporting that we are unshaven (regulations say you must shave) by making like Saturday night in Jersey whenever possible.

"Work comes before shaving. You will never be criticized if you are so damn' busy you can't take time to doll up. But be clean when you can.

"Ain't it awful?"

"(Signed) P. G. COCHRAN,
"*Colonel, Air Corps, Commanding.*"

It so happened they were all rather busy at that moment: flying eighteen hours a day, gagging with clouds of red dust, sleeping in sweat-soaked coveralls. For that was the week that Phil Cochran's gang had launched their historic airborne invasion of northern Burma, which experts say changed our whole future conception of jungle warfare.

In bright moonlight, their gliders with engineers and bulldozers had flown over Jap-infested jungle and set down 150 miles behind the enemy lines in a rough paddy field where no plane had ever landed before; within twelve hours they had 'dozed out an air strip; by the following day, the big transport planes of the Troop Carrier Command were shuttling from India to that jungle beachhead in an unending stream, landing the vanguards of General Wingate's troops, a half million pounds of supplies, more than 1,700 ponies and mules that first week.

It was a new kind of aerial leapfrog, designed to save hundreds of miles of man-killing ground movement, conceived and planned and sold to the skeptics and carried out for the first time by a wild, wonderful gang of fighter pilots who may go down as one of the really great outfits of this or any other war.

Certainly there's no other outfit quite like it, not even in the sky-happy annals of the Air Corps. One day at their base in India, a new allotment of promotions arrived from Washington, and Cochran tossed them all in a hat, and everybody drew for them. That kind of outfit. Rank doesn't mean much to these combat-hardened veterans of the Philippines, Africa, the South Pacific, England.

There are fighter and bomber pilots with decorations that would reach to Guadalcanal and back; there are transport pilots who have logged hundreds of hours flying unprotected cargo planes across the Hump to China; there are test pilots from Wright Field; there are flight leaders from glider-training units in the States. They all wear mud-caked G.I. shoes and dirty flying coveralls without insignia, and no neckties, and, of course, no ribbons—heaven help anybody who tried to pull a ribbon on that gang—and when time drags heavy on their hands, they fly over in Mustangs and do a buzz job on the main street of Delhi; or at night, there are fabulous twenty-thousand rupee poker games with big thousand-rupee notes called bread wrappers.

Surprisingly, there is no drinking at the base; Colonel Cochran has been absolutely firm about that. "This bunch of sports is wild enough as it is." There is not supposed to be any hunting with firearms, either, but everybody's got around that by making rubber slingshots. At night, they go out after leopards with slingshots in an open jeep.

They were hand-picked by Colonel Cochran and by Colonel Johnny Allison, his co-commander; who were hand-picked themselves by General "Hap" Arnold after the conference between Roosevelt and Churchill last August in Quebec. There the idea was developed of a specially trained Air Commando unit to fly jungle troops and their heavy equipment into Burma, and General Arnold was told to go ahead with the plan. His instructions to Cochran and Allison were characteristic: "The hell with paper work—go out and fight."

They were given C-47s and gliders, and later they got fighter planes, because Cochran and Allison, being fighter pilots, couldn't visualize any campaign without them. The big problem was personnel. "You can't have many men," General Arnold said, "so you'll have to pick fliers who can do at least four other jobs."

So Cochran and Allison sat down in a hotel room in Washington and thought of all the top-notch fliers and mechanics they personally knew, and they got those, and the new recruits suggested others in turn:

"I know a hot radioman from the Aleutians. I hear he's back in the States," or "There's a crew chief used to be with my outfit in Africa that would give his right arm to go on a deal like this."

Blitzing a Town Singlehanded

Someone told them about Jakie Sartz, for instance: On the retreat from Burma, in 1942, he had been flying out a cargo plane with a load of bombs, and the fighter cover got separated from him over Lashio, so Jakie, all alone in his undefended plane, flew down Lashio's main street, kicking bombs out the door every now and then—practically burned the town out, they said.

Cochran said, "That guy's nuts, that's the kind we want." So they got Jakie.

They got veterans who had thought they were all through with foreign service, and they got men out of squadrons fighting overseas, and once Cochran sent M.P.s aboard a train to grab a bridegroom who was just setting out on his honeymoon.

Cochran said to them all, "It's going to be a tough deal, and there won't be any promotions, but there'll be a lot of fun. What do you say?"

And they all said, "What the hell are we waiting for?"

You've got to know Phil Cochran to know the gang. You know what he looks like, of course, because he looks exactly like Milt Caniff's famous comic-strip character, Flip Corkin, who is based on him. You don't mention that to Cochran, though. Not that he has any objection to the strip, himself; but he is a little fed up with people who assume he has done everything Flip Corkin has done, and who congratulate him on that famous speech he made to Terry, for example, or who are annoyed when he can't answer their questions about China. Actually, Phil Cochran has never been in China in his life.

"It makes me sound like a phony," he says.

Another thing that bothers Phil is being reported dead. He's been reported dead four times, and he says it's beginning to worry his family in Erie, Pa.

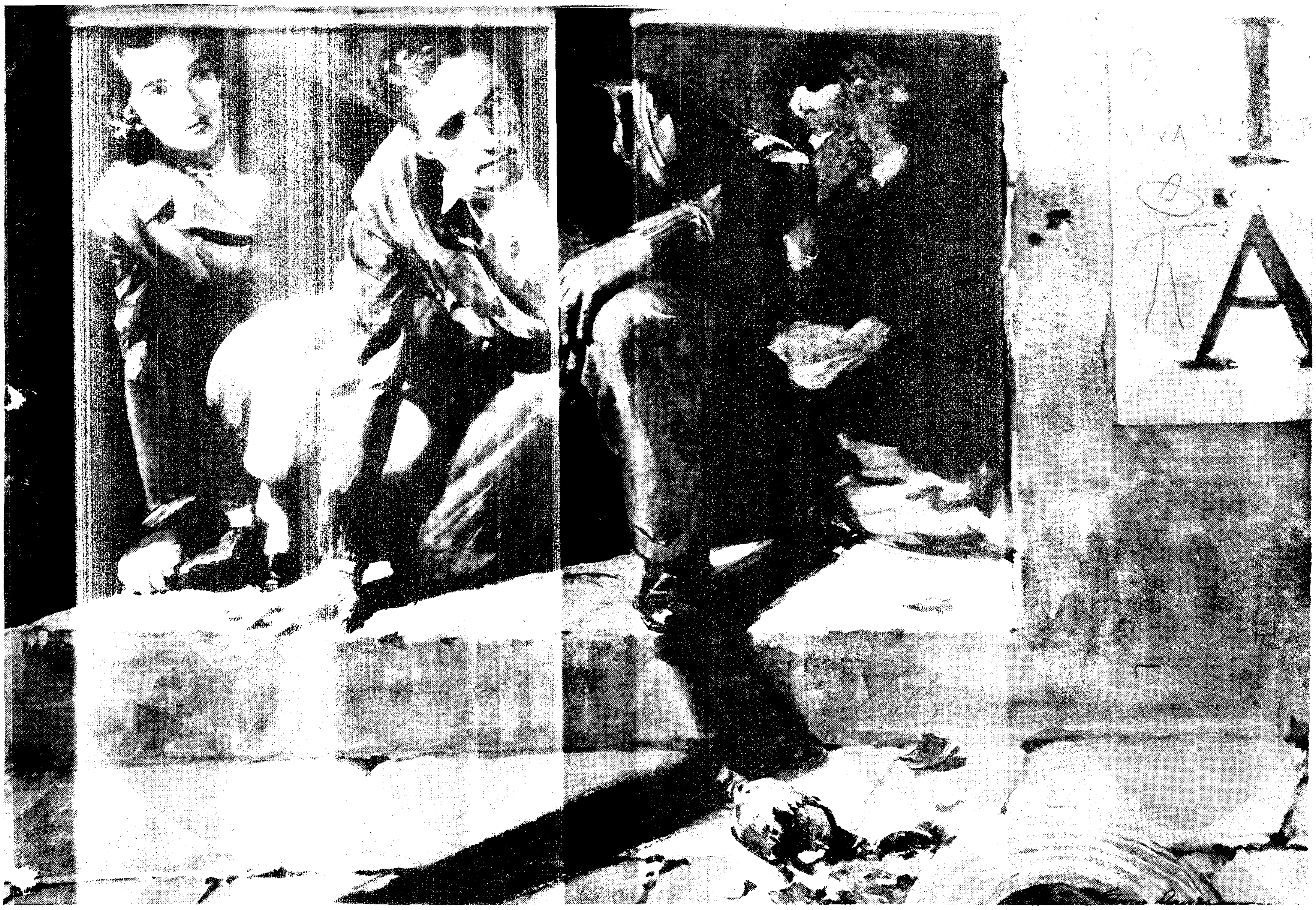
Back in Erie he had ambitions once to be a radio crooner. "The only trouble," he admits frankly, "was that I stunk." He made one tour with a band, but his family objected because they thought he was going around the country without enough to eat and, as a matter of fact, he says, they were right. He quit crooning, and for a while he was a writing-paper expert, but he quit that to become a fighter pilot. Now his only ambition is to be a fighter pilot again. He hates paper work, leaves all that to "Berky"—Sergeant Berkowitz of Brooklyn, New York, known alternately as The Brain—who takes all the secret messages for the outfit and usually answers them himself—doesn't want to bother the colonel.

Once in a while, Cochran stops him and inquires what's been going on. He has great confidence in Berky. "You can't fool a kid from Brooklyn," he says.

First, last and always, Cochran is a fighter pilot; he thinks that way, and so does everyone in his group. "They get their own ideas," Cochran says proudly, "and they work them out themselves. They don't even tell me."

There's Major Robert Pettit, for instance, a former AVG, who was assigned one day

(Continued on page 69)



Herrick bent again to look [illegible] wordless exclamation was sharp enough to startle the two women, and when Joanna looked her own cry choked in her throat

A SMALL CLEAR *Light*

BY HARRY SYLVESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

Sudden danger alters character, makes fools of wise men and turns cold blood hot—as three Americans learned when gun smoke seeped through a quiet town in Mexico

THE American, whose name was Calvin Herrick, sat on the edge of the narrow wooden cot with its straw mattress and listened to the sound of rifle fire in the Plaza. The Plaza of the Mexican town was only a few blocks away, and there had been a time when the American would have rejoiced in the sound of revolutionary rifle fire and would have been as close to it as he could be, even being one of the riflemen where that was possible. But that had been all of ten years ago and now he only sat on the cot in the one-room adobe house that was merely a roofed and walled space between two other adjoining houses and listened to the sporadic crack of the old Mausers.

Herrick had been in the Plaza in mid-afternoon when the protest meeting of the little farmers and shopkeepers had started. They had been unarmed save for their usual knives and there had been a man who talked earnestly but not very well on a little platform erected against a wall. And then, when the man's arms had been outflung in a cheap oratorical gesture, a rifle had sounded high in one of the houses across the Plaza and the man, his arms still outflung then gathering slowly to his chest, had slumped on the platform. And there was the crowd stricken silent and the small dark spot on the wall where the speaker's blood had already marked the place where he fell, and the crowd's voice gathering fear and anger and then rage. The crowd surging and then scattering as the rifles began to snipe at it deliberately, and then each building in the Plaza becoming a little fortress and the sniping going on the rest of the day.

Herrick had returned to his room in spite of the double excitement that beat in him, the excitement that violence could always produce in him, and the separate excitement he knew when men were fighting for what they thought was a just cause. He was through with that stuff, he told himself and, with more effort than he realized, had gone away from the Plaza. Now, in his room, he had been thinking with deliberate irony of the fine, noble thoughts they used to have in the office above Union Square in New York and how from the office window they had, more seriously than not, planned just where the barricades would be in the streets that led into the Square. The desire for violence then had been something amounting almost to a lust—perhaps, he thought now, because violence was so remote for them in those days.

When he was not thinking of himself and how ironic his disappointments had been since that time, and when the rifles in the Plaza were not distracting him, Herrick could hear the Señora Archuleta weeping next door. The little Archuleta girls had been away from home when the shooting had started and had not returned yet. Their father had gone to look for them and he had not returned, either. The mother of the little girls wept continually, and Herrick, his sad, ironic thoughts disturbed by the weeping, wondered irritably why people bothered having children.

Raising his face, marked by disappointment and tragedy—some real, some imagined—he saw that, outside, the mountain dusk was falling rapidly on the town. It hung like dust in the air and its coming each evening was one of Herrick's few pleasures. He rose, put on his worn leather jacket and went outside. There was no one on the little side street and an unnatural silence was on the town. Herrick wondered how long it would take the troops to arrive. Last time, they had been almost twenty-four hours in coming. He picked up the crude, wooden ladder the Archuletas used to thatch their roof and placed it against the wall of his own dwelling. Climbing to the edge of the roof and standing on the topmost rung of the ladder, from there, turning, he could see through one of the entrances to the Plaza and part of the Plaza, empty, and the skeletal structure of the bandstand in its center, with the concrete walks lacing the grass where the young men and women walked each Saturday night. Turning in the opposite direction, Herrick could see the main road, made for the American tourists, and the new hotel also for the tourists rising out of the poorest part of town, its neon sign in blue and green already on.

From his little eminence, Herrick could see clearly for the last few moments of the light, and now a big black car pulled into the courtyard before the hotel. He watched in scorn an elderly woman in black and a younger

(Continued on page 53)

Detroit DEVELOPS PEACE NERVES

By Walter Davenport

Swing shifters won't look so happy when real employment cutbacks begin. And will the women quit, making room for the men?

Remember
to "KEEP 'EM FLY
'EM B
WE MUST GET

HEYER—PIX

Detroit is looking nervously at the future, for rose-colored glasses won't solve postwar employment, race problems and fragile labor-management relations. Remember this: What happens to Detroit happens to America

DETROIT wants to know whether Washington is going to be as enthusiastic in returning her to peace production as it was in urging her to war. In this, and only this, Detroit is as one. There's no idealism about it. No one looks, alas, for frenzied ceremonials when transition comes. There'll be no requests for Bob Hopes to gag the workers back from tanks to touring cars, and no one expects beribboned generals to present them with "E"s while The Star-Spangled Banner is played by million-dollar bands.

To dispense with hyperbole, to get earthy about it, the motorcar manufacturers want the government to get out of their plants the moment the last lanyard is yanked and take its machinery with it. The workers want the government to see to it that they turn from cannon to cars without the loss of a work moment or a wage dollar. And the city itself hopes, for both, that it may not inherit the problem of what to do about idle workers, foreseen variously to be any number from 250,000 to half a million in the transition period.

Detroit is just as innocent of reliable information regarding the date of the war's end as you are. That it should be pondering peace at all provokes tut-tuts from the Army and Navy, now-nows from apprehensive *Congressmen* and well-wells from other industrial centers. And you may as well know that while this piece is about Detroit, it holds good, in substance, for almost all the other localities, old and new, which are cells of democracy's arsenal.

Lecturers, domestic and imported, thinkers and doers, prophets and historians, troop through Detroit's auditoriums, but audiences are wasting away. Glory is departing, and the populace is counting its nickels. The munitions of war still are rolling off the assembly lines like minutes off the hours.

Detroit cherishes no illusions. She measures victory by production, not by miles and men. She looks at sky-high and prairie-filling accumulations of her industry and says it can't be long now. Today, the Army cries enough of this and enough of that, and factories drop a work shift, slow down, even close down until the Army bids them grind again; the Navy likewise. Orders are shorter; contracts are written in millions instead of billions.

Rumors sprout like crazy weeds. Labor, laid off for a few days, scurries off for busier plants, spreading the electrifying news that the end of the bonanza is in sight. In a dozen halls, in half a dozen languages, labor spellbinders tell restless audiences that they can't do this to them—that men must eat, war or no war.

Detroit looks nervously at the future. No glib lecturer holds her attention for long with his tales of China's creeping paralysis, of Argentina's blundering militarists, of Arabian oil, of potluck governments-in-exile. The motorcar manufacturers—in particular, the nine that make passenger automobiles—tell you that the people of the United States need nine million new cars, that a year hence, nearly seven million former car owners will have no cars at all.

Whereas in January, 1942, there were 26,500,000 passenger cars owned by Americans, there are now less than 23,000,000, and daily 5,000 of these are gasping their last and being towed to the junk yard. Furthermore, a million former truck owners are now truckless. All of this makes a pretty market for the savings of American citizens—something in the neighborhood of ninety-seven billion dollars.

General de Gaulle can go sit in his garden and eat worms. King Peter can go jump in the Danube. The motorcar makers are envisioning years wherein they'll make six seven million automobiles. Industrially, they're America Firsters. Politically, they agree with Mr. Eric Johnston, President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, that after the first lush rush of postwar business, "we'll just be kidding ourselves if we think we can get along without foreign trade." But until then, it's home sweet home.

Preparedness for Peace?

All of which is why the manufacturers want the government to get out from under their feet. They dread the coming of locust swarms of government accountants, pawing over inventories. They're fearful of the paralyzing hands of political bureaucracy, haggling over prices of convertible government-owned machinery. They're urging Washington to profit by its unpreparedness for war and be prepared for peace. They believe that Britain is already far advanced in its postwar industrial and trade plans and they have reports at hand to support their belief. Traditional political adherences have grown faint. The implacable hatred of Mr. Roosevelt, which was the common law among industrialists at large, has all but vanished from many lofty citadels. If Mr. Roosevelt comes forth with advocacy of speedy reconversion—details be damned!—they're for Roosevelt. If Mr. Dewey proposes to throw government machinery out into the snow and rain as they threw thousands of items of their own equipment, they're for Mr. Dewey.

Over on Milwaukee Avenue, in the offices of the United Automobile Workers (C.I.O.), the tendency is less "Let's go," and more "Hold the line." Here the problem becomes more complicated. On one fundamental, the union's officials and the workers are single-minded: There must be jobs not only for those who fought the war on the assembly lines but for the men who left the assembly lines for the armed services; and wages and hours must remain where the war blew them. No industrialist quarrels with this—at least not openly.

(Continued on page 61)

Deep Down SURE

BY JEAN KINKEAD

ILLUSTRATED BY NATHAN MACHTEY

STEVE wet his fingers and pulled a speck of lint off his blue uniform. "Steve, please don't keep doing that," Julie rasped.

"Okay, okay." He flapped a big hand at her and then sat down heavily on the edge of the bed. Golly, she was jumpy. Everything he did got on her nerves. "Well, so we kill another night in this little corner of heaven!" He gestured vaguely at the torn wallpaper, the grimy curtains.

"Ah, Steve." She was beside him in an instant, hugging his arm. "Please don't sound mad at me. It's not my fault."

"I know it isn't." He had his arms around her then, his cheek against her soft yellow hair. "I shouldn't have made you come in the first place. This is a hell of a place for you. And him." He jerked a thumb at the wall bed, and they both looked over at the little boy sleeping, one fat arm curved around his panda.

"You didn't make me come, dopey. I wanted to more than anything in the world."

"You poor kid!" He kissed her eyelids gently. "Sweet little kid!" He glanced at his watch. 8:30. If there was *only* someone to sit with the baby so they could get out of this room. Tonight above all nights they needed music. They needed a few hours of gaiety and extravagance and beauty to shut away the squalor and the cross words. And the fear, he thought, feeling it start in him again—the hideous icy-fingered fear.

"Did you try the Y.W.C.A.?" he asked her dully.

"Yes, Steve. Everybody." Her face above the bright red dress that was Steve's favorite was ever so much older than twenty-two.

He got up suddenly. "You stay here," he said. "I'll get somebody." He opened the door quietly and went out into the dingy hall. He'd knock on the doors, that's what. There must be someone in the whole place who'd sit with a kid while a sailor painted the town on his last night ashore.

He and Julie had promised themselves this binge for so long. They'd eaten in one-arm joints for two weeks to save the money for it. They'd even lined up two sitters through the hotel manager, so there'd be a sub if the first one couldn't come. And now, incredibly, neither could make it. Mrs. Hovak's son was home on leave, and Mrs. Carter was sick. He'd find someone, though, he told himself almost fiercely. They'd have a night of it. Would they ever! There was a good band at the Monticello, and they'd have a table right smack on the dance floor, and they'd drink champagne and, for a while maybe, he'd stop imagining what it would be like taking an LST up on some German-held beach; how it would be to be shot or drowned or blown to pieces.

He knocked quickly on the door next to theirs, and no one answered. No one answered the second knock, either. He tried all the doors, but only one person answered, a great hulk of a man with a two-day beard and a bottle of liquor in his hand.

FINALLY, wearily, Steve let himself into their room again. It was dark, and he felt his way carefully to the bed. A street lamp sent a square of light through the window, and he could see Julie's face, anxious even in sleep. He stood there a long time, looking, searching it for something of the girl he'd married four years ago—the little blond job who'd been a waitress at the beanery at Madison and 33d Street when he'd been an office boy for Hogan & Roberts.

She used to laugh a lot, he remembered, with her eyes and her forehead and her nose, as well as with her mouth; and he remembered the way his own face used to look in those days, peering back at him from the mirror behind the counter. The unruly dark hair, the one-sided smile he affected, the carioca straw hat pushed back on his head. It had been the face of a fresh, carefree kid, ambitious, selfish, in love with the world. It wasn't that kind of face any more. They'd changed, he and Julie. Now they were old.

When they had married they had lived in Julie's little apartment on Bethune Street. That was the fall the Army began drafting boys for a year of military service, but they wouldn't have Steve on account of his eyes. His mouth twisted a little as he remembered how happy they'd been about that, how happy they'd been about everything.

Julie stirred a little on the bed, and the Navy pin she wore at her throat caught the light and brought Steve back to the Hotel St. James in Norfolk. So it had all come to this. All the money they'd saved for the tiny house out in Hollis, Long Island, squandered on train tickets to New London and Miami and Norfolk—hotels and taxicabs and restaurants and long-distance phone calls. Well, anyway, they'd been together right till the last. That was something. Or was it? When somewhere along the way the bright coin of their marriage had been squandered, too. The laughter, the endless conversations, the closeness. What difference did it make that the war would some day be won. For them it was already lost. Their home and security, the very essence of marriage was gone.

More frightened than he'd ever been, he knelt down beside the bed, wanting to shake Julie awake, to scream at her the terrible thing he'd just discovered. But suddenly, seeing her small self curled up there, the soft thin cheeks, the dear familiar face, there came an ache in his throat that was almost unbearable.

Oh, darling, he murmured to himself. There's been so little time to think of you—to appreciate what you are. My lovely Julie, I'm such a stupid guy!

THERE was a quiet tap on the door, and he scrambled to his feet to answer it. A little woman stood there. "I could come after all. My boy insisted," she said, briskly removing her gloves. "I am Mrs. Hovak. Your wife called me. Remember?"

Steve blinked at the light from the hall, and then he took her hand and shook it and shook it. "Oh, golly, this is good of you," he said. "It won't take us a minute to get ready."

"I'll wait here," she said, smiling at him, glad now that she had come.

He closed the door softly and went back to tell Julie. He leaned over and kissed her, and she put her arms around him and pulled him down to her. "Hi, sailor," she said, without opening her eyes. He lay still beside her a minute, storing it away inside him: How clean and good she smelled; how soft she was!

"Surprise, baby," he said at last. "The deliverance is at hand. Mrs. Hovak has come."

Julie sprang up as if she'd been given a hotfoot. In the patch of yellow lamplight she was sixteen, and she was smiling with her whole face. "Oh, *Steve,*" she whispered, and he felt giddy with happiness.

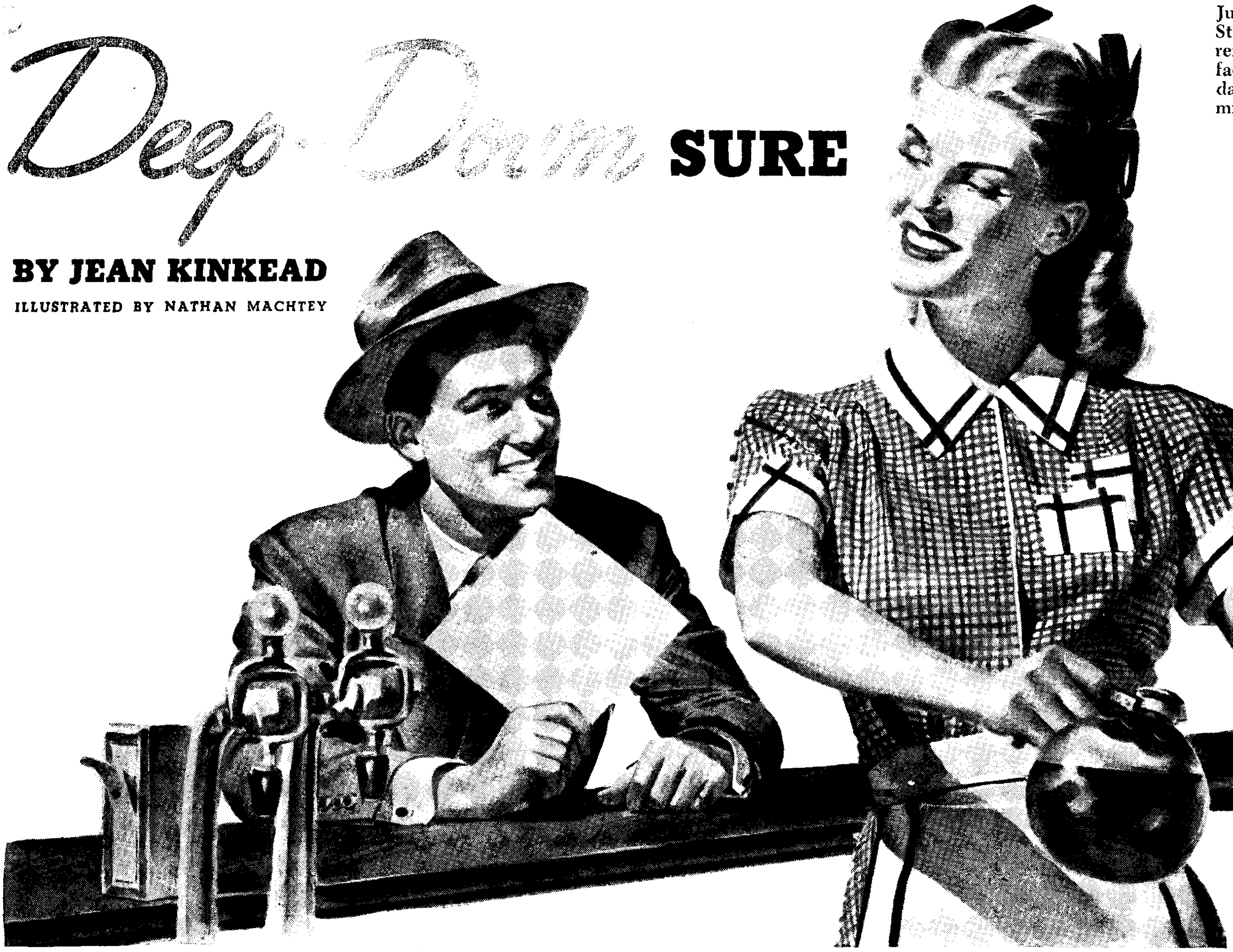
Scratch a trouper, he was thinking crazily, and you find a party girl. Scratch a wife and mother, and you find the babe you fell in love with. Julie darling, you're just the same as always. He wanted to swing her around and around. He picked up his hat from the foot of the bed and stuck it on the back of his head. I'm just the same, too. His thoughts were coming fast, with wonderful clarity.

This whole lousy business, he was thinking, is just an interlude. Like taking time out from a good party to bounce a drunk or a wolf. Yeah, that's all it is, he thought. And then you come back and take up where you left off. There'll be another house in Hollis, and not such a darn' dinky one.

Julie was in the bathroom, combing her hair, curling her eyelashes, and he could hear her humming Swinging on a Star. He felt good. He felt wonderful.

"Champagne tonight, angel?" Without even looking, he could tell she was putting on lipstick. How well he knew that gal! How well he loved her! It was Saturday night at Bethune Street again. Only better. Worlds better.

Steve straightened his jumper and adjusted his tie. "For you, baby, quarts of it." He was sure of himself and his world again. Not cocky, the way he used to be, but deep-down sure. "I think I'll settle for some fifteen-year-old Scotch."



Julie used to laugh a lot, Steve remembered; and he remembered the way his own face used to look in those days, peering back from the mirror behind the counter

short short story complete on this page

The hardships of an interned airman are sometimes worse than death! Lieut. Bock, of Oregon, enjoys dinner with lovely Swedes while on leave in Stockholm. His brand of Swedish had the girls in hysterics all evening

the STOPOVER

ONCE it happens, it is up to the pilot He makes the decision. The bomber has been hit, perhaps over the hear of Berlin. His oil pressure is sagging, and the copilot is working a hand pump; there is a fire aft, and the bombardier lies silent in the chin blister. It is up to the pilot. Head for England, some 550 miles west, directly across flak-happy Germany? East? The nearest Russian-held land is 300 miles away. South? The snows of Switzerland are 400 miles away. North? North means Malmo, Sweden, 210 miles away, and internment for the duration.

Many have decided to try for home. Some have made it. *Some have landed in Switzerland.* None except the shuttle bombers have tried for Russian-held territory. Others have tried for Sweden, and about 800 Americans and possibly 90 Fortresses and Liberators are now interned there.

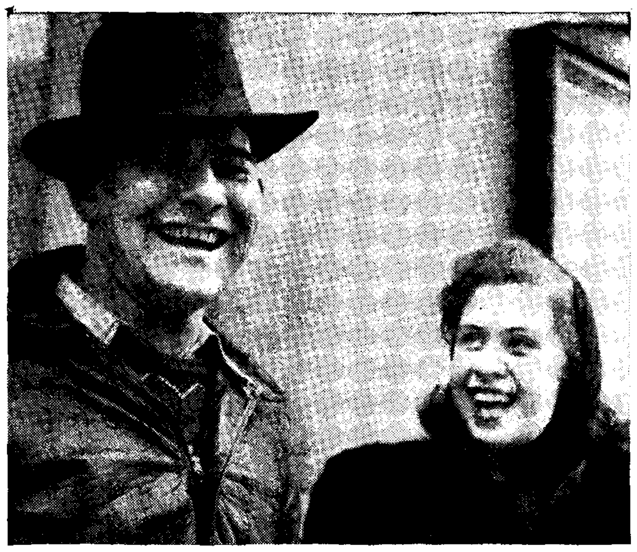
Americans have often wondered what [illegible]pened to those men. How do they live? Where? Are they reasonably happy? Today, some of these questions are answered for the first time—on these pages, in pictures.

These men are interned for the most part in a small town in central Sweden called Korsnas. Now and then, they are permitted honor liberty and they travel in groups to Stockholm for a few days. They are paid their regular flight salaries by Sweden, which will be reimbursed by the United States after the war.

The planes are hidden in northern Sweden. Some are beyond repair. Six have been purchased by Sweden from the United States. Newly interned planes are flown from southern Sweden to the hideaway hangar by Americans who are trusted not to try to fly them away. *For sport, the men play* baseball, *football,* rugby, hockey, and, in winter, they ski.

The American who looks after their interests is Colonel Felix M. Hardison, one-time pilot up the renowned Susie Q. He is now American Air Attaché in Stockholm. His reward for a job well done will be in the gasps of astonishment and the tears of gladness from certain mothers, fathers and girls-who-wait when they first see these photos. . . . J. B

Capt. Kelley, senior officer at camp, gets hair trim. Yanks aren't trimmed economically

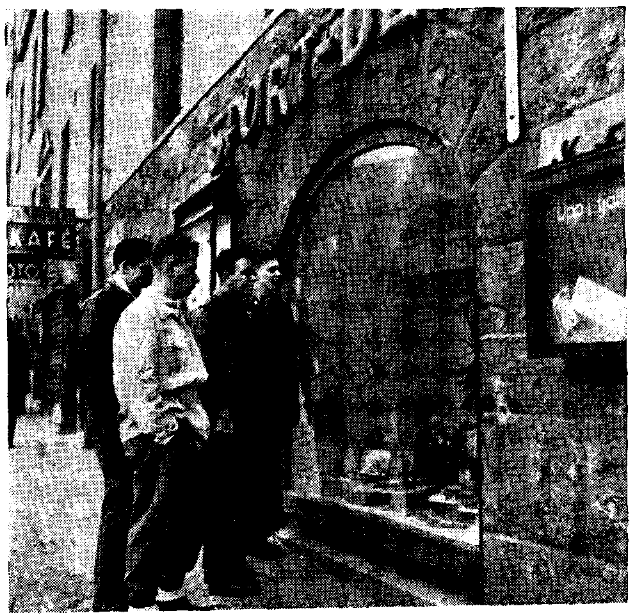


It is cold in Falun, but Sgt. Haskins, of Vinita, Okla., has a warm heart. He's a hero to the girl

Sgt. Walter Wells, of St. Joseph, Mo., is 20. So is Ulla Bentsson. Total—40. So life begins

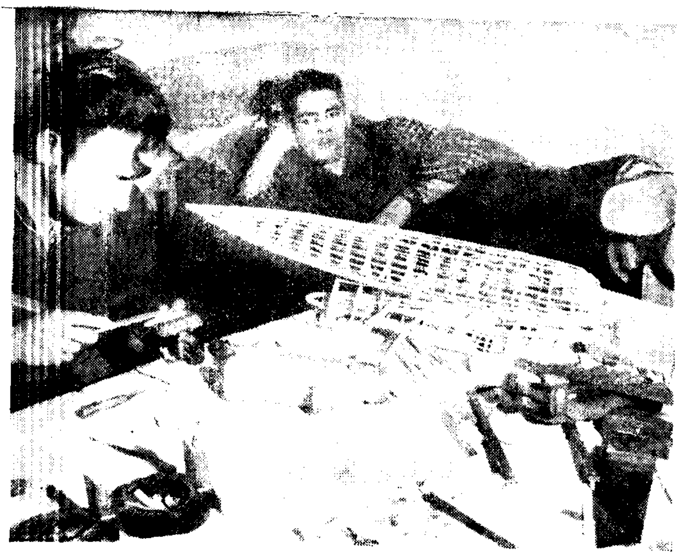
In Stockholm, Sgts. Cabin, N. Y.; Wells, St. Joseph, Mo.; and Culin pose before Royal Theater

The "Sport Depot" in Falun gets a big play from the boys. They've become proficient in skiing



Lt. Schonier, of Houston, likes cycling in summer and winter. He bought a good bike

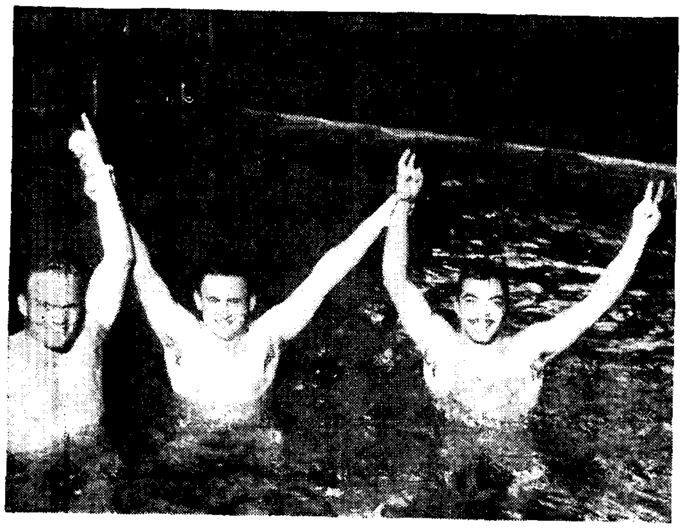
he Betsy Rosses—Cairns, Newark; Harrells, Lit-
ock; Bryce, Jersey City; Sills, Greensboro



With wood, vise and knife, Cairns builds a model DC-[illegible] Watching is Ed Donelly of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Reaching for the [illegible] are Lt. Floyd, Nashville; Capt. Kelley, Richmond; and Sgt. Martin, Meridian

ts. Caruso, Jersey City, and Davies, Pennsyl-
nia, have no girls in Sweden, write back home



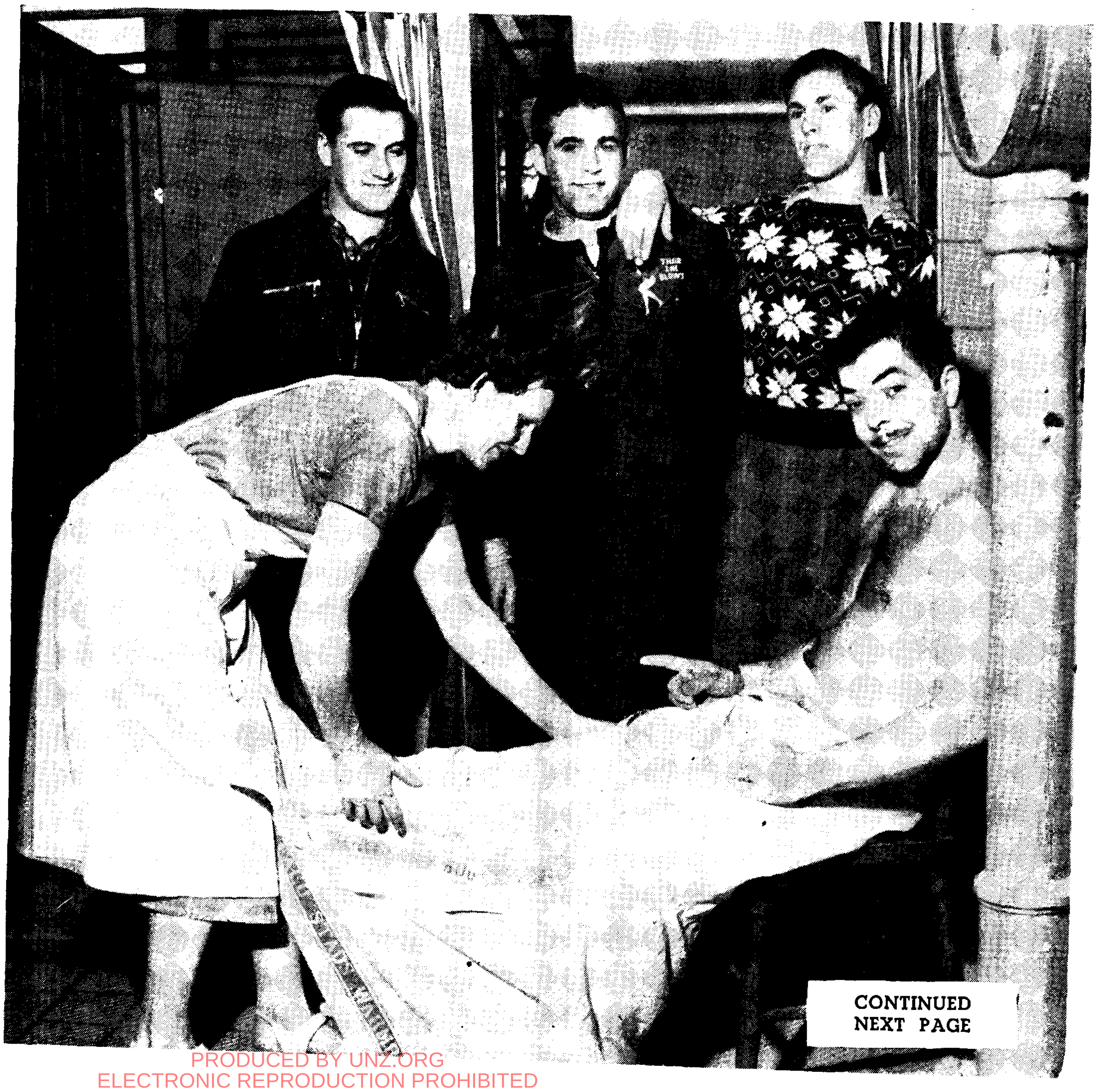
A warm, indoor pool in Falun is patronized by Nichols of Birmingham, Cairns and Hurlburt of New Jersey

Lunch is served at 12:30, smorgasbord style. No one has been accused of bashfulness at this meal

anish oranges in Sweden. There's Hunter, Topeka;
czepanski, Pittsburgh; Cairns, Nichols, Hurlburt

ree ride, two walk from Falun. Names? Sills, Rud-
rs, Walker, Jordan, Williams. The road was icy

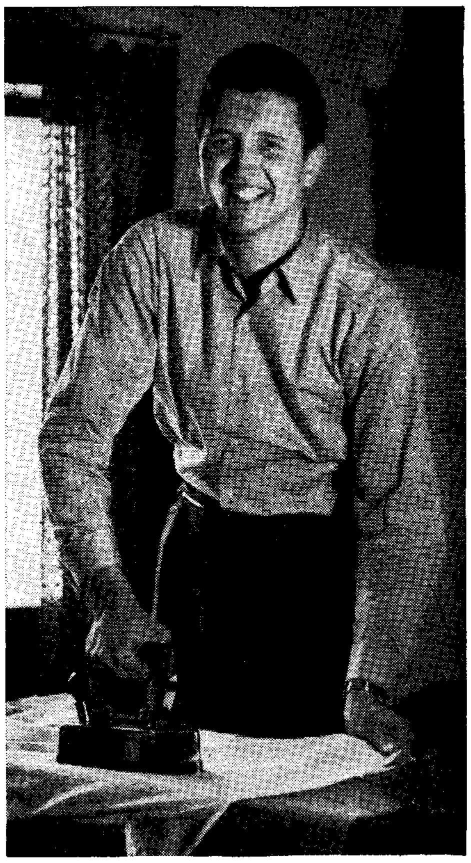
At the Falun Public Baths, Sgt. Hurlburt discovers that the attendants are women. You can't see the blush



CONTINUED
NEXT PAGE

SWEDISH STOPOVER

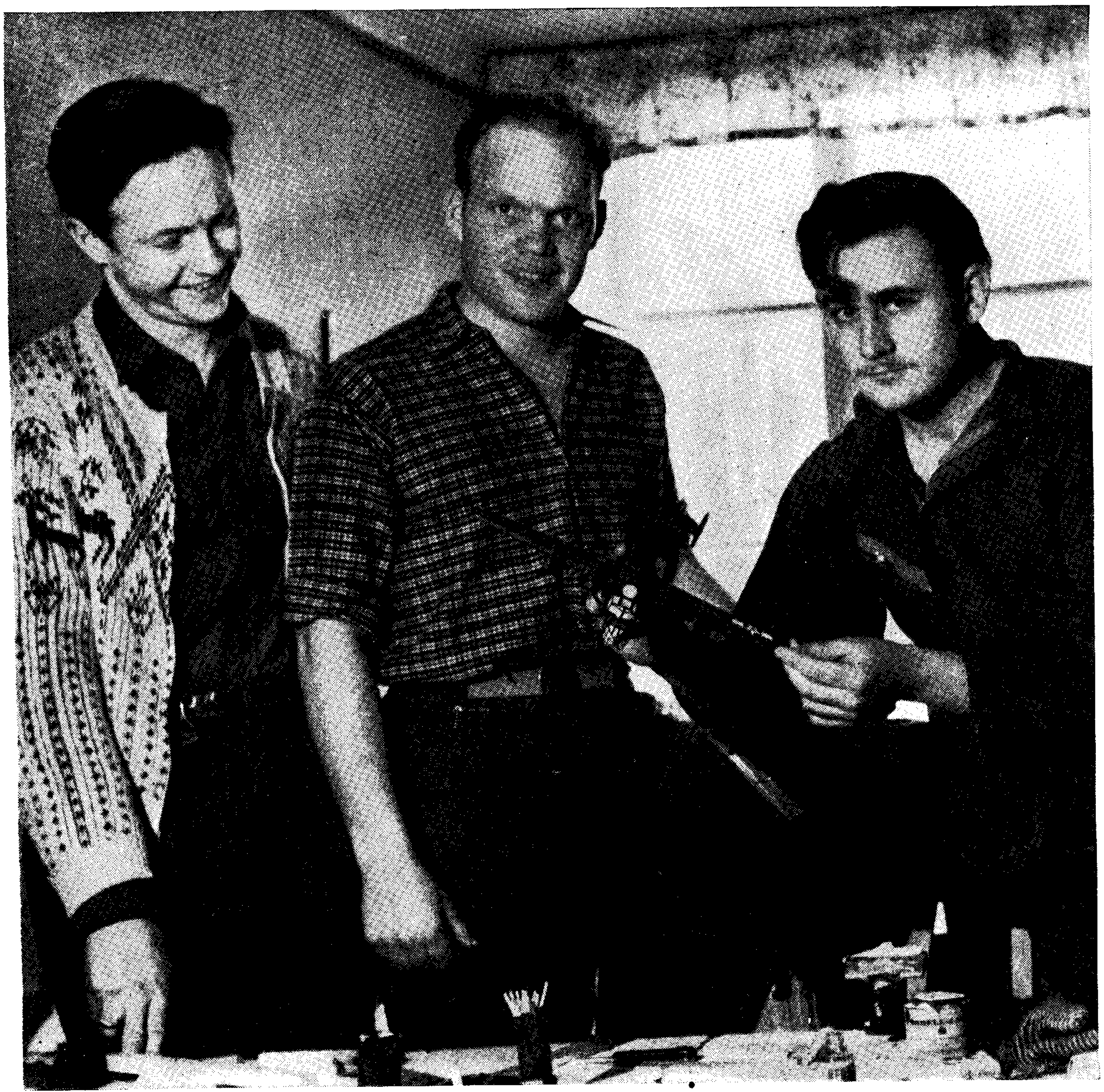
It's a pretty fair job. Sgt. Malvern, of Arkansas, compares his fighter model with a photo of one. Sgts. Kelsey and Haskins do an oral critique



All the household work at the camp is done by the internees. Sgt. Loockwood of Arkansas is quite a genius at ironing

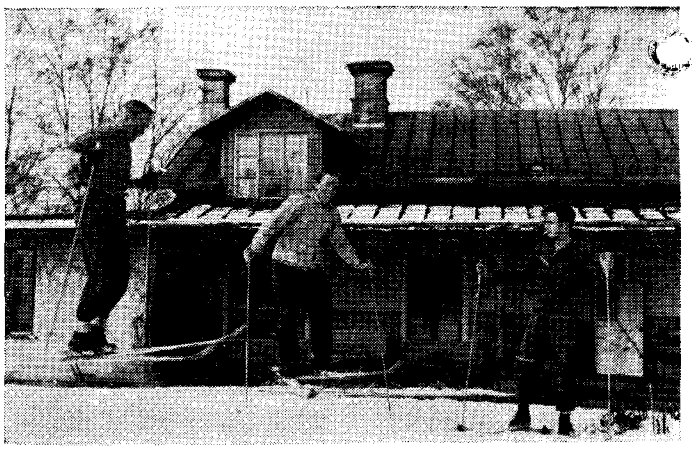
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LANG-PIX

Sgts. Bryce, Nichols and Cairns exhibit their model of a fighter plane to the general satisfaction



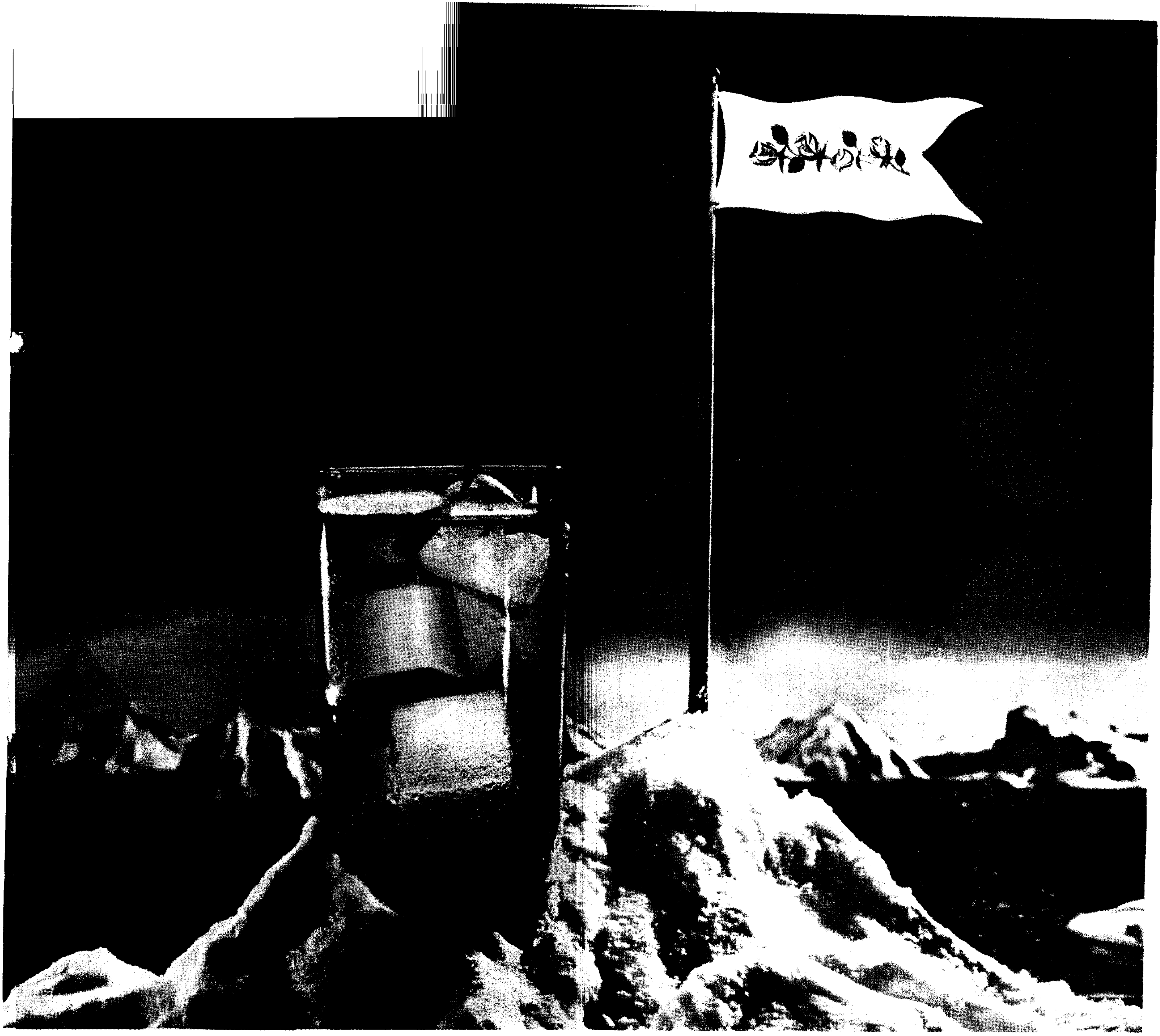
At the camp library, Lieuts. Harris of Montana, Wheeler of Minnesota and Sgt. Davidsson catch up on culture. Harris' reindeer are not speaking

"Got it!" Flight Officer Kreoker, R.C.A.F., finds his game of solitaire working out. Sgt. Martin isn't doing so well. Lohr and Leblanc kibitz mutely



Back in flight, of a sort, are Sgts. Nichols, Carlson and Cairns. They began taking lessons last spring

Judging by these expressions, internment in Sweden must be frightful. Lieuts. Wheeler, Williams, Harbin and Floyd grin and bear the food and sports



Great Arctic Discovery

IF YOU'VE EVER SIPPED a tall, iced Four-Roses-and-soda on a summer's day, then you know how superbly cool and refreshing it can be.

And if you haven't—well, we believe there's no time like today to make this great arctic discovery for yourself.

Once you do, we're sure you'll agree that Four Roses is a really magnificent whiskey ...mellow, full-bodied, and quite matchless in flavor. It's a whiskey, you'll find, that imparts a particular excellence to your highball. Why not mix yourself a Four-Roses-and-soda ... and see?

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

RESERVE
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
THREE FEATHERS
It's a feather in your cap when you buy EXTRA WAR BONDS
Buy more than before . . . and hold them!

Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York, N. Y. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.

Earth and High Heaven

Continued from page 13

they talked about love at first sight, and whether she was already in love with Marc Reiser or simply knew beyond doubt that she was going to fall in love with him.

Her father got to his feet to switch off the radio with the observation, "There don't seem to be any limits to the amount of bilge they think we can swallow."

"Yes," said Erica. "Well, in the meantime, Mother thinks you would like to come downstairs."

"Oh, all right," he said resignedly, but without moving an inch.

Erica wanted to tell him about Marc and was trying to make up her mind how much to tell him and where to begin, when she realized that her father was looking at her intently, as though he also was trying to make up his mind about something.

Finally he said, "Eric—"

"Yes?"

He took up his pipe and began to repack it, asking, "Do you like your job on the Post?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I was just wondering. Do you really like it or is it just a job?"

"No, I really like it." She waited for him to go on and then asked, "What were you wondering, Charles?"

He said, "Well, you know how much I've counted on Tony's carrying on the company after me. But I might just as well face the fact that he may not come out of this war at all. After four generations, it looks as though there was a good chance that we're finished."

"Wait a minute," said Erica, staring at him. "Are you offering me Tony's job?"

"Not Tony's job—just *a* job. From then on, it's up to you."

"No," said Erica involuntarily. "I couldn't. I couldn't possibly."

"Don't you like the idea, Eric?"

She glanced at him, then got up suddenly from the arm of the chair and went over to the window. There was an apple tree in the sloping garden next door, and as she looked at its white blossoms turning gold against the setting sun, she remembered Marc and felt free again.

"You and I have always got along so well gether . . ." Charles said.

SHE could not bear the sudden drop in her father's voice, and she said quickly, turning back to the room and the dark, heavy figure in the chair in the corner, "It isn't you, darling. I wouldn't be any good at it, Charles," she added desperately.

"Yes, you would. You're good at everything you really put your mind to." He shifted a little in his chair and said, smiling at her affectionately, "Anyway, I'm glad it isn't just me." But the smile did not quite hide his disappointment.

She shook her head and said, "I'm sorry, Charles. But I don't want to end up with rum and molasses instead of a husband and children!"

"Well—"

"After all, I'm only twenty-eight!"

He blew out a cloud of smoke and as it drifted upward, he said, watching it, "René?"

"René! René's not in love with me."

"I've never been wrong yet about any of the men who've been in love with you."

"Well, you can always start."

He said imperturbably, "I'd prefer rum and molasses to René."

"But he doesn't *want* to marry me!"

"Why not?"

"Why should he?"

"I can think of a lot of reasons besides the fact that he's in love with you."

She considered her father for a while, with her tongue in her cheek, and finally observed in a detached tone, "You know, Charles, you have a very suspicious mind. No matter who it is, as soon as some poor man shows signs of wanting to invite me out to dinner, you start to think up a set of perfectly hideous motives. Rather unflattering, if you ask me. Who knows? Some day some poor deluded idiot might want to marry me just for the sake of myself alone. And then where would you be?"

He started to say something else and then let it go. "Come on, Eric, I guess it's about time we gave your mother some moral support."

As they reached the door leading into the upstairs hall, Erica said, "By the way, he's downstairs."

"Who is?" he asked without interest.

"René."

She knew her father and found herself wishing violently that Marc had come with someone else. She said as casually as she could, "He brought a friend of his, a young lawyer named Reiser."

"Sounds like a Jew."

She said quickly, "But he's the most charming person, Charles; I know you'll like him."

"I don't usually care much for Jewish lawyers," he said coolly. "What firm is he in?"

"Something and Aaronson."

"Then he definitely is a Jew. I didn't know René was so broad-minded. What on earth did he bring him for?"

With steadily rising anxiety, she said, "I told you, Charles—because he's thoroughly nice and René wanted him to meet us."

"What are you making all this fuss about?" he asked, eying her curiously.

"I'm not making a fuss!"

He went on, "Anyhow, I'll bet anything you like that it wasn't René's idea."

She stopped with her hand on the post at the top of the stairs and asked, "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that since we've known René, he's never shown much interest in introducing us to his friends, and when he finally turns up with some shyster lawyer, it's more likely to be the shyster lawyer's idea than René's."

The half-sick feeling she had had when Marc had said so matter-of-factly, "They don't take Jews," came back, only this time it was worse, because instead of some anonymous, ill-educated *concierge*, it was her father who was saying in effect, "*We* don't take Jews," and because she was already beginning to be frightened.

Marc was still downstairs; he would expect to be introduced to her father, and if there was anything wrong with Charles' manner, Marc would be certain to notice it.

Her father was on the second step down. She reached out and caught his arm and said, slowly and clearly, "Charles, I've met Marc Reiser and talked to him. I liked him. I want you to like him."

He came around slowly and faced her, looking into her eyes which were on a level with his own; his expression altered slightly as he looked at her, and then he said deliberately, "I'm afraid I'm not very interested in whether you like him or not."

THEY went down the stairs. Erica had made up her mind that she would not introduce Marc to her father; instead, she would get hold of René and tell him to take Marc away at once on any pretext he liked. But it was not to be changed; the pattern had already been designed and laid out, and none of them could alter it.

At the foot of the stairs René was standing with Marc, waiting for her, and as Erica and her father reached the last step, he said, "Good afternoon, sir. I'd like to introduce a friend of mine, Marc . . ."

Her father said, "Oh, hello, René," cutting him short, then glanced at Marc without pausing and went on.

It was after midnight when Erica got home, having gone back to her office soon after René and Marc had left. She had spent hours on the Red Cross story which would ordinarily have taken her less than an hour to rewrite, because she could not keep her mind on what she was doing. Finally she had accepted the fact that nothing could be done about Marc, even supposing her father could be persuaded to do it.

It had been quite obvious from the way Marc had said goodby to her, immediately after Charles had failed to stop at the foot of the stairs, that he did not expect to see her again.

There remained the problem of her father and herself. He was sitting in his pajamas and dressing gown with an untouched whisky and soda on the table beside him, and from the door of the study, Erica said, "Charles, I want to talk to you."

Although he had left the study door open as usual, so that he would hear her come in, he said, barely raising his eyes, "It's rather late, isn't it?"

"I won't take long."

He knew what she wanted to talk about, and he had no intention of being put in a position where he would have to justify an action which, so far as Charles Drake was concerned, did not require justification.

He said, "Whatever you want to talk about can wait till the morning. You'd better go to bed."

Instead of going to bed, she left the door and went over to the windows, asking, with her back to him, "Why did you do it, Charles?"

She heard him knocking his pipe against the brass ash tray standing beside his chair and finally his voice saying, "If you'll think back to what I said when you first told me that René had turned up with some Jewish lawyer . . ."

"His name is Marc Reiser." The apple tree in the garden next door had turned to mist and silver; it looked like a ghost in the moonlight. "Anyhow, that isn't enough to explain it."

"I don't think I'm called upon to give explanations."

ERICA swung around, so that she was facing him. She was still inwardly raging; like her father, she had had four hours in which to think over his behavior at the foot of the stairs, but she had come to somewhat different conclusions.

Still managing to keep her voice fairly level, however, she said, "It's no use talking like that to me, Charles. It isn't going to work. So far as Marc's concerned, there doesn't seem to be any—nothing you or I can say will make the slightest difference, it's done and we can't change it. Every time he remembers what happened to him in our house, it will happen to him all over again."

"I dare say it's happened to him before," said her father dryly.

"Probably," said Erica. "After all, it seems we don't really disagree fundamentally with the Nazis about the Jews; we just think they go a bit too far."

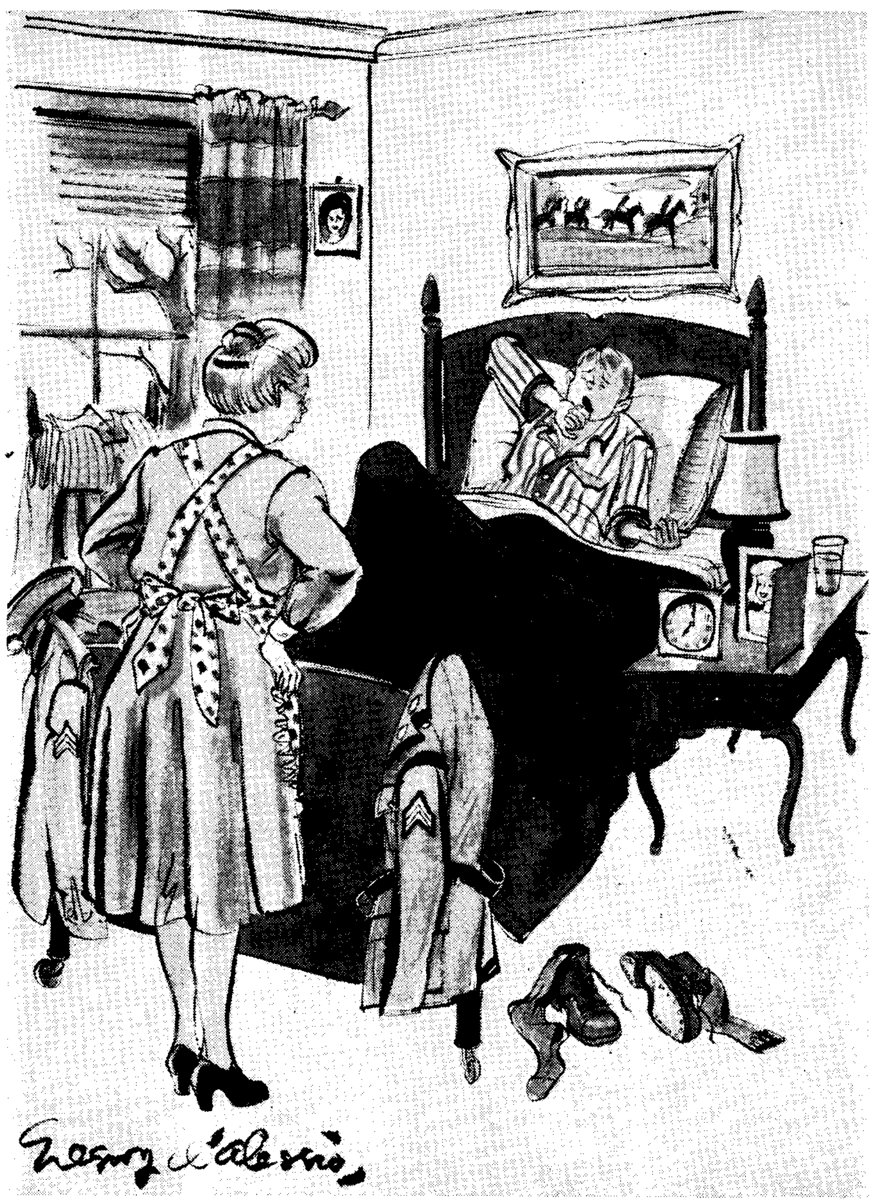
There was a quick flash of anger in his dark eyes and a momentary tightening of the muscles around his mouth, but he said nothing, and the next minute, his face was as impassive as ever. He went on looking at her steadily, almost speculatively, with no indication of what he was thinking showing in his face. It was so unlike him that Erica felt vaguely uneasy.

She said, "Apart from your manners, which are usually a good deal better than that, what on earth has become of your sense of justice?" She suddenly pulled herself up short. She was on the wrong track. None of them had ever got anywhere with Charles by a discussion of abstract principles. The only way to reach him was through his emotions. She said, "I don't know when I've met anyone I've liked as much as I liked Marc, or anyone as intelligent and civilized and as easy to talk to. He's the complete opposite of everything you seem to think."

Unimpressed and still nowhere near losing his temper, her father broke in at last, "You don't seem to realize that, fortunately or unfortunately, the kind of person he is has almost nothing to do with it."

"What matters is the label. Is that it?"

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Well, yes, it is only 7 a.m.—but you've been sleeping for two whole days!"

COLLIER'S

"I didn't invent the label, Eric. And I don't intend to sit here and be lectured by one of my children."

"I'm not trying to lecture you," said Erica desperately. "I'm trying to get you to tell me *why* you did it. Along with what you did to Marc, you gave me the worst shock I've ever had—you, of all people!"

The reading lamp standing beside his chair was almost in line with Erica and himself, shining into his eyes whenever he looked up at her. She was still standing with her back to the windows, and the pupils of her eyes were so enlarged that her eyes appeared black instead of green.

He swung the lamp out of the way and said at last, "You know as well as I do that among the people we know—your mother's friends, my friends, even your own friends for that matter, or most of them at any rate—a Jewish lawyer sticks out like a sore thumb. He just doesn't fit; from a social point of view, he's unmanageable—makes everybody else feel awkward, and if he's as decent as you seem to think your friend Reiser is, after an intimate acquaintance of half an hour, probably he feels pretty awkward himself."

"He did."

"What's all the argument about, then?"

"Go on, Charles," she said.

"The point is that once they get a foot in your door, if you treat them the way you would anyone else, either they deliberately take advantage of it, or simply misunderstand it, and before you know it, they're all the way in, and there's no way of getting rid of them."

"So it was in the nature of a prophylactic measure."

"I don't like your tone, Erica."

"Well, I don't like your point of view. So that makes us even," said Erica, unmoved.

He said almost indifferently, "You'll find my point of view is pretty general, whether you like it or not. I've had a great deal more experience of the world than you. I've no objection to Jews. Some of the Jews I know downtown are very decent fellows, but that doesn't mean I want them in my house any more than they want me in theirs."

SHE watched her father relighting his pipe and said finally, "If you want to play the heavy father and start telling me whom I'm to know and whom I'm not to know, there's nothing I can do to stop you, at least so far as the people I invite to your house are concerned—presumably whom I see outside your house is my own business." She paused and remarked, "You're starting a bit late, of course," and went on, "however, if you don't pay any more attention to my opinions than you did to Tony's and Mimi's, I think you'll regret it."

"It's up to you, Eric."

She said incredulously, "When I ask you particularly to be nice to someone and your answer to that is to refuse even to show him the most ordinary courtesy, how on earth can you say what happens after that is *my* responsibility?"

There was no response; her father did not appear to be listening.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Erica, viewing her father with amazement. "Of all the nerve . . ."

"What are you talking about?"

"You and your little performance this afternoon. *Really*, Charles," she said, exasperated, and then as the funny side of it struck her she began to laugh.

Her father sat down in the corner chair again and finally he said, "Do you mind telling me what you're laughing at?"

"I'm laughing at you. You don't seem to realize that other people just don't behave the way you do."

"I don't know what you're talking about!"

"Never mind, it doesn't matter."

"Now what?" he asked a moment later, as the amusement died out of her face.

"I just remembered Marc." It wasn't so funny after all. She sat with her head against the back of the chair and her hands on the arms, looking straight ahead of her.

"As for this afternoon," her father said, "it was perfectly obvious that Reiser had made a great impression on you. Probably you'd impressed him just as much—it usually works both ways. Anyhow, it seemed to me that it was better for everybody all around to make things quite clear at the very beginning, than to let an impossible situation develop and then have to clear it up later."

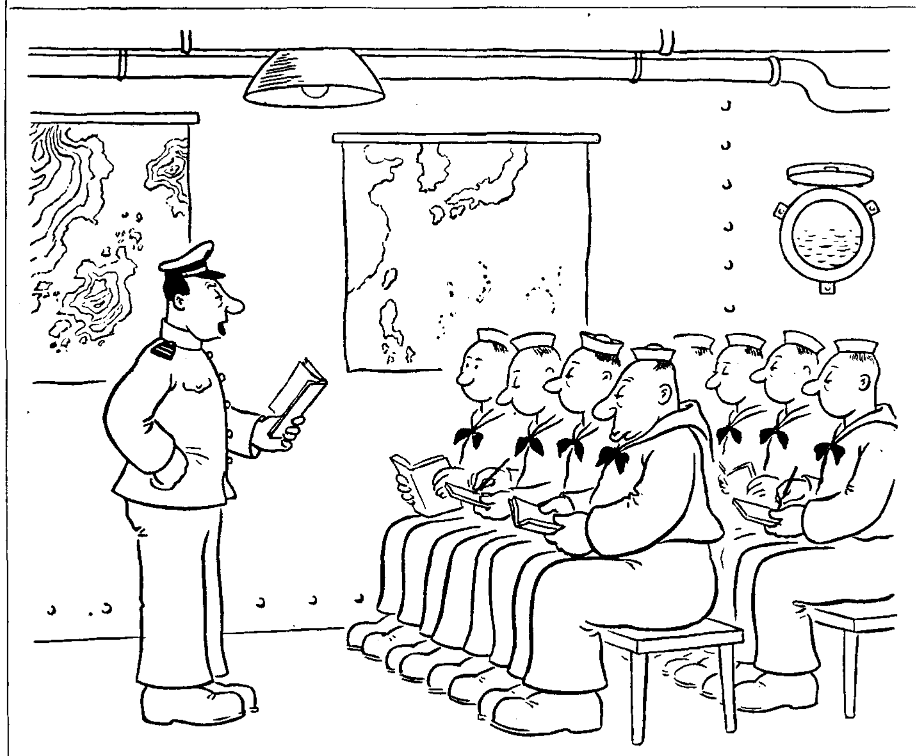
"Yes," said Erica. "What you mean is that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

"Of course," he said, obviously relieved that she had finally come to see it that way.

"And since you've always done exactly what you like, it hasn't even occurred to you to wonder whether it's up to you to prevent it or not." She paused, surveying him, and finally added, "As I remarked a few minutes ago, Charles, you really have a lot of nerve."

FOR three weeks nothing happened. Erica's one contact with Marc Reiser was through René de Sevigny, and the day after the cocktail party, René had gone to Quebec City. His secretary told Erica that she did not know when he would be back, except that it would not be until toward the end of the month. Erica could not get Marc out of her mind. She even tried to persuade her father to write him a note of apology, a suggestion which Charles Drake considered preposterous, and when that failed, she made several unsuccessful attempts to write him herself, but there was no way of either explaining or apologizing for her father's behavior, and all she could say on her own behalf was that she was sorry, which was hardly enough under the circumstances.

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"That's no excuse, Alfred—to say you always learned better with lady teachers!"

COLLIER'S

There was nothing to do but wait until René came back, and go on hoping that she would run into Marc somewhere by accident. His office was not far from hers, and Erica fell into the habit of looking for him, scanning faces in restaurants and theaters and glancing at everyone who passed her in the street, without even realizing that she was doing it.

On the last Friday in June, Charles and Margaret Drake went away for the week end, and on Saturday morning, Erica's younger sister Mimi telegraphed to say that she was arriving on the train from Quebec City at three o'clock that afternoon. Two months before, she had written that she would be sailing "soon" but they had not expected her for at least another week.

The telegram was phoned to the Drakes' house and taken by Mary, the cook, who in turn phoned Erica at her office. Erica had no way of reaching her parents; their fishing cabin was in back of Lachute, separated by five miles of rivers, lakes and mountains from the nearest village. Letters and telegrams delivered to the village simply stayed there until called for—which, in her parents' case, would not be until tomorrow night when they would be on the way home anyhow.

Erica said into the phone, "You'd better make up Miss Mimi's room, Mary."

"Yes, Miss Drake."

Erica put down the phone and sat looking at the litter on her desk for a moment, wondering whether Mimi had changed much and whether it would be easy or difficult to get to know her again. Mimi had never been very easy to know, and it was three years since Erica had last seen her, the summer war broke out, when they had had two weeks together in Paris.

There were four people in Erica's office besides herself this morning. Two of them were reporters who had no business to be there, sitting on the bench by the door. One of them was asleep with his hat on, his hands folded across his stomach; the other was yawning over the war news. Then there was Erica's assistant, Sylvia Arnold, a slim, dark-haired girl with gray eyes, a sense of humor and a clear, balanced intelligence; and finally, a very tall, bony youth of about sixteen whose name was Weathersby Canning, one of the Westmount stockbroking Cannings, who was usually known as "Bubbles." He was a combination copy and messenger boy who was permitted to write up the less important weddings.

"Who was Wing Commander Howard's wife before she married him last Saturday?" asked Sylvia, breaking into Erica's reflections about Mimi.

"Margaret Denham," said Weathersby.

"Bubbles knows everything," said Erica.

"For the love of Mike, will you stop calling me Bubbles?"

"I can't possibly call you Weathersby," Erica pointed out, running a fresh sheet into her typewriter. "It has too much dignity."

SHE typed a few paragraphs on the use of butter substitutes, threw it into a wire basket, along with a page on sugarless canning recipes, and began searching through the pile of papers and photographs on her desk.

"Where's the dope on the Burroughs wedding?" she asked.

"Over here. Do you want it?" said Sylvia.

"No, put it with the rest when you're finished. I suppose I'd better do that Merchant Navy story," she remarked vaguely. "What's the date?"

"The twenty-ninth," someone answered.

Toward the end of the month, René's secretary had said. The twenty-ninth was certainly toward the end of the month.

"Bubbles, get me René de Sevigny on the phone and be quick about it," Erica said.

After a pause, she heard Weathersby asking, *"Est-ce que M. de Sevigny est là, s'il vous plait?* . . . Okay, Eric, he's coming."

Erica picked up her phone. "Hello, René."

"Is that you, Eric? I was just going to call you. I only got back this morning and I'm in an awful rush but I'll be through in half an hour. How about lunch?"

"Love to. Where?"

"Charcot's—in the bar downstairs?"

"Yes. René . . . How about bringing Marc Reiser with you?" It was out before she had even realized that she was going to say it.

Then there was a pause, then René said, "My dear child, I'll invite him if you like, but after the kick in the pants that he got from your father, I think you'd better leave Marc alone."

She said desperately, "But don't you see, it's *because* of that."

"Is it, *petite?"*

"All right," Erica said, discouraged. "Forget the whole thing. Lunch, just us, Charcot's, one-thirty." She hung up. "Well, little man, what now?" she asked Weathersby, who was gesturing violently toward the phone on his desk in the corner of the room.

"It's Mr. Prescott," he said. "He wants to know if you've made up your mind about his niece. Say, Eric, you're not going to let her work here just because she's Pansy's niece, are you?"

"What do you think I am? Don't look so frightened, darling," she said to Sylvia. "Anybody who gets your job gets it over my dead body. Switch him on, Bubbles."

She took up her phone and disposed of the managing editor's niece as tactfully as she could, for the time being at any rate; finished the Merchant Navy story, did half a column on wartime clothing, sorted out the announcements of next week's meetings and, with the Woman's Section of the final edition ready to go to press, she set out to walk to Charcot's.

RENÉ was waiting for her there, having somehow managed to take possession of one of the eight small tables in the crowded little bar downstairs. He was wearing a brown suit, and his intelligent face lacked its usual expression of half-amused skepticism; he looked thoroughly tired.

"I'm starved. I've ordered a Manhattan for you, a Martini for myself and lunch for both of us."

She took the cigarette he offered as he sat down opposite her. "Do you mind telling me what you ordered?" she asked, slightly irritated.

"Don't be American," he said, raising one of his highly arched eyebrows. "You don't lose your feminine prestige merely because I order your lunch without consulting you." Then, with a complete change of tone, "You look nice, *petite*, though your beautiful hair needs combing."

"Do you want me to go and comb it?"

He shook his head. "Another Martini, please," he said to the waiter, who was just setting his first Martini in front of him. "How about you?"

"No, thanks. Where have you been all this time, René—down in St. Cyr?"

Some time later, when René had told her about his trip and something of his political plans, Erica said suddenly, "You're on your way up now, aren't you, René?"

He shrugged and said, "With luck."

"You've always had luck."

He paused, his eyes running over her, and said, smiling faintly, "Who knows? My luck may be running out."

"You've always got everything you've ever wanted."

"Perhaps I've been careful never to want anything I couldn't have—that is, up till now."

By the time they had had their coffee and dessert—also ordered by René—several of the tables in the little room were empty, and there were only two people left at the bar, a sailor sitting with his chin in his hands staring fixedly at a bottle of Cointreau and an Air Force officer lounging, with his hands in his pockets, apparently waiting for someone.

Erica glanced at her watch. It was twenty past two, which gave her another half-hour before she would have to leave to meet Mimi at the station. She wanted to talk to René about Marc, but she did not know how to start.

(Continued on page 32)

American fighters make sure our big guns are hitting enemy installations. Artillery fire control crew receive directional data from observers and pass it on to gun crews.

Telephones keep Long Toms on target

War needs the plants and manpower that would normally be making telephone instruments, wires, cables and switchboards for civilian use. That's why there are many people waiting for telephone service.

It will be some time before equipment is available to give service to all who want it. But we shall continue to do everything we can to make that time as short as possible.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Please give the service men first call on Long Distance from 7 to 10 each night. That's the best time for most of them to call home.

Wing Talk

DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT COMPANY

Veteran pilots won their fight against adding a thousand pounds to the gross load of the DC-3, now the Army's C-47

IT'S just a little unashamed habit, but as the big plane sits at the end of the airport, running up first one and then the other engine prior to take-off, we hope the pilot is feeling fine, has no worries and will have a happy landing. For if he does, so will we.

Now, more than at any time in the past year, the boys up front in the scheduled airliners have fewer worries, for the government has come through with a ruling that they will not have to carry an extra thousand pounds of weight in the Douglas DC-3s or the Lockheed Lodestars, which had been proposed and to which they unanimously objected.

Due to the shortage of airline planes, the idea was advanced by the Army Air Transport Command and the Air Transport Association that we could speed up the war if we crowded more cargo, passengers or fuel aboard the airliners. In the military and naval transport services, planes of similar airline types had operated successfully away above the loads prescribed for them in peacetime, and the engineers had certified that it would be safe to add another thousand pounds to the take-off weight of the DC-3 and the Lodestar.

But the pilots said it wasn't. Led by their president, David L. Behncke, of the Air Line Pilots Association, they paraded before the five-man Civil Aeronautics Board, civil aviation's policy makers, and spoke their pieces. They gave personal experiences with the loads as they are now and forecast dire consequences for scheduled air transport if they were increased to the proposed weights.

It was evident to the board that even though it was technically safe for a DC-3 to take off with 26,200 pounds gross load and a Lockheed to rise off the ground with 19,500 pounds the pilots didn't like it and wouldn't take it; 25,200 and 18,500 were all they felt secure with to begin flight on these types.

In the face of charts and formulae advanced by the Air Transport group and prominent engineers from Douglas and Lockheed, the pilots stuck to the stories of their experiences in icing conditions, unpredictable turbulent air and problems of flying on one engine under heavily loaded conditions. Since neither the CAB nor the operators nor the manufacturers were in the cockpit to witness these experiences, their testimony was invulnerable to cross-examinations. Nearly two months after the hearings closed, the CAB came through with its decision: No increase in gross load would be allowed.

ENOUGH accidents to returned combat pilots flying low-powered civilian planes have been logged by the Civil Aeronautics Administration to warrant their asking you not to embarrass the returned hero by urging him to hop you around the field in your little putt-putt—until he has complied with a couple of formalities set up for his safety and yours.

Both combat pilots and their adoring relatives and friends might well scoff at the absurd belief that, after landing Hellcats on the rolling deck of a carrier at night during battle, or pulling P-38s out of tiny fields in the jungles, or battling German fighters and flak in P-47s and P-51s over Berlin, the bemedaled pilots couldn't step into an Aeronca or Cub and take you for a ride.

But things have happened, including one tragic flight where a proud father wanted to fly with his hero son. The combat pilot, long accustomed to big engines, didn't quite make the necessary allowances for the low horsepower and stalled just as he pulled out of the field. In the resulting crash, his father died, and he himself was seriously injured.

In anticipation of just such eventualities, the CAA has had on the books a requirement that a returned combat pilot, before taking up passengers in civilian planes of low horsepower, make five take-offs and landings to familiarize himself with the very type on which he received his primary training. He should do that if he has not flown the type of plane concerned within three months. If he had not had solo experience in it within six months, he is asked to take a check flight with an instructor.

THE CAA also has made realistic regulations for certificating returned combat pilots who apply for civilian jobs involving flying passengers commercially. A great many such pilots already back, and more to come, never held a commercial license, and there are some who contend that pilots who have pushed four-engined planes filled with bombs through flak-filled skies on the continent twenty-five times or more, certainly are qualified without further questioning to take a multi-engined plane filled with happy people from New York to Chicago on an airway surrounded by every known safeguard.

Fundamentally they are, the CAA will agree, but being the guardian of public safety, the CAA must have first-person knowledge of pilot ability and so it has required:

That he prove his military-pilot rating to be at least equivalent to the type and grade of civil-pilot certificate sought; that he pass a written examination on the Civil Air Regulations; and that he show he has been honorably discharged and submit evidence from a higher official, certifying to his experience and competency as a military pilot.

Having met these requirements, the new pilot still faces more rigid tests to prove his ability to fly passengers commercially. The airlines make their own examinations and require their pilots to study and practice continually. Further, all airline pilots are subject to check flights without warning, by inspectors of the CAA. . . . F. R. N.

Earth and High Heaven

Continued from page 30

"May I have a cigarette, please?" she asked.

When René leaned forward to give it to her his eyes met hers with such an intensity of feeling that she forgot all about Marc and everything else in the one overwhelming realization that he was in love with her, and that his desire was an agony to him, partly because he could not have her and partly because he knew that if by some chance he did, having her would bring so much unhappiness to both of them.

The look in his eyes began to die away and after a while he remarked flippantly, "For once in my life I wish I were an English Canadian."

"Why?"

"Then I could take you up Mount Royal in a cariole and kiss you for an hour and feel better, instead of infinitely worse."

"René!"

"Don't say anything, *petite!*"

SHE relaxed against the back of her chair, feeling rather weak, and remarked at last, "You seem to have a peculiar impression of English Canadians. Also, you're one of the most race-conscious individuals I've ever met."

"That's what Marc says," he interrupted, without thinking. He gave her a cigarette and lighted it for her, lighted one for himself, sighed and said resignedly, "Well, there's your opening, Eric. You've been looking for one, haven't you?"

He beckoned to the waiter, said, "Bring some more coffee, please," and then asked Erica, "Do you want a brandy?"

"No, thanks."

"Just one brandy, then," he told the waiter.

"What did you mean this morning when you said you thought I'd better leave Marc alone?" Erica asked him, when the waiter had gone.

He shoved his chair around so that he could sit with his legs crossed and still lean with one elbow on the table. "Marc has enough trouble without your adding to it."

"Why would I add to it?"

"Ask your father." Looking away from her toward the wall he said unwillingly, "Marc liked you just as much as you liked him; I realized that as soon as I saw you together. If he hasn't called you, it's quite deliberate, Eric."

With her eyes following the line of his slightly acquiline profile, she asked with difficulty, "René, did he say anything about Charles?"

He turned sharply and asked with a sudden edge on his voice, "You don't really imagine he would, do you?"

"I don't know." She looked down at her hands and said wretchedly, "I suppose it depends on how well you know each other."

There was a pause. He said at last, "The whole thing was my fault," with a curious bitterness in his voice.

"Why?"

"Because I let Marc in for it." He turned his chair back again and, with one hand drumming on the table with a fork, he said, "I've known your father for more than a year, Eric. I know what he thinks about the war, what a violent anti-Nazi he is, how revolted he is by the way the Germans are treating the Jews and the Poles and the Czechs. I know what a good democrat he is, and that, unlike a lot of his friends, he does *not* imagine that he can have his cake and eat it—or win the war and hang on to his profits and his taxes." He looked at her speculatively and added, "I took him a little too literally, that's all. I'm not usually so naïf."

"René, don't talk like that!"

He said acidly, "Sorry, I'm just a French Canadian. You English Canadians are always preaching at us, but it never seems to occur to you that if you'd once make an effort to practice what you preach, your preaching might have a little more effect."

He took the brandy from the waiter's tray, swallowed it all in one movement, put the empty glass back on the tray and said, "The check, please."

"It's there, monsieur."

Having glanced at the total, René pulled some bills from his pocket and waved the waiter away.

"As a French Canadian, you're hardly in a position to criticize us for being anti-Semitic," Erica said.

René shrugged. "At least we don't say one thing and do another."

Erica sighed. She gathered up her gloves and purse, and started toward the door. René followed her.

On the pavement outside, he put his hand on her arm and asked, "Where are you going?"

"Windsor Station. I told you my sister's arriving this afternoon."

"I've got to go home and see Madeleine," he said. "I don't want to leave you like this, Eric!"

Erica glanced up at him quickly and said, "It's all right."

"No, it isn't."

He went on standing there in the middle of the pavement, looking harassed and unhappy. Erica had forgotten how young he was, only thirty-four. He was usually so sure of himself that he seemed much older.

"I hate quarreling with people," said René. "Particularly you. I wish you'd forget everything I said."

"Let's both forget it, René," she said.

The notice board in Windsor Station covered a great deal of wall space, and she was standing in front of it, making a bet with herself that the Quebec train would arrive before she had succeeded in finding out when it was due and which track it would be on, when the unforgettable voice of three weeks before said from somewhere behind her, "Hello, Erica."

She caught her breath, then turned and said quite casually, "Hello, Marc, what are you doing here?"

"Meeting the train from Quebec."

"So am I. Is it late?"

He pointed to a smaller board headed "Special" and said, "It's an hour late so far. By the way, you were looking at 'Departures.' "

"Oh, was I?"

Evidently he had been watching her for some time before he had spoken to her. He was in uniform, with two pips on his shoulders. He had not really smiled yet; she had no idea whether he was really glad to see her or not.

"Are you expecting someone, too?" he asked.

"Yes, my sister Mimi. I haven't seen her for three years. She's been living in England."

With his green eyes fixed expressionlessly on her face, as though he were looking through her, he asked, "Where's the rest of your family?"

"They're away for the week end."

HE HAD his hands in his pockets and went on looking through her in silence, while Erica waited, forcing her eyes back to the long line of chalk figures running down the right-hand column on the notice board. She knew as definitely as if he had told her that he was trying to make up his mind to go away, and that if he did, she would never see him again, but although she wanted him to stay so much, she would not turn toward him and smile, and try to influence him that way. She would not influence him at all.

"Erica," he said at last.

"Hello," said Erica, coming to a full stop at the figures 4:46. "I'm still here."

"Have you got anything to do for the next hour?"

"No. Have you?"

"Yes, but I'm not going to do it. Let's go over to Dominion Square."

They crossed the street, and then started over the grass toward Dorchester Street and the broad walk leading to the Boer War Memorial up at the other end of the square.

"I'm sorry I didn't call you, but I've been up to my eyes in work for the past three weeks," Marc said.

"I know." There were a few pigeons scattered along the walk, and Erica threw them some corn from a bag Marc had stopped and bought from a sidewalk vender. "René told me how busy you are."

A little farther on, she heard him remark dispassionately, "That excuse sounded even more feeble than I expected."

"You don't have to make excuses," said Erica almost inaudibly.

"I wanted to call you."

They found an empty bench and sat down. For a moment, neither of them spoke, and then Erica asked, "Who are you meeting from Quebec?"

"My former boss, Mr. Aaronson. He's been there on a case all week."

"What's he like?"

"Mr. Aaronson?" He glanced at her absently, then at the old derelict sitting on the bench opposite them in the sunlight. "Well, he's about fifty-five or sixty, quite a lot shorter than I am, and three times as big around the middle. He chews cigars all the time except when he's in court. He's one of the best corporation lawyers in the city."

ONLY part of her mind was following what Marc said; most of it was concerned with Marc himself—the warmth of his voice and his unusually fine, rather small hands, and particularly, the startling change in his face when he stopped smiling.

It was like a light going out. The indefinable quality of youth which was part of his charm disappeared, and then you saw that he was all of thirty-three, solitary and unsure of himself. There was a lurking bewilderment in his eyes, as though, in spite of all his common sense and most of his experience of living, he still expected things to turn out better than they usually did.

Above all, when that smile went out like a light, his appalling vulnerability became evident, and you began to realize how much strain and effort had gone into the negative and fundamentally uncreative task of sheer resistance—resistance against the general conspiracy among the great majority of the people he met to drive him back into himself, to dam up so many of his natural outlets, to tell him what he was and, finally, to force him to abide by the definition.

Before he could go on about Mr. Aaronson, she asked, "Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"One brother."

"What does he do?"

"He's a bush doctor. Up in the mining country in Ontario." He smiled at her suddenly, to let her know that he was glad she was there, sitting on the bench beside him with the sunlight on her hair. "Give me some corn," he said. "One of those pigeons always gets there late and he looks undernourished."

She poured a stream of corn into his hand and Marc got up to feed the undernourished pigeon.

From a few feet away, he went on, "He's paid by the local nickel mine because they're required by law to employ a certain number of men, but he spends most of his time doctoring the people who live around there—mostly French Canadian farmers and their families. It's pretty rough country, not much good for farming and only half cleared; the farms are half rock and half bush, and the people are very poor."

"Do you ever see him?"

"Yes, I usually go up to stay with him and do some fishing for part of my holidays, and sometimes he comes here for medical meetings or to spend a few days at one of the hospitals. Besides that, he's had to spend his holidays in Montreal since the war started."

"What's your brother's name?"

"David."

"Doctor David Reiser," she repeated. "His name sounds just as nice as he does. Doesn't he ever get homesick, stuck all by himself off in the middle of nowhere?"

"Not David. It's the other way around. He's quite a good surgeon, and once, about five years ago, he got a job on the staff of one of the hospitals here, but after three months he was so homesick for his French Canadian farmers that he quit and went back to the bush again."

Marc lighted two cigarettes, one after the other, handed her the second, and said, "He tried to enlist at the beginning of the war, but they found out that he was the only doctor for a couple of thousand people and wouldn't take him."

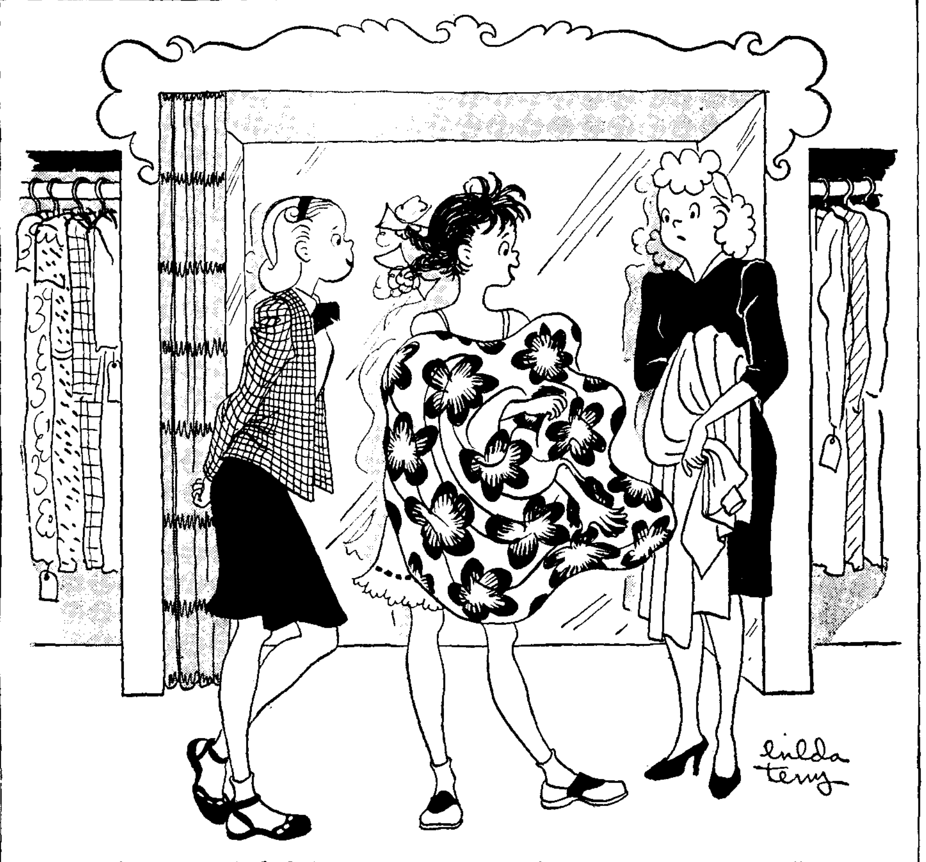
"Does he mind it much?"

"Yes, I think he does."

"Dave really leads a dog's life," he went on matter-of-factly. "He's out at all hours in every kind of weather from thunderstorms to forty below zero, and sometimes he gets paid in potatoes or half a cord of wood, but mostly he never gets paid by the farmers at all. Most doctors couldn't stand it."

Erica had been listening to him with a growing surprise which made her slightly uncomfortable but which she did not wish to analyze for fear of being still more uncomfortable. She kept trying to dismiss the feeling that something about Doctor David Reiser did not seem to fit, and then, suddenly angry at her own evasiveness, she swung around and deliberately faced it.

A Jew describes another Jew simply as a



"Do you mind if she tries them on, too? . . . We're roommates"

COLLIER'S HILDA TERRY

Call for Philip Morris
Philip Morris & Co. Ltd. Inc.

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES

RECOGNIZE

PHILIP MORRIS

proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat!

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, SUBSTANTIALLY EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—CLEARED COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

—facts reported in medical journals, on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors. Proof that this better-tasting cigarette is better for you . . . less irritant to nose and throat!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette

human being; a Gentile describes him, first and foremost, as a Jew. All the time Marc had been talking about his brother, she realized, she had been trying unconsciously to reduce the individual, David Reiser, to the size of the familiar generalizations about Jews, and because he simply could not be reduced that far and made to fit, she had been surprised. It struck her suddenly and sharply that all this was not going to be anything like as easy as she had thought.

"I'd like you to meet David sometime," Marc said. "You'd like each other."

Something in the way he said it made her turn her head quickly to glance at him, and she found that he had been watching her and knew what she was thinking. She said, "I might just as well think out loud and be done with it!"

He touched her cheek lightly with one hand and with his arm lying along the back of the bench again, across the space between them, he said, "We just operate on the same wave length, that's all."

Erica scattered some corn among the pigeons, and then she said suddenly, letting herself go at last, "The whole world has changed for me since I met you. I'm not being sentimental—I'm not even being particularly personal. It's not that. It's something else." She paused, searching his face, and went on, "It's as though I'd shifted position after twenty-eight years of seeing things mostly from just one standpoint, and I haven't got used to how different everything looks. Do you understand that, too?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Maybe it sounds silly, I don't know. I haven't even tried to explain it to anyone else because—well, because there isn't anyone," she said. "I got the most awful jolt that day. It was the result of three things, really: First of all, the"— she smiled at him quickly and said— "the wave length, I guess, then what you said about that apartment house, and then Charles—all one right after the other." Her voice trailed off and then she remarked, "You must think I'm awfully stupid."

"You're not stupid." His eyes left her face and, looking straight ahead of him, he said, "Only you don't know what you're letting yourself in for. It's a lot more comfortable to be on one side or the other, than out in the middle where you get it both ways."

"I don't care whether it's comfortable or not."

THERE was a brief silence, and then she heard Marc laugh. "What a weird conversation for two people sitting on a park bench, who've met only once before for half an hour! The trouble is I feel I know you so well that I can't be bothered going through all the preliminaries. I hope you don't mind."

Erica slid down on the seat until her head was resting against the back. Looking up at a patch of blue sky between two trees, she said, "No, but I do want to know more about you."

"What, for example?"

"Well . . ." She paused, considering, and then asked, "Is your family very religious?"

"No, not particularly. I doubt if I've been in a synagogue more than half a dozen times since I was confirmed. Why?"

"I think I'm trying to get an idea of the general background."

"The general background in my case is more middle-class and small-town Ontario than particularly Jewish."

He threw away his cigarette, and with his hands in his pockets and his eyes following the cars passing by on the other side of the square, he said, "It's funny, but for some reason or other, it doesn't seem to have occurred to most people that the agnosticism or whatever you call it which has swept over the democratic countries in the past fifty years has hit the Jews in those countries to about the same extent as everyone else. There are still good Orthodox and Reform Jews, of course, but there are still a lot of good Catholics and Protestants, too."

He broke off and said, "By the way, don't ever imagine that I'm giving you the Jewish point of view, will you?"

"Why not?"

"Because there actually isn't any such thing. There are only two characteristics which most Jews have in common—that I've been able to observe anyhow—one of them is a determination to survive, if possible, and the other is a basic sense of insecurity. Yet there's no unanimity on how survival is to be accomplished, and the sense of insecurity takes the form of almost every conceivable kind of behavior from the extreme of agressive materialism to the opposite extreme of complete idealism."

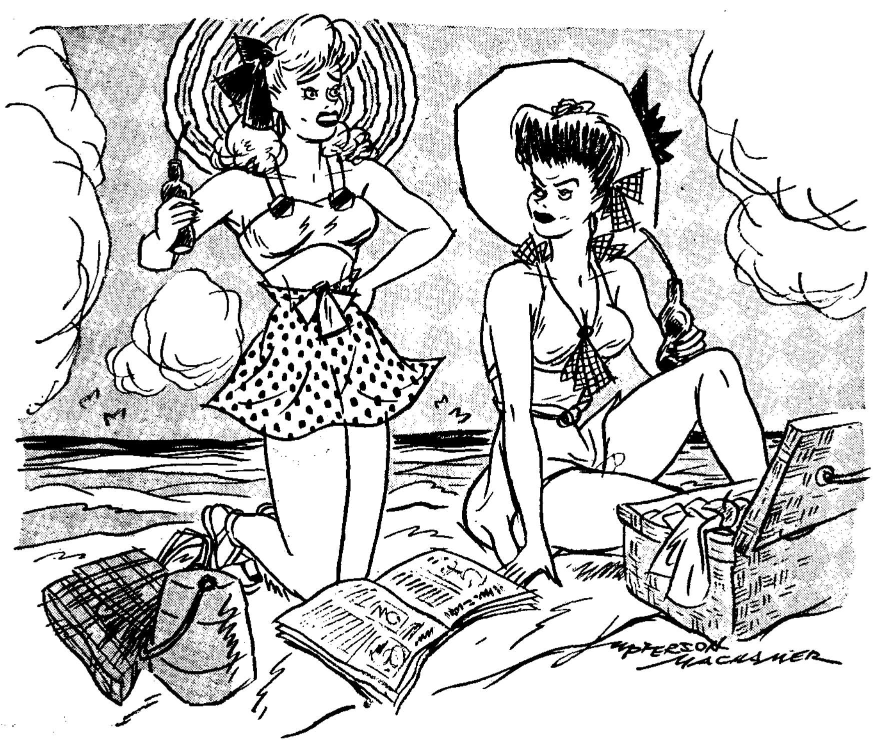
AFTER a pause, he went on, "The only thing to do is to go on being yourself, but in order to do that, you've got to remember, when someone's rude to you, not to say to yourself that it's because you're a Jew; when you meet people and say, 'How about lunch?' and they turn you down a couple of times, you must remember that other people get turned down, too, and it's probably just because they don't like your face. You must remember not to get a chip on your shoulder, not to start looking for insults, not to misinterpret things people say. Reiser on the subject of the inferiority complex," he concluded ironically. "That's enough about me. Have you seen René lately?"

"Yes, I had lunch with him today."

"Do you mind if I ask you something?"

"No, what is it?"

"Are you in love with René?"



"The heck with all that postwar miracle stuff! I just want what I had before—especially Joe, Ed, Bill and Dick!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"No. Why?"

"Well, I know how he feels about you, and I thought—"

He did not go on to explain what he had thought, and she said, "I asked him to bring you to lunch today."

"And René wouldn't."

"Would you have come?"

He smiled at her and said, "No, I don't think so."

"I guess René knew you wouldn't. You know why I wanted you to come, don't you?"

"Yes."

She brought herself back to a straight sitting position and said, "I wanted to explain and tell you that I . . ."

"My dear child, do you imagine that you can possibly tell me anything I don't know already?"

"No," said Erica, "I guess not. But I don't want you to think that Charles makes a habit of that sort of behavior. He has some Jewish friends downtown and knows quite a lot of refugees."

"That's a little different," said Marc. "I'm sure that if I'd been sixty-five and preferably direct from Europe, he'd have been perfectly charming."

Erica let out a long sigh and then said, slightly embarrassed, "You know altogether too much!"

At the end of a brief silence, Marc said in a low voice, sitting forward with his elbows on his knees, so that all she could see was the back of his head and part of his profile, "But you know, Erica, your father's quite right not to want you to get mixed up with me."

After waiting for her to answer he asked, "Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, I heard you."

"I don't blame him. I guess he realized what was likely to happen. Otherwise he wouldn't have bothered. It's obvious that I don't fit into your particular social setup."

He had stopped again, evidently still expecting her to say something, even though it was again obvious that if he agreed with Charles, then nothing she could say would make any difference.

Erica continued to sit motionless and silent beside him, feeling completely cut off from him, as though he had suddenly closed the door in her face without warning, leaving her standing on the mat outside.

Anything would have been better than to find that Marc was, in effect, taking the same side as her father. Where did that leave her? Exactly nowhere. That was probably what Marc had meant when he had made that remark about how uncomfortable it was to be stranded somewhere out in the middle. Uncomfortable is not the word for it, thought Erica, and with her eyes following a shabby, very young girl who was wheeling a carriage down the walk away from them, she asked indifferently, "Have you any other reasons for thinking he's right?"

"Didn't you listen to what I was saying a while ago?"

"Yes, of course, I was listening."

HIS voice was pitched so low that it was almost inaudible, and she could still see nothing more than the back of his head and part of his profile. "Do you think I usually talk about myself that way?"

"I don't know." She went on after a pause, "I suppose I thought you wanted me to understand as much as I could, so that I . . ."

He did not let her go on. He said, not patiently, but as though he had been scarcely listening, "I was trying to give you the other side of your father's case, Eric."

"My father's case is already quite complete. You needn't have bothered. Anyhow, I didn't take it that way. I thought it was the case for the defense."

"No, it wasn't. With things as they are, you haven't any case, and neither have I, and if I'd had any sense, I'd have said, 'Hello, how are you,' and left you standing by the notice board, trying to find the train from Quebec under 'Departures.' "

That was as much as Erica could stand. She said, "Well, better luck next time! You came pretty close to it, anyhow," and got up, adding over her shoulder, as she started away from the bench, "I guess we'd better be getting back."

He caught up with her after a few steps, but she said nothing to him all the way back to the station.

He was standing beside her in the crowd behind the rope barrier by the gate when he said suddenly, "I meant to buy you some flowers."

For one appalling moment, Erica thought she was going to cry. She blinked, swallowed, kept her eyes fixed on a sergeant of the Provost Corps who was standing just inside the gate talking to a railway policeman, and when the danger had passed, she asked stonily, "What for? As a sort of going-away present?"

"Don't be a fool!" said Marc, exasperated.

Then suddenly it was all over. She said "You can't call me a fool the second time we meet, it isn't polite." She let out her breath in a long sigh of relief and then asked with interest, "What kind of flowers would you have bought me?"

"I don't know. What kind do you like?"

She glanced down at her bright suit. "I think I would have liked white carnations."

"Do you insist on carnations?"

"No," said Erica faintly. "Just get whatever you like."

The train had stopped and, as the first passengers began to appear on the long platform stretching away from the gate, he asked, "Could we have dinner together some night next week?"

She turned suddenly so that she was facing him and said quickly, "Are you sure you want to?"

"I told you I haven't any sense," he said under his breath. "Wednesday?"

"I'd love to."

"I'll call for you about seven. There's Mr. Aaronson. Goodby, Erica. See you Wednesday."

"Goodby, Marc."

THE long concrete platform was empty except for a few stragglers when she caught sight of Mimi at last, stepping down from a car near the other end. She was wearing a black suit with a foam of white at her throat, carrying her hat in her hand and walking rapidly with that extraordinary grace which characterized all her movements. She was perfectly proportioned, tall, slender and yet fully developed, with her father's dark eyes and dark hair, and her own almost flawless features, the only really beautiful woman Erica had ever known who seemed to take her own beauty for granted.

As soon as she saw Erica standing by the barrier, Mimi began to run, lifting her shoulders and half turning her body like a dancer to get past the people at the gate.

"Eric!"

"Hello, darling," said Erica, with a catch in her throat. She kissed her sister somewhere near her ear, then drew back and looked up into the glowing dark eyes a little above her own. "How are you? Is everything all right? We've been scared to death ever since we got your letter about coming back. What kind of crossing did you have?"

"Just a minute," said Mimi. "Where are Mother and Dad?"

"They're up in the mountains for the week end. I couldn't reach them. If you'd only had sense enough to wire from Halifax . . ."

"When will they be back?"

"Tomorrow night."

"How are they?"

"Oh, fine, although Mother still doesn't know how to say 'No' when people ask her to take on still more war work. It rather worries me."

"And how are you?" asked Mimi, as they started after the porter who was trundling Mimi's luggage toward the station entrance.

"I'm still on the Post," said Erica. "How's Tony?"

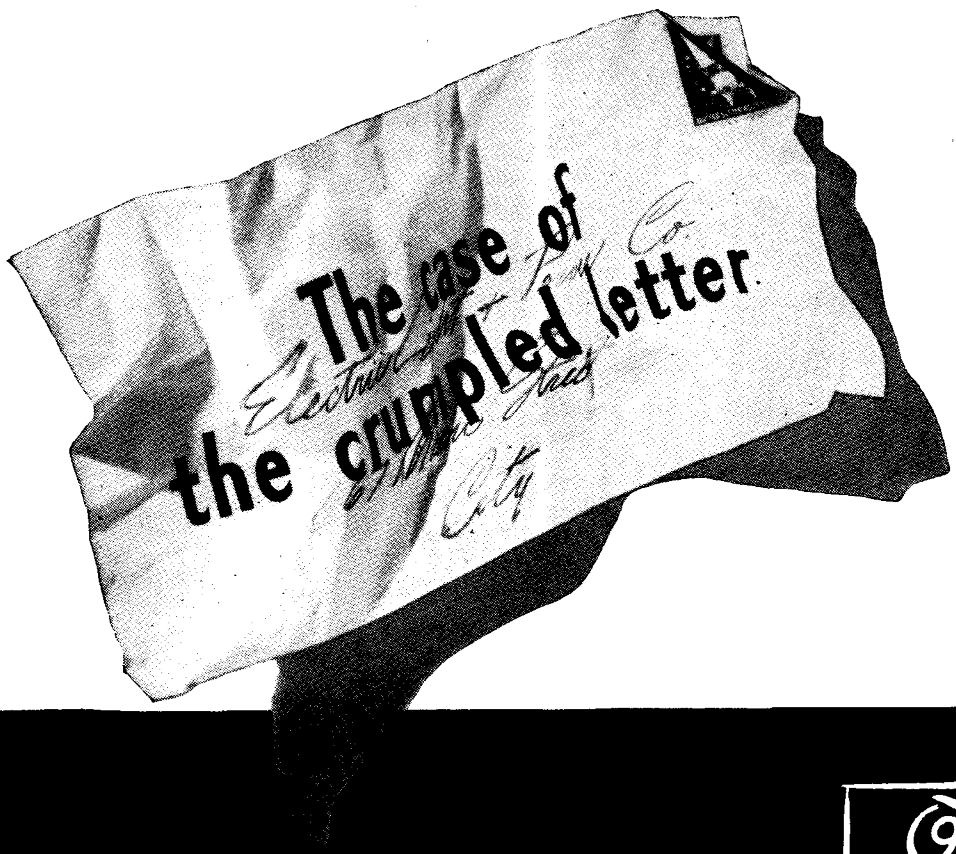
"Having the time of his life. You knew he'd been promoted, didn't you?"

"Yes." In the cab, Erica said, "You'll have to go and see Madeleine tonight, or sometime tomorrow anyhow."

"Why the rush?"

"Because she'll be dying to hear about

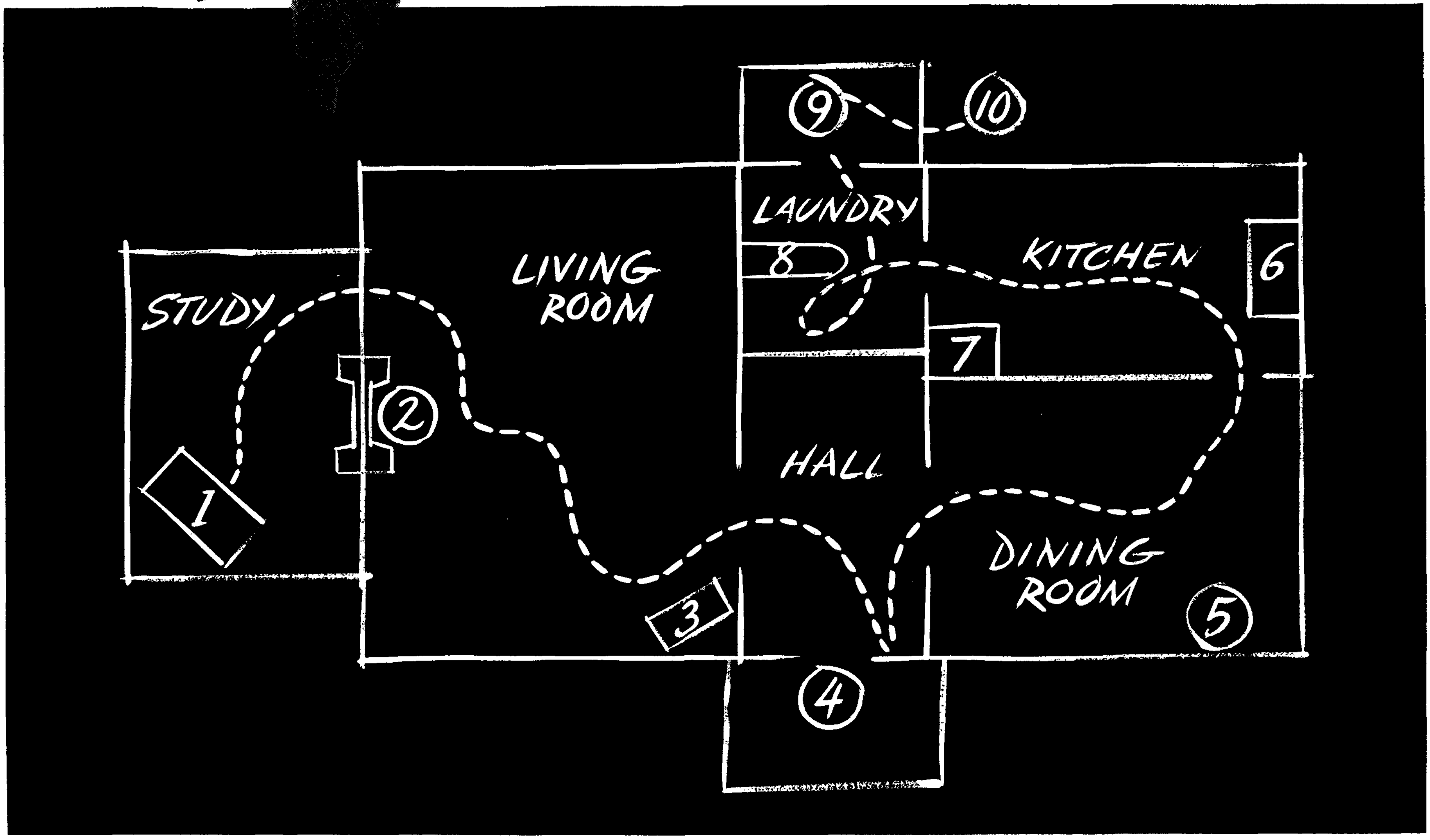
(Continued on page 36)



The case of the crumpled letter

SCENE: *First floor of the Hastings home*

TIME: *The evening of August 1, 1944*



1. The desk at which Mr. Hastings opened his monthly bills and wrote an indignant letter to the electric company, protesting against their advertising that the average family gets twice as much electricity for its money as it did fifteen years ago.

2. The electric clock at which Mr. Hastings looked to see if he had time to mail his letter before dinner.

3. The family radio, with Junior parked close beside it, listening to "Jerry and the Jeeps."

4. The porch light which Mr. H. switched on to guide the dinner guests.

5. The percolator, ready and waiting to do dinner duty.

6. The electric range, filling the kitchen with appetizing odors.

7. The refrigerator, from which Mrs. H. was taking trays of tinkling ice cubes.

8. The iron, with which Nancy was pressing a dress for her date.

9. The back porch, on which Mr. H. paused to think things over—realizing that his family *did* use a lot more electricity nowadays, and maybe the company was right.

10. The trash can into which he tossed his crumpled letter.

Don't Waste Electricity Just Because It's Cheap and Isn't Rationed!

160 ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES★

SELF-SUPPORTING, TAX-PAYING BUSINESSES ★*Names on request from this magazine.*

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Voice of the Giant

Though radio can carry the whisper of a heartbeat around the world, there is also a demand for the stentorian voice to deliver sharp commands or thunder out minute-by-minute instructions in a hundred emergencies. Until this war sharpened inventive wits with its unprecedented problems, the ordinary hand megaphone alone served ships' officers and others who had to be heard at a distance. But the need for instant communication by word from one ship's bridge to another in the convoy service during radio blackouts, and in delicate landing operations on hostile shores, sent the Navy in search of a better shouting device than the cardboard funnel. The result is the electronic megaphone, no bigger than the old instrument but capable of amplifying the ordinary voice so that it can be heard nearly a quarter of a mile.

The outfit consists of a hard horn, fitted with a small microphone and loud-speaker, and a little power pack shaped like a suitcase. The two are connected by flexible cable and can be carried around at a run if necessary. The user holds the horn with a pistol-grip handle that provides a switch to turn on the amplifying current. A larger model that is semiportable can throw the voice more than a mile.

In postwar days, this stentorian shouting machine will find wide use among cheerleaders and open-air speakers, circus barkers and others who want to carry their public-address systems with them. More important, it will be used by police to direct traffic in emergencies, by fire chiefs at conflagrations, by foremen on construction jobs, by train crews in freight yards, and in docking and handling ships—in fact, anywhere that the din of crowds or machinery would drown out the huskiest unaided voice.

Vacuum-Cleaning Your Cities

Dwellers in forward-looking American cities of tomorrow may never see a garbage truck or know what a trash barrel looks like, if municipal engineers carry out a proposed plan to handle refuse collection entirely by underground conduit. A hidden network of pneumatic tubes, reaching to every part of the community will suck in all dry rubbish and convey it to a reduction plant for disposal. Meanwhile, small garbage grinders in every home will reduce food wastes to liquid form and pass them down the drain to the regular sewage system. Simple, logical and probably cheaper in over-all costs than a big fleet of garbage trucks, the two elements together will form part of the postwar program to make densely populated areas as healthy and pleasant as the suburbs.

KENNETH W. THOMPSON

Garbage grinders are nothing new and will only have to be standardized and made mandatory. The pneumatic mains, however, will be a real innovation. Laid like water mains beneath the streets, they will provide laterals to the cellars of all buildings, terminating in an air lock and loading hopper, fitted with a small motor-driven crusher to reduce refuse to suitable size. Trash of every kind, including ashes and dirt, tin cans and papers, will be sucked away to the processing plant, where it will be separated into reclaimable metal scrap and combustible material. The latter, burned under steam boilers, will make a valuable contribution to the city's fuel supply.

Dictation Made Easy

Busy executives of tomorrow, dictating many letters a day, will pick up a special telephone, press a contact button and send their remarks over the wire to be recorded electrically on thin plastic disks in a distant room. With this new "central dictation system" at work in a large office, it is estimated that only ten per cent as many recording machines will be needed as are used now, since all machines will be working to capacity. Every member of a company's staff will be served by phone. Recordings can be permanently filed in a small space.

A typical receiving machine in the central office will record a full hour's talk on two sides of a disk, then switch the speaker automatically to a fresh disk on another machine. While a disk is being cut, the talk is also being picked up by a magnetic recorder on an endless loop of steel tape which makes a round trip in about three minutes. As the sound track on the tape returns to its starting point, it is "wiped off" by demagnetization, leaving the tape clean for further dictation. By pressing a button the speaker can stop the recording process and play back the last sentences to refresh his memory.

A variation of the invention, especially useful to lawyers and others who must weigh each word, will record dictation at first only on the steel tape. After playing back each few sentences, the speaker can cause them to be relayed to the plastic record, or can "wipe" them off and start again, all by remote-control push buttons.

Transcribers may also use the magnetic-tape feature to repeat phrases spoken too fast. ★★★

Earth and High Heaven

Continued from page 34

Tony, of course. How long is it since you've seen him?"

"About three weeks."

"Well, it's almost six months since Madeleine's seen him." There was evidently still a lot about people which Mimi didn't grasp until it was explained to her. "How's Peter?" asked Erica idly.

"He's been missing since Hong Kong," said Mimi in the same tone in which she would have said that her ex-husband was lunching at his club. They had gone three blocks when she suddenly added, "I spent his last leave with him in London. It was the one thing he seemed to want and I . . ." She broke off and then observed, "I guess there are times when it means a lot less to you to do something than not doing it means to someone else. Still, we'd been divorced for over a year by that time, so perhaps you'd better not mention it to the family."

"I wasn't thinking of mentioning it," said Erica absently, suddenly struck by the change in her sister's face. Something had happened to her since Erica had last seen her; she had lost the rather guarded and slightly inscrutable expression she had had as long as Erica could remember.

They were winding their way up through Westmount, past the big houses set in their own gardens which sloped steeply down to the retaining wall running along the inner edge of the pavement. A little more of Montreal became visible with each hairpin turn in the road until at last they reached the street where the Drakes lived, and the whole city lay spread out in the sunlight.

AS SOON as they got home, they hurried up to Mimi's bedroom.

"Come on," said Erica, "let's unpack and get it over with."

Sometime later as she was on her way to the cupboard with an armful of shoes, she asked, "Mimi, why did you come back? You wouldn't leave during the blitz."

Mimi paused and said with her back to Erica, "I came because someone else did."

"Did he come with you?"

"No. He's been over here for about a month."

"Whereabouts?"

"I don't know exactly—Washington and Ottawa, I guess."

"English?"

"No," Mimi said. "He's one of those Americans who has lived all over the place and might be almost anything. Max Eliot's his name. Sit down, Eric; I'll finish up. There isn't much left."

"Are you going to marry him?" asked Erica, after a brief silence.

"Not at the moment anyhow. He's already got a wife somewhere in California. They've been separated for five years."

"Do you think . . ."

"I don't think," said Mimi, with her back to Erica again. "I just hope."

"How old is he?"

"Forty-two."

Erica settled herself on the window seat. She lighted a cigarette and smoked in silence while Mimi changed into a flowered housecoat.

Finally Erica asked, "Why are you so much in love with him, Mimi?"—thinking that anyone who had known her before had only to look at her now to realize how much that was.

It was a silly question to ask anyone, particularly Mimi who had always disliked personal questions even when she knew the answer, and Erica was startled to hear her say rather slowly, a moment later, "You don't know how much he's done for me, Eric. He's given me something I never had before."

She reached over and took an orange from the bowl of fruit Mary had left on the bedside table, and turning it thoughtfully in one hand, she said, "I'd got so sick of having men make passes at me that by the time I met Max, I reacted so violently against the whole business that what I really needed was a psychiatrist."

"Or Max," said Erica.

"Yes," said Mimi, half smiling to herself. "Or Max. Are you shocked?"

"What about?" asked Erica, bewildered. "What kind of person do you think I am?"

"You?" Mimi scrutinized her in silence and said finally, "You're the best of the three of us; you're the one everybody depends on. Tony and I just do what we want, but you spend your life doing what other people want. You're the sucker. They say there's one in every family," she added.

"WHAT do you mean, I'm a sucker?" Erica said.

"Oh, I don't know. You've never even thought of getting out and living somewhere else, have you?"

"Why should I?"

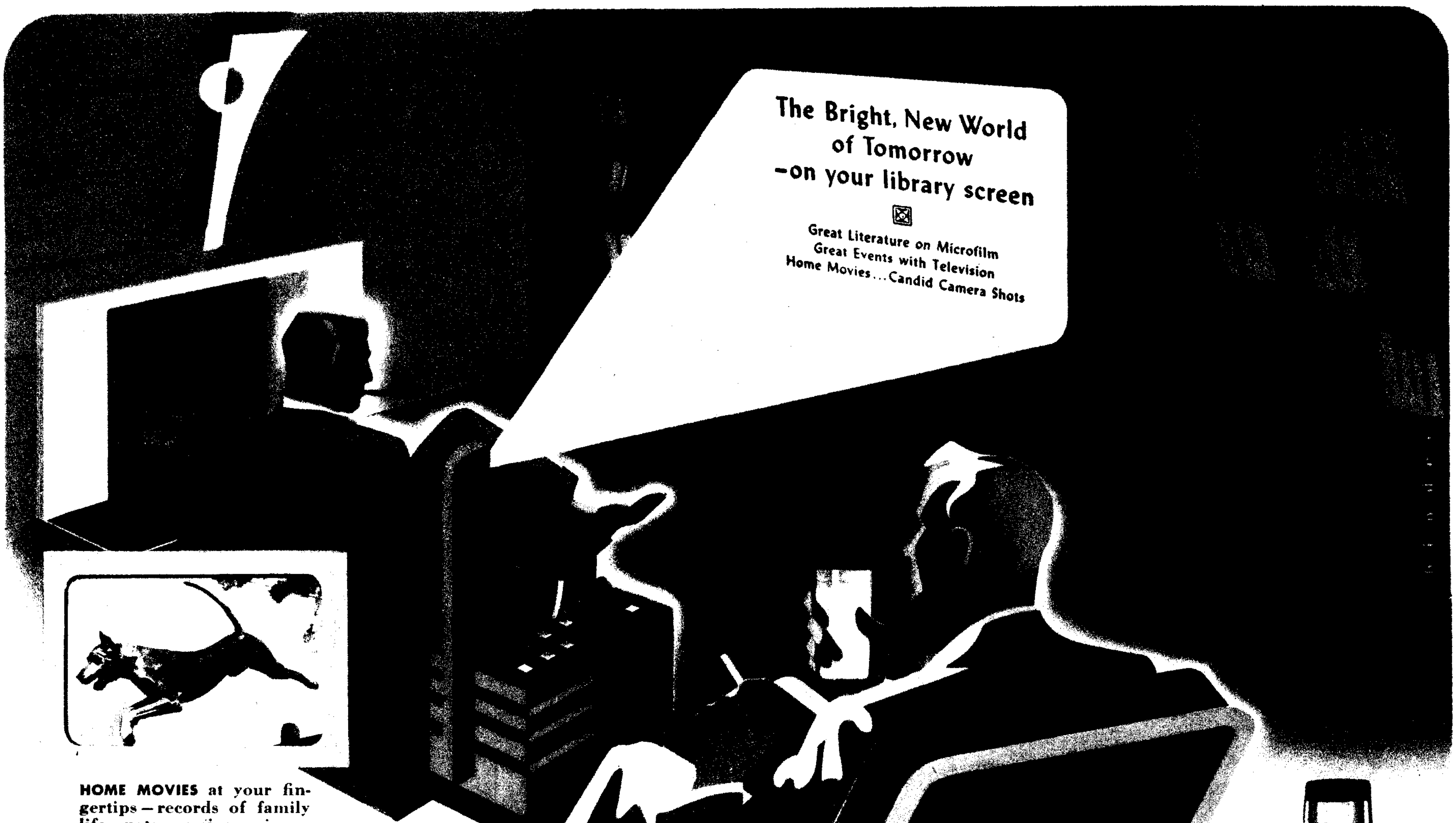
"Because you're the sort of person who ought to be married, not staying home and keeping your parents company year after year." Mimi lighted a cigarette, then stretched out, with her head against the pillow. "I suppose you realize that there's never going to be anyone Charles will let you marry."

"Why not?"

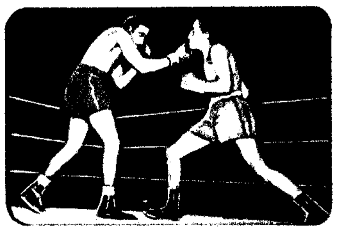
"You're too important to him. Sometimes I think he could get along without Mother better than he could without you, at least in some ways. It isn't just that he adores you. It's more complicated than that."

Mimi paused, frowning at the wall above Erica's head. Finally she went on, "The fact is that everything looks so horribly unsettled right now. He doesn't know where he's at, and still less where he's going to be ten years from now. All he knows is that whatever is

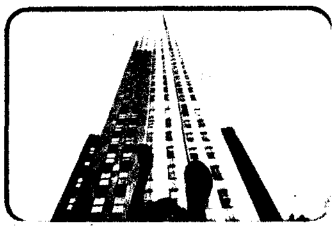
Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Like the Lightness of Seagram's V.O.


The Bright, New World of Tomorrow
—on your library screen
Great Literature on Microfilm
Great Events with Television
Home Movies...Candid Camera Shots

HOME MOVIES at your fingertips—records of family life—pets—anniversaries.



TELEVISION will give you a ringside seat at sports and current events.



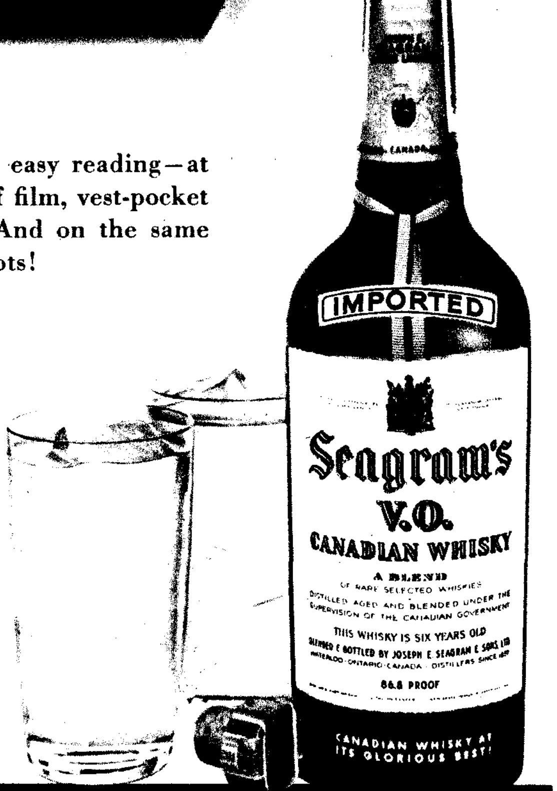
STILLS—your best shots—will be projected and enlarged.

YOUR LIBRARY OF TOMORROW

The world's literature on microfilm, projected on a screen for easy reading—at the flick of a switch! Shakespeare's complete works on a roll of film, vest-pocket size. Priceless documents preserved and instantly available! And on the same machine, Television... Home Movies... Stills of your favorite shots!

YOUR SEAGRAM'S V.O. OF TODAY is the product of six full years of planning for your enjoyment. In 1938, when Germany recognized the Japanese puppet-state of Manchukuo...when "How to Win Friends and Influence People" was a best-selling book...when the first non-stop flight was made between New York and Berlin—Seagram was storing away choice, light whiskies to mellow—to bring you Seagram's V.O.—Canadian whisky at its glorious best.

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York


IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

HILDEGARDE gets a Birthday Bouquet—By Wire

From her friend, Jerome Kern in Miami, lovely Hildegarde receives birthday flowers in New York by Telegraph.

To Hildegarde—
A Happy Birthday
Devotedly,
Jerome Kern

**When someone dear to you—
in another town—has a birthday, or
any event you want to remember—wire flowers.**

IT'S EASY AS 1-2-3! AND NOT AT ALL EXPENSIVE

1. Go to a florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window. Tell him the name, address and town of the person to receive flowers—state the amount you wish to spend. You pay nothing extra for flowers by wire—except standard rate for telegram.

2. Your florist wires your order and your message for the card to an F.T.D. florist in the other town who immediately delivers fresh flowers from his stock.

3. F.T.D. florists are everywhere—but not all florists are members of Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association. So look for the F.T.D. Seal. It's your assurance of full value.

LOOK FOR THIS F.T.D. SEAL ON FLORIST WINDOW

FLOWERS - BY - WIRE
AUTHORIZED FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY SHOP

*Listen to Hildegarde on *Raleigh Room* program every Tuesday night at 10:30 EWT. N.B.C. Network.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

coming, it won't be his kind of world, and he's scared, or he would be if it weren't for you. He has a lot of respect for you—you know the way he's always saying that 'Erica's got her head on straight.' And besides, you know how to talk to him without putting his back up."

"It's perfectly simple—" began Erica.

"It may be simple for you, but it isn't for the rest of us! Anyhow, the point is that Charles will listen to you. So far as he's concerned, you're about his only bridge between the past and the future because you can translate ideas into terms he can understand and because when you say something, it makes sense. He's going to hang on to you as long as he possibly can, and I'm willing to bet you anything you like that no matter whom you pick, Charles will try to stop you from marrying him."

"Look," said Erica patiently. "You got married when Charles thought you were far too young, and Tony married someone he didn't approve of at all. Even if Charles doesn't want to let me go, if you two could get away with it, why can't I?"

"He didn't care half as much about us," Mimi said rather deliberately, "and we didn't care half as much about him either."

A DOOR slammed somewhere downstairs, and Mimi started, then said lightly, "If you're determined to stick around until someone decides to come and rescue you from your overly devoted father, at least pick a man who's got all the necessary qualifications and a couple of extra ones for good measure, so that Charles won't have any valid grounds for objecting. He'll object anyhow, but you might just as well make it as tough for him as you can."

"I wish you'd shut up," said Erica, with sudden violence.

Mimi glanced at her quickly and, after a pause, she said, "I'm sorry, Eric."

"It's all right." Then Erica said, looking down at the toe of her shoe, "I have picked someone, only he hasn't got the necessary qualifications. He came to a cocktail party here with René, and Charles refused to meet him."

"Why, what was he?" asked Mimi in amazement.

"A Jewish lawyer."

"Oh! Well, never mind, Eric, you can count on me, anyhow. What's he like?"

"He's about six feet, with brown hair and eyes about the same color as mine, but they sort of slant . . ."

"Is he good-looking?"

"Not particularly, he's just attractive. Nice shoulders and no hips. His skin is dark enough so that he won't look as though he's come out from under a stone the first time he goes swimming—you know, that sort of golden skin that's very smooth."

"How many times have you met this guy?"

"Just twice."

"I must say you notice a lot," said Mimi. "And what sort of a person is René?"

"Thirty-four, dark, aquiline, slightly satirical and very intelligent."

They were silent for a while, and then Erica said idly, "John Gardiner's been phoning practically every day for the last month to see if you'd got here yet."

"Good Old Faithful," said Mimi. "Is he still strong and silent and full of ideals?"

"I guess so," said Erica.

Mimi finished her second orange and then asked suddenly, "Why don't you tell him what I'm really like, Eric? He still thinks I'm some kind of a superfatted angel and that all I need is someone to give me loving care. After all this time, he deserves a break."

"Maybe he knows," said Erica.

There was a knock on the door, and Mary said, "Telephone for you, Miss Mimi—a Mr. Eliot."

Mimi was off the bed and out of the door before Mary had finished her sentence.

From the window, Erica said resignedly, "I'll be alone for dinner after all, Mary."

When the telephone rang again, she did not hear it; she was cold-creaming her face in her bathroom with both faucets running.

"Miss Drake . . ."

"Yes, Mary?"

"You're wanted on the phone." As Erica opened the door, Mary said happily, "It's a gentleman, Miss Drake. I *thought* something would turn up."

Erica went off down the hall to her mother's room to answer. By the time she got there, she had succeeded in convincing herself that it could not possibly be Marc. She picked up the phone, sat down on the edge of her mother's bed and said, "Hello?"

"Hello, this is Marc Reiser—you know, the guy you managed to get rid of only three hours ago."

"Yes, hello," said Erica, taking a firmer grip on the phone.

"I'm in my office."

He did not seem to know where to go from there, so she said, "What are you doing in your office at this hour?"

"I don't seem to be doing anything much but sitting here, wondering why I asked you out to dinner next Wednesday when it's still"— he paused, evidently counting, and went on— "almost five days off. Look," he said hurriedly, "I know it's awfully late notice but . . . Oh, good Lord!"

"Now what?" Erica wanted to know.

"I forgot about your sister."

"My sister has already forgotten about me," said Erica, "so that makes us even."

"Do you mean you can have dinner with me tonight?"

"I'd love to."

"Is it all right if I pick you up about seven-thirty?"

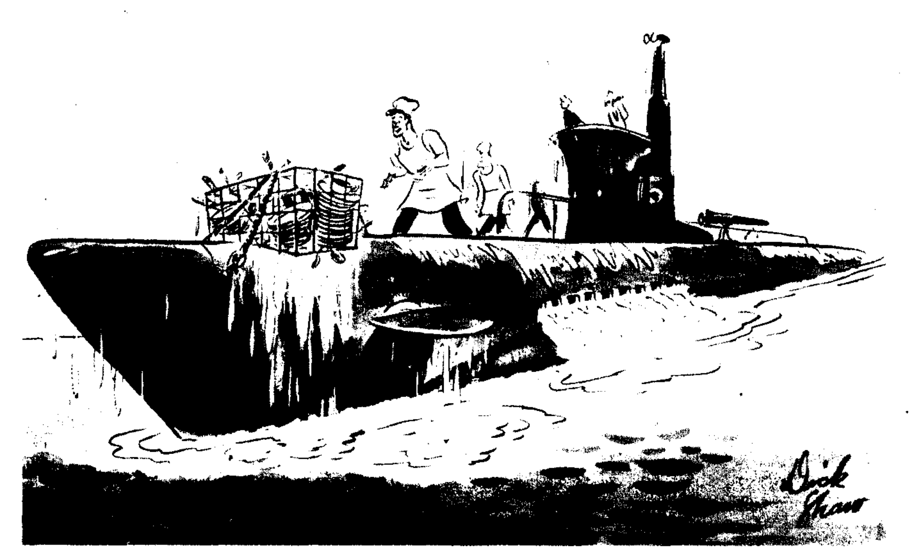
"Yes, that's fine," said Erica in a tone which was admirably matter-of-fact, she thought, under the circumstances.

"Goodby, Eric."

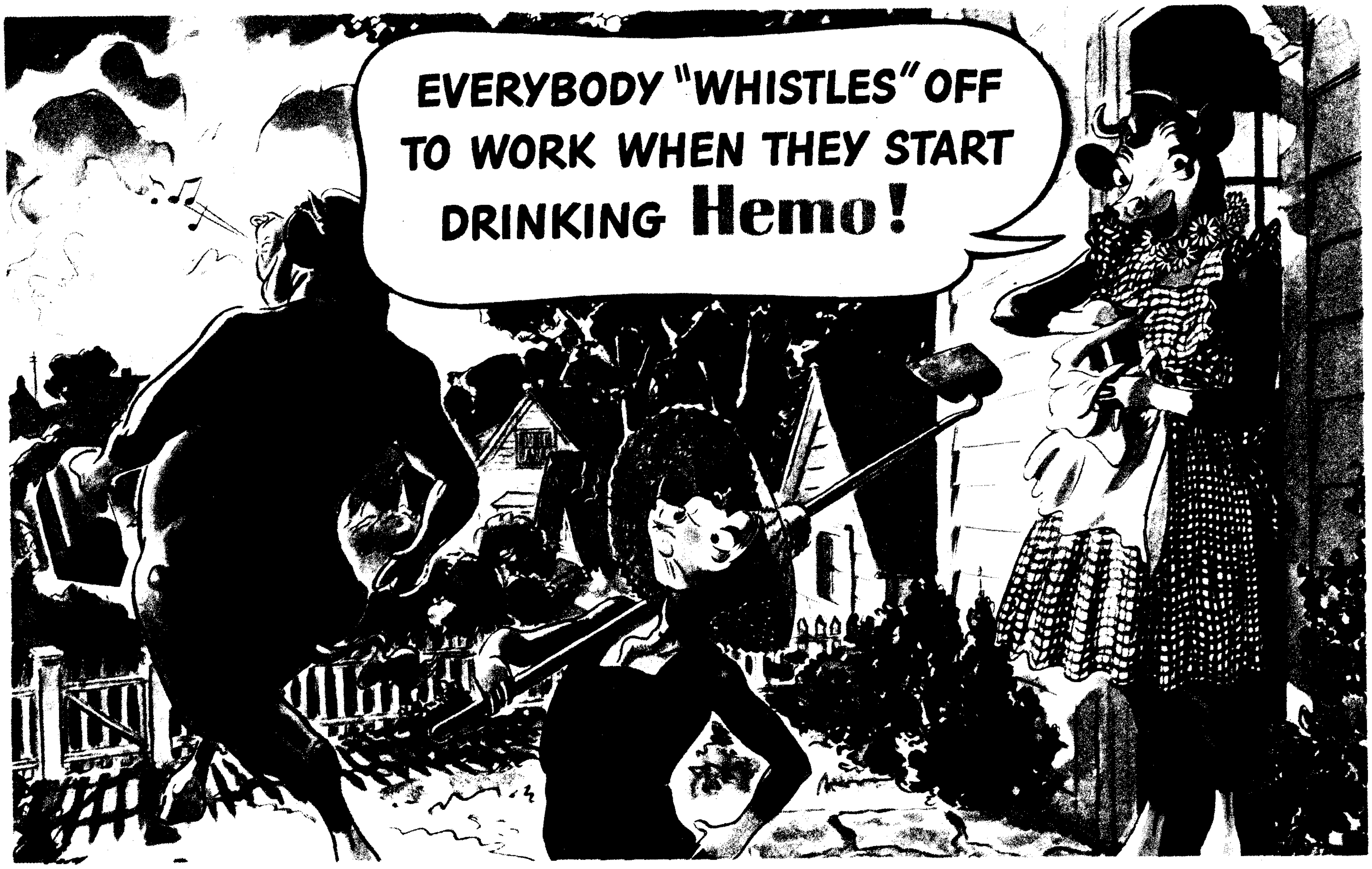
"Goodby."

She put down the phone and went on sitting on the edge of her mother's bed, looking up at a water color on the opposite wall. Instead of next Wednesday, she would be seeing Marc again in less than an hour.

Downstairs, Mimi called out something which she did not hear, then a door slammed, and some minutes later, Erica became slowly aware of a clock ticking somewhere in the house. She listened to it for a while, still



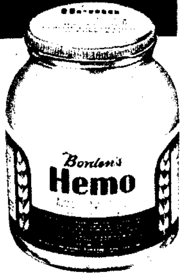
COLLIER'S DICK SHAW


EVERYBODY "WHISTLES" OFF TO WORK WHEN THEY START DRINKING Hemo!

Drink your Vitamins and like 'em— the easy Hemo way!

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_2 (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
PLUS
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
PLUS
The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
PLUS
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
PLUS
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!



Borden's Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

WE BELIEVE (and lots of doctors agree with us!) that the best way to get your vitamins and minerals is in FOOD!

That's why we urge you and your family to drink chocolate HEMO *every day!*

HEMO is a nourishing, body-building milk food to begin with . . . fortified with vitamins and minerals we all *need*—and may not be getting enough of today!

Look what HEMO gives you!

YOUR ENTIRE DAY'S NEEDS of all these vitamins and minerals: Vitamins A, B_1, B_2(G), D, and Niacin; and of Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus from two taste-tingling glasses of Hemo. OR from just one glass of HEMO and three normal meals!

For just one glass of HEMO alone—according to government standards—provides half your daily needs of all these vitamins and minerals. So, if you eat normally three times a day, your daily HEMO should be ample protection against deficiency!

Now you can ENJOY your vitamins! For HEMO is *not a medicine!* It's a rich, malty, chocolate milk drink! You don't have to remind the children (or the grownups) to take it—*everybody* loves HEMO!

Easy to mix! Just 2 teaspoons of HEMO (*you don't need more*) to a glass of milk for each pep-lifting drink!

The big, pound jar of HEMO costs just 59¢ at drug and grocery stores. So let the whole family DRINK THEIR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM—every day!

Minimum daily adult requirements set by government nutritionists		2 servings of HEMO, mixed in milk, exceed government requirements
4000 USP units	VITAMIN A	4900 USP units
333 USP units	VITAMIN B_1	400 USP units
2 milligrams	VITAMIN B_2	3 milligrams
400 USP units	VITAMIN D	410 USP units
(Not set)	NIACIN	10.3 milligrams
10 milligrams	IRON	15.7 milligrams
750 milligrams	CALCIUM	950 milligrams
750 milligrams	PHOSPHORUS	750 milligrams

©Borden Co.

Give Me A Gal In My Arms Tonight!
SNAP OUT OF IT, SAM! JUST BECAUSE THE SARGE BEATS YOUR TIME WITH YOUR GAL TONIGHT DOESN'T MAKE IT PERMANENT!
BROTHER, YOU DONT KNOW PEG! WHEN SHE SAYS MY PASS TO HER FRONT PORCH IS FROZEN—IT'S FROZE!
SAM, YOU'RE THE ONLY GUY IN THE OUTFIT WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHY PEG MADE YOU BEAT A RETREAT! IT'S YOUR BREATH, SOLDIER—YOUR BREATH! SO GET ON THE BALL—SEE YOUR DENTIST!
SAM SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
TOO BAD FOR YOU, SARGE—BUT SEEMS LIKE SAM'S GOT THE GAL IN HIS ARMS TONIGHT! AN' ACCORDIN' TO WHAT I HEAR, PEG'S MAKIN' IT PERMANENT!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

half dreaming, wondering idly where it came from, and then she recognized the sound. It was the clock in her father's study. . . .

At breakfast the following Wednesday morning, Erica remarked to her mother, "By the way, I'm going to be out to dinner tonight."

Her father put down his cup with an abrupt movement which spilled some of his coffee over the edge of the saucer onto the cloth. "Are you going out with René?" he asked.

It was obvious from his expression that he already knew who it was without asking, but she said matter-of-factly, "No, with Marc Reiser."

His eyes left her face and returned to his newspaper. He said nothing.

"More coffee, Eric?" asked her mother.

"Yes, please."

MIMI was not down yet. Erica held out her cup, returned it quickly to her place as she noticed that her hand was shaking slightly, put in some cream and sugar, and then said into the silence, "I ran into Marc at the station when I was meeting Mimi and had dinner with him on Saturday night."

"Do you mean to say you left Mimi to have dinner here alone on her first night home?" interrupted her mother.

"No, she'd already arranged to go out with a friend of hers."

Her father was still reading his newspaper but he could not avoid hearing her. In order to get it over, once and for all, Erica went on as casually as she could, "I saw Marc again on Sunday. We went swimming at Oka."

"You could hardly wait for your mother and me to get out of town, could you?" said her father without glancing up from his paper.

"After twenty-eight years, I'm not likely to start doing things behind your back, Charles," said Erica quietly.

"You must have known that we wouldn't like it, Erica," said her mother.

There was another silence, and finally Erica said, "I think we'd better get this thing settled now. So far as I'm concerned, I like Marc and I respect him, and I intend to go on seeing him."

Her father put down his paper and said, interrupting, "We've already been over all this, Eric. If some Jewish lawyer nobody's ever heard of is more important to you than we are and, as you say, you intend to go on seeing him in spite of knowing perfectly well the way we feel about him, then I'm afraid you'll have to do your seeing somewhere else."

"Do you mean that I can't even bring him to the house?" Her father did not answer, and turning to her mother, she said incredulously, "You're not going to be as unfair as Charles, are you?"

"It's not a question of being fair or unfair, Eric," her mother answered. "It's simply a question of facing facts. There's no sense in going out of your way to create a situation which might turn out to be very awkward for everyone, when you can so easily avoid it. You scarcely know the man yourself, and he can't possibly mean anything to you."

"And you, Brutus!" said Erica.

Her father said angrily, "You have no reason to feel so sorry for yourself, Erica."

"The persecution complex seems to be catching," observed Margaret Drake. With a gesture that had become almost automatic, she straightened the skirt of her pale blue linen dress to keep it from crushing, and then shoved her chair away from the table in order to change her sitting position. Although it was so early in the day, her back had already begun to ache again. She said, "Erica, why can't you just . . ."

"You wouldn't expect me to sacrifice someone I like for a set of objections I don't agree with, would you?" Erica was appealing to that sense of justice which was one of her mother's strongest characteristics.

After considering it, her eyes raised toward the light flowing through the windows of the dining room, her mother said, "No, I wouldn't, but I would expect you to give us a fair hearing."

"But the only thing you've got against Marc is the fact that he's Jewish."

"No," said her father. "What I've got against him is the fact that he's obviously making use of my daughter. A man who makes three engagements in five days with a girl he hardly knows is plainly out for something, isn't he?"

"And just why should you say a thing like that about a friend of mine? Or does the fact that you're my father automatically give you the right to say anything you choose?"

"I'm not going to quarrel with you, Erica," her father said, unmoved. He lighted a cigarette, observing through the smoke, "I got your friend Reiser's number the moment I heard he'd turned up here with René."

"That was remarkably psychic of you, considering the fact that you were still upstairs and had to form your opinion of Marc's character through a hardwood floor."

Looking down at her empty coffee cup, Erica went on without raising her voice, "I told you that one of these days some guy was going to fall for me just for the sake of myself alone. I'm not so bad, Charles. He doesn't necessarily have to have ulterior motives."

"Why doesn't he pick a Jewish girl, then?"

"That's not supposed to be necessary in this country," said Erica after a pause.

"Erica, I've never seen you so unreasonable," said her mother desperately. "There's no need to go on about it, is there?"

"Why don't you ask Charles?" Erica said, and without taking her eyes from his face, she continued, "Charles knows everything. The *only thing he doesn't seem to know* is *that*, what with the war and various other developments, the Drake connection isn't quite as important as it used to be, even to a Jewish lawyer. So far as Marc Reiser is concerned, you might just as well be a couple of people named Smith, except that if you were, you wouldn't be quite so likely to assume that he was out for something," she added with a slight change of tone. "He's in the Army; he's going overseas in a few months—maybe sooner—and he's got something else to think about besides how to do himself a bit of good by getting to know the Drakes and running after the Drakes' daughter in order to improve his social and, indirectly, his professional standing."

SHE paused again and then asked, "That's about it, isn't it, Charles?"

Grasping the arms of her chair and almost in tears, Margaret Drake said, "Erica, Charles, please!" Then she turned to Erica. "It doesn't seem even to have occurred to you that all we're trying to do is protect you against yourself. I thought your father was wrong to take this man so seriously. I told him he was simply being melodramatic when he said he knew that something like this was going to—" She broke off, her eyes searching Erica's face for some sign of change and then she said hopelessly, "But surely, Eric, surely you can see why we don't want you to get involved with him for your own sake."

"But, Mother, I *am* involved with him," said Erica steadily.

At that moment, Mimi entered the dining room. She glanced from her parents to Erica, then slipped into her chair, murmuring, "Good morning, everybody."

Neither her mother nor her father answered; they did not even appear to have noticed her.

"Hello, darling," said Erica mechanically.

Her father asked at last, "And what do you mean by saying you're involved with this man?"

"I don't know, except that I can't just stop seeing him." It was no use trying to explain to them how she felt about Marc.

"Oh, come, Charles," said Mimi, helping herself to a piece of toast. "Why not just give the guy an even break and reserve judgment? Who knows? *He may not turn out to be so* bad after all."

Charles turned on her angrily. "Mind your own business, Mimi!" he said.

"Yes, please, darling," said Erica, as her self-control suddenly began to give way. The worst her father had been able to say had somehow been far easier to take than that one casual remark from Mimi.

"No," said Margaret Drake from the head of the table. "It isn't a question of giving him an even break, it's a question of being honest with him. It's no use our having him here and pretending that he's on the same basis as Erica's other friends, as though we were actually encouraging him, in fact.

"You sound as though I were already engaged to him," said Erica, under her breath.

His face more set than ever, her father said, "You probably will be next week at this rate."

"Charles!" gasped his wife.

"We might just as well face it, Margaret," he remarked. "Mr. Reiser seems to have done pretty well up to now. Erica would hardly be making all this fuss if he hadn't. Would you?" he asked, turning to Erica.

"No."

"And you're going to go on seeing him, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Erica.

There was a complete silence; then Erica said suddenly, "Charles, I want to know why."

"Why?" he repeated, looking at her. "All right, I'll tell you why. I don't want my daughter to go through life neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring, living in a kind of no man's land where half the people you know will never accept him, and half the people he knows will never accept you. I don't want a son-in-law who'll be an embarrassment to our friends, a son-in-law who can't be put up at my club and who can't go with us to places where we've gone all our lives. I don't want a son-in-law whom I'll have to apologize for and explain and have to hear insulted indirectly, unless I can remember to warn people off first."

Still looking at Erica, he observed. "If Reiser is anything like you say he is, he deserves something better than that."

"We want you to marry someone—someone like us. Someone who'll fit in and whom we can"—Margaret Drake caught her breath, then managed to say— "can all be proud of." and suddenly shoving back her chair, she got up and left the room.

With one final glance at Erica, Charles followed his wife out the door.

"Mother was crying," said Erica, and then began to cry herself, with her face in her hands and the tears running through her fingers.

"Have you got a handkerchief?" inquired Mimi after a while.

Erica shook her head.

"Take mine, then." Mimi gave Erica the handkerchief across the table, bit into her piece of toast, put it down on her plate again and asked at last, "Do you remember what I said, Eric?"

"No," said Erica. "What did you say?"

"I told you Charles was going to hang onto you as long as he possibly could."

Her father never asked Erica again who was taking her out or where she was going; sometime during the day following the scene at the breakfast table he had apparently decided to show no further interest in Marc Reiser or even in Erica herself.

To his wife and Mimi, he was the same as ever, but from then on into the first week of August, whenever Erica tried speaking to him directly his expression would begin to set at the first sound of her voice, and by the time he had swung around to look at her, he had walled himself up again.

Erica did not know what to do; he was treating her rather like a guest who had overstayed her welcome, and it was so unlike him and such a startling reversal of their former relationship, that in the beginning she somehow managed to ignore it and to go on as though nothing had happened.

AT THE end of the week, however—the most bewildering and miserable week she had had for years—her father remained as remote and as unapproachable as ever, and she gradually lost hope and stopped trying. She began to avoid him as much as she could, and hardly ever said anything without including either her mother or Mimi.

The whole atmosphere of the house had changed with the change in the relationship between Charles and Erica, but Margaret Drake could do nothing. It had only taken her a few hours to regret her loss of self-control at the breakfast table. She even told Erica that her opinions remained unaltered, but that, on thinking it over, she could not see that either her own or Charles' behavior had been in any way justified. If, on her side, Erica would make a genuine effort to see things from their point of view and to realize that their one desire was to protect her as far as possible, she herself would do her best to persuade Charles to adopt a more rational and less emotional viewpoint.

Her best was not good enough, though. Night after night, sometimes until very late,

EDITOR'S NOTE: Because of the unusual significance of the serial EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN, which begins on page 11, we sent copies of the manuscript in advance of publication to a number of people prominent in various walks of life for their opinion. Some of their comments are quoted below; others will appear in subsequent issues.

HLaC

★

"Here is a story of the immorality of prejudice. The stubborn prejudices of two fathers lead to the destruction of the values they think they uphold. EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN presents dramatically the threat of intolerance to the sacredness of every personality, the sanctity of marriage, and to respect for organized religion. Intermarriage is not the solution, but these two lovers are part of genuine human experience, for I have seen Erica and Marc in real life. Collier's merits a citation for the publication of this serial."

Dr. Everett R. Clinchy
National Conference of Christians and Jews

★

"Cannot tell you how much I enjoyed reading Gwethalyn Graham's stirring love story EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN. In publishing this novel, Collier's is rendering a great service to our reading public. If all Americans shared and practiced the philosophy of Marc's brother David, one of our country's major problems would be solved."

Eddie Cantor

★

"Collier's deserves great credit for publishing EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN. It is a wise and profound treatment of one of the great issues of this war—that of tolerance. I hope it has the universal reading it deserves."

Louis Bromfield

★

"EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN treats a real problem decently and honestly. Collier's deserves praise for its courage and intelligence in publishing it."

Clifton Fadiman
Writers' War Board

It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage

JIM and Flo—and two apple-cheeked youngsters at home—are bubbling with gaiety . . . because the boss has given "Pop" a $10 raise!

Only a kill-joy, or a life insurance company, would think of raising a question at this point about Jim's future. But what better time to plan ahead than when you are healthy and earning money?

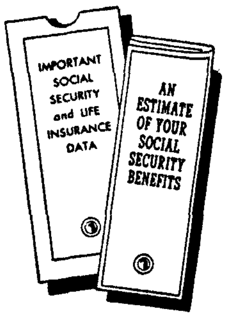
Jim and Flo have Social Security of course. Like most workers, they have a general idea that some money will be due them after 65. But how much money? And under what conditions? There's a real danger that Jim may put off finding the facts about Social Security until too late to do anything about them.

So The Mutual Life is sending its Field Representatives out to give to thousands a free information service on Social Security, a subject in which they have had special training.

We hope a Mutual Life friend catches up with Jim soon, and convinces him that Social Security benefits, while decidedly helpful, are only a start toward the future he wants. Jim will be amazed at how much happiness a few dollars regularly saved will bring when Mutual Life insurance teams up with Social Security.

Write for **FREE *Social Security* HELPS**

Every Social Security card owner can profit from THIS FILE for safekeeping the 7 types of official records needed to collect benefits. Gather and file these records now. Spare yourself—or your widow—trouble later, possibly costly delay. THIS FOLDER for easily calculating future income from Social Security and present life insurance. Mail the coupon today to Dept. CS-12.


IMPORTANT SOCIAL SECURITY and LIFE INSURANCE DATA
AN ESTIMATE OF YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY BENEFITS

Our 2nd Century of Service

THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

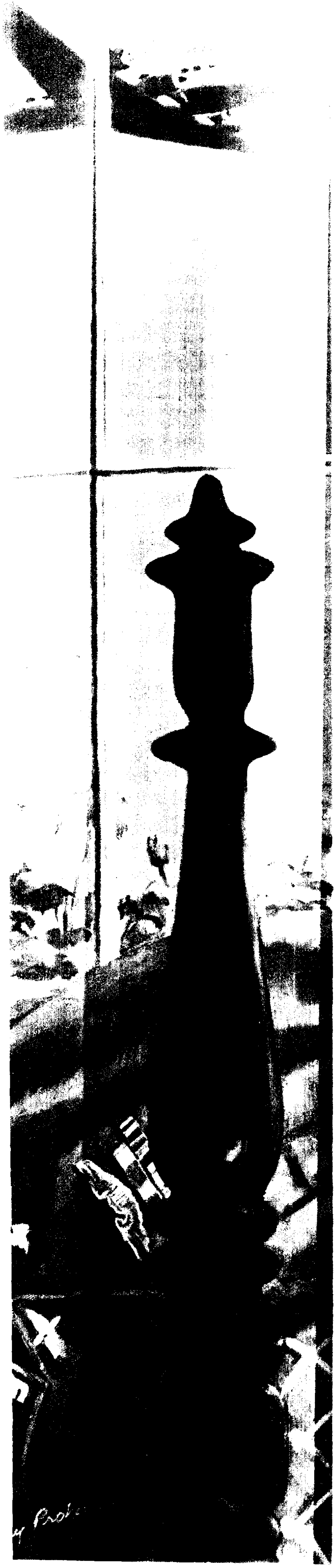
"First in America" Lewis W. Douglas, *President*

34 NASSAU STREET NEW YORK CITY

NAME...AGE.................

ADDRESS...

OCCUPATION..



His Future's in the Sky!

TODAY young America has a job and a mighty one — the job of fighting this war to a complete and abiding finish.

But what of the future?

Where will these returning victors find fit reward for their accomplishment, fit employment for their new skills, their renewed spirit of American enterprise?

One great and glowing answer to that is: Look to the sky!

Young America's future is most of all in the great open spaces of the free heavens.

Those who once bewailed the closing of America's last frontier, who labored the unhappy doctrine of an economy of scarcity, were two-dimensional thinkers. The modern world, as this war should have proven forever, is three-dimensional. America's frontier of the future is in the boundless acres of the sky.

At Goodyear we have no time for day dreams. As one of the leaders in aircraft production, we are much too busy at the tall task of supplying an even greater volume of airships, airplanes and their equipment for the fighting fronts.

Our hopes for America's air future, you may be sure, are solidly based. We are not dreaming when we see jobs by the thousands for our air-trained soldiers and sailors and marines in America's military and commercial air forces of the future and in the plants which will keep those air forces flying.

Men will be needed if we are to sustain an air armada strong enough to maintain the freedom of the air.

Men will be needed if we are to develop the American "merchant marine of the air" which the new opening of sky trade routes unfolds for us.

Men will be needed in all the branches of this truly American industry of air power.

After all, the airplane was our own American invention.

It is now our salvation.

It can and must be our abiding strength, the instrument continuing our forefathers' vision in the days to come.

Goodyear's war work includes the building of planes and airships for the Navy, the making of plane parts, life rafts, bullet-puncture-sealing fuel tanks, wheels, brakes and other air essentials.

GOODYEAR AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
Akron, Ohio Litchfield Park, Arizona

GOOD YEAR
GOODYEAR
AIRCRAFT

BUY WAR BONDS—BUY FOR KEEPS

HE ATE LIKE A HORSE!
No wonder he was OFF HIS FEED

Even a horse would cringe at some of the quantities of food we humans inflict on our stomachs. When your stomach rebels be gentle with it—take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

NEVER UPSET AN UPSET STOMACH!

Don't aggravate an already irritated stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics.

***Take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL** This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating over irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Get a bottle today! If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at drug store fountains.

Makers of *Unguentine

Norwich

*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

PEPTO-BISMOL

FOR UPSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.

Erica could hear her parents' voices in the study. But Charles did not budge an inch. He told his wife that his position was clear and his decision final; he would not have Reiser in the house, and so long as Erica went on seeing a cheap Jewish lawyer two and three times a week outside the house, he—Charles—would have nothing to say to her.

This effort to wear down Erica's resistance might have been successful if it had not been for one fact which Charles had overlooked. Erica's very genuine concern for her mother and father and their evident unhappiness was slowly becoming outbalanced by her resentment at their treatment of Marc.

That resentment was steadily growing, having taken root on Wednesday afternoon, the day everything else had started, when she had had to telephone Marc from her office, to ask him not to call for her that night.

Keeping Marc away from the house without telling him why turned out to be even more difficult than she had expected. For that first evening, she had invented an appointment downtown which would keep her so late that it would not be worth while to go home before dinner. The second time, it was gas rationing and the distance up to the top of Westmount.

Good manners were second nature to Marc, and he appeared to be definitely unreceptive to the idea that when you invite a girl to dine at a restaurant, you do not necessarily have to call for her. The third time, as his car happened to be laid up for repairs, he told Erica that he would take a tram to the boulevard, and walk up from there. Unable to think up a fresh excuse on such short notice, Erica had fallen back on the one about having a late appointment downtown.

So then, at last, he got it. There was no fourth time.

One Sunday afternoon when they were walking on Mount Royal, he said suddenly, "Remember Hans Castorp, Eric? 'Life consists of getting used to not getting used to it.'" A moment later he added moodily, "Well, at least I can still take you home."

Only as far as the front door, however. He would probably just have to get used to not getting used to that, too.

Each time that Erica left Marc at her front door and watched him turn back down the walk to his car or along the street leading to the steps which were a short cut to the street below, back to what she supposed her parents considered his own world again, she could feel her resentment growing, and the gulf between herself and her mother and father steadily widening.

The gulf was worse than the resentment, and in a desperate effort to bridge it she had tried to talk to her mother and father about Marc, literally forcing herself to refer to him or quote something that he had said just as though he were—well, just as though he were anybody else. But she found herself talking into a vacuum; the moment she mentioned him, or even looked as though she were about to mention him, they stopped listening.

THE night before Margaret Drake finally appealed to Erica, Max Eliot, Mimi's American friend, had come to dinner and the gulf suddenly widened still further.

He had turned out to be quite presentable, of medium height, rather heavily built, very well-dressed and very good-looking, but everything about him seemed to Mimi's family to stop just short of too much. Another few pounds and he would have been overweight; his clothes were such that John Gardiner summed him up a few weeks later as "something out of a gent's fashion magazine," and his profile was so good that it made you wonder whether he was conscious of it or not.

Apart from the fact that he was obviously intelligent, he had almost nothing to recommend him, since along with everything else, there was even a Mrs. Eliot in California. He was in almost every respect Marc Reiser's inferior, and his one advantage over Marc was purely negative. But negative or not, it made all the difference. He could call for Mimi when he was taking her out; he could have a drink with Charles in the drawing room while he was waiting for her, because Mimi was always late, and he could come for dinner. It made no sense.

The following day Erica's mother came into her room as she was dressing to go out to dinner with Marc and, after talking rather disjointedly for a while about people and things which interested neither of them at the moment, she said at last, "I can't do anything with Charles; I've tried and tried, but it's hopeless. I guess from now on, it's up to you, Eric."

Eric was sitting at her dressing table, taking the cold cream off her face; she had her back to her mother who was standing by the chest of drawers on the other side of the room but in direct line with the dressing-table mirror which reflected her straight, slender figure like a full-length portrait.

After waiting for her to say something else, Erica asked expressionlessly, although she knew the answer already, "What do you want me to do, then?"

"I want you to stop seeing Marc Reiser," her mother said, then went on without pausing, "You've got to, Erica! We can't go on like this. Our whole life seems to be falling apart. It isn't worth it, Eric!"

"It is to me," said Erica. "I wouldn't be doing it if it weren't. You know me well enough to know that."

Her mother said despairingly, "I don't know you at all any more! You've changed so much. Sometimes I think . . ."

"Yes, what?"

She said, her mouth trembling, "Sometimes I wonder if that man has any idea what he's done to you—what he's doing to all of us. I don't suppose he'd care, anyhow."

A moment later, she burst out, "You think you're in love with him, but you *couldn't* be in love with him, anyhow; you haven't known him long enough and he isn't the sort of person you could . . ."

"How can you tell what sort of person he is?"

"I can tell easily enough, and so can your father, just from the way he's behaving. If he were genuinely in love with you, instead of just out for what he can get, apparently, he wouldn't be rushing you off your feet and doing his best to make you fall in love with him. If he were really in love with you, he'd care far more about your happiness and far less about himself."

Erica said, "I don't think you're being fair to either of us," and let it go at that.

"Do you imagine you're being fair to us?"

She left the chest of drawers and sat down on the chair by Erica's desk with her back to the windows; the late afternoon light fell on her shoulders and her soft brown hair, and was kind to her tired face. She said, "You don't understand, Eric. You seem to expect us just to sit back and do nothing and let you make a mess of your life without even trying to stop you."

"But, Mother," Erica said, "most of what you say about Marc simply doesn't make any sense. You always sound as though you're talking about a couple of other people."

Her mother said impatiently, "I'm talking about a general situation which you know exists as well as I do! There is no use your trying to pretend that it doesn't exist."

"I'm not," said Erica. "And I don't, but what I do have to do is to balance Marc and what he's worth to me against the general situation, and decide for myself whether I'm going to gain more than I lose. What would ruin your life wouldn't necessarily ruin mine, and anyhow I don't think it's a question of ruining my life at the moment, so much as a question of who's going to run it. Obviously if I were to stop seeing Marc purely because you wanted me to and for a set of reasons which I don't agree with, then it would be you and Charles who were running it, not I."

"You know perfectly well your father and I haven't the faintest desire to run your life. If we had, we'd have started long ago."

SHE was on the point of saying something else when Erica broke in suddenly, "Mother . . ."

"Yes?"

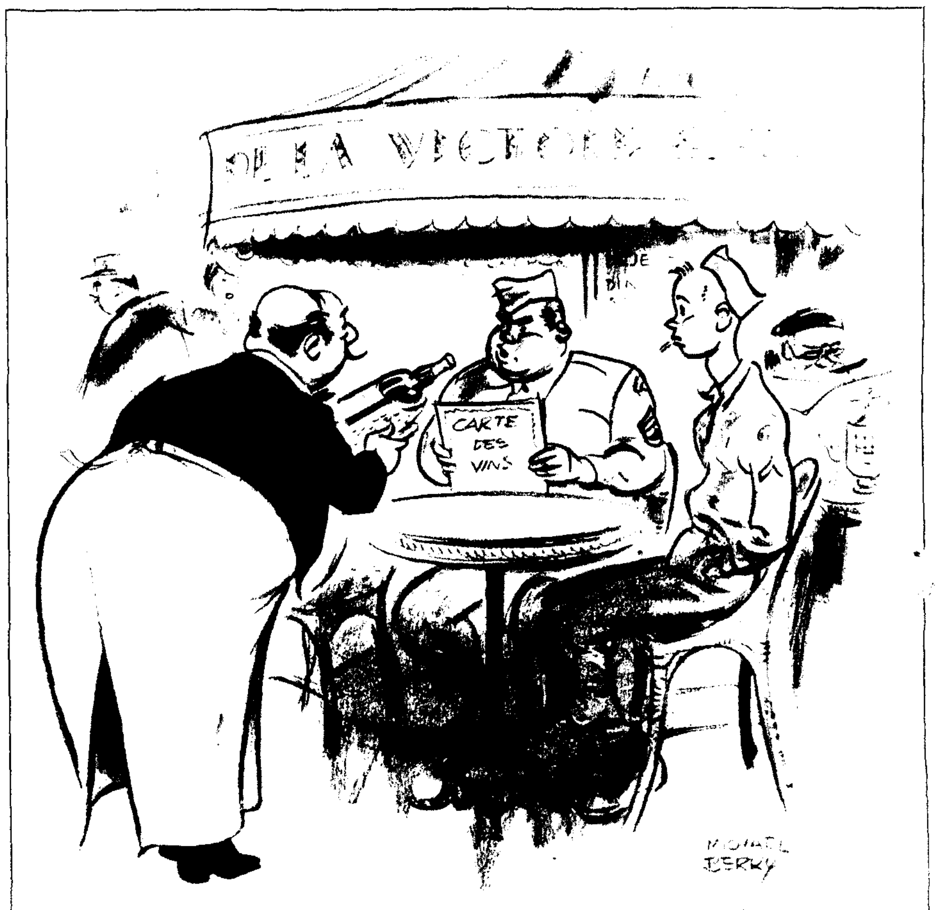
"You know, Mimi once said that Charles doesn't want a son-in-law at all if it's a question of my getting married."

"A lot of what Mimi says is pure nonsense."

"Is it?" Erica herself had not taken the idea very seriously until now, but she had been listening to her mother for the past few minutes with a growing feeling that something was wrong somewhere, for while her father was as prejudiced as her mother on the subject of Jews, at the same time, he was a great deal less conventional. He could not possibly be as concerned with the purely social aspect of the problem, since he was such a thoroughgoing individualist, so that, strictly speaking, he actually had few reasons for objecting—unless there was another motive still unaccounted for.

Erica said at last, "I'm not so sure. I'm not so sure that Charles doesn't want to run my life, and I'm beginning to wonder if he ever will want me to marry anyone."

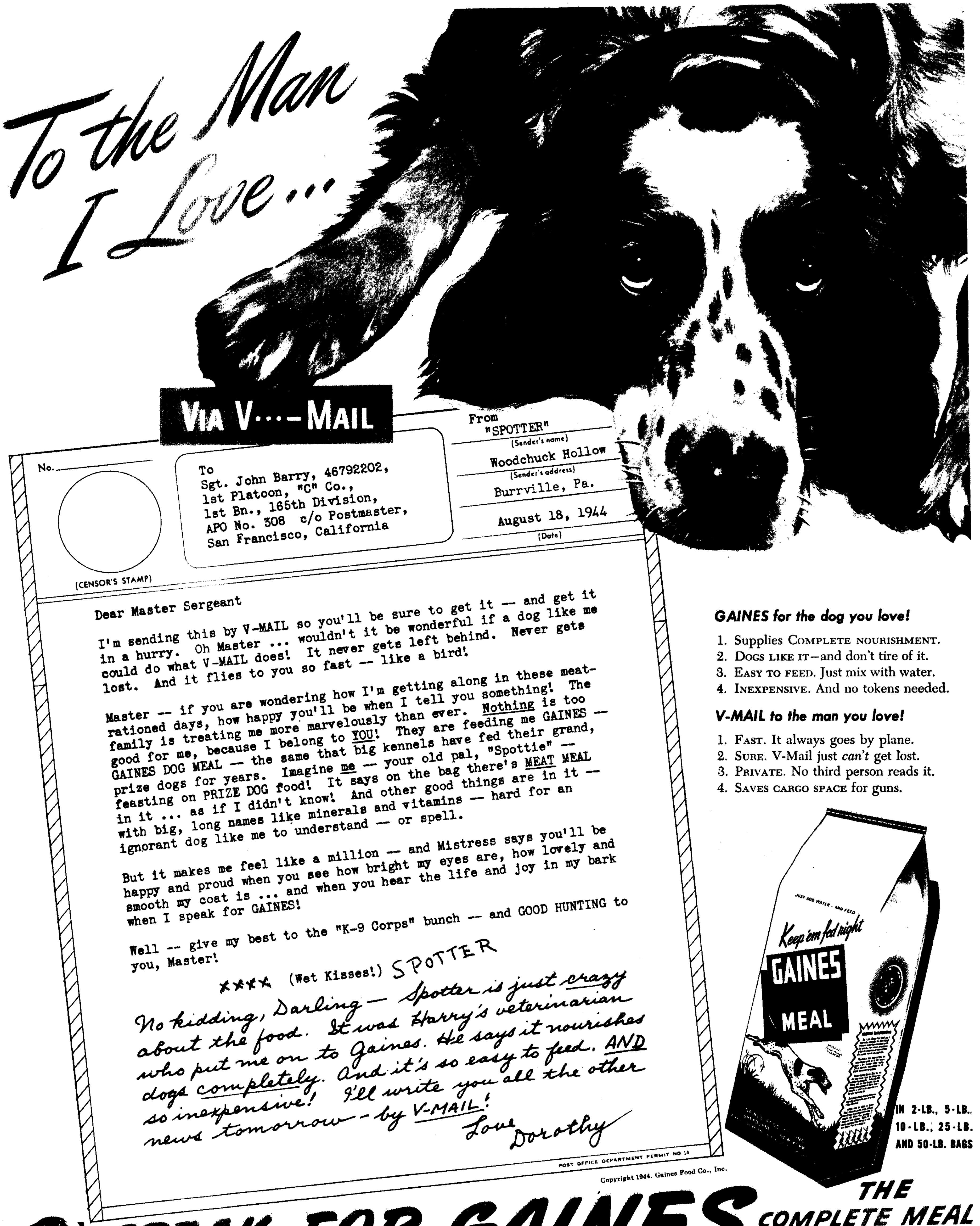
(To be continued next week)



"We don't want that domestic stuff. Haven't you got some New York or California wines?"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY

To the Man I Love...



No.

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To
Sgt. John Barry, 46792202,
1st Platoon, "C" Co.,
1st Bn., 165th Division,
APO No. 308 c/o Postmaster,
San Francisco, California

From
"SPOTTER"
(Sender's name)
Woodchuck Hollow
(Sender's address)
Burrville, Pa.

August 18, 1944
(Date)

Dear Master Sergeant

I'm sending this by V-MAIL so you'll be sure to get it — and get it in a hurry. Oh Master ... wouldn't it be wonderful if a dog like me could do what V-MAIL does! It never gets left behind. Never gets lost. And it flies to you so fast — like a bird!

Master — if you are wondering how I'm getting along in these meat-rationed days, how happy you'll be when I tell you something! The family is treating me more marvelously than ever. Nothing is too good for me, because I belong to YOU! They are feeding me GAINES — GAINES DOG MEAL — the same that big kennels have fed their grand, prize dogs for years. Imagine me — your old pal, "Spottie" — feasting on PRIZE DOG food! It says on the bag there's MEAT MEAL in it ... as if I didn't know! And other good things are in it — with big, long names like minerals and vitamins — hard for an ignorant dog like me to understand — or spell.

But it makes me feel like a million — and Mistress says you'll be happy and proud when you see how bright my eyes are, how lovely and smooth my coat is ... and when you hear the life and joy in my bark when I speak for GAINES!

Well -- give my best to the "K-9 Corps" bunch -- and GOOD HUNTING to you, Master!

xxxx (Wet Kisses!) SPOTTER

No kidding, Darling — Spotter is just crazy about the food. It was Harry's veterinarian who put me on to Gaines. He says it nourishes dogs completely. And it's so easy to feed. AND so inexpensive! I'll write you all the other news tomorrow — by V-MAIL!

Love
Dorothy

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT PERMIT NO 14

GAINES for the dog you love!

1. Supplies Complete nourishment.
2. Dogs like it—and don't tire of it.
3. Easy to feed. Just mix with water.
4. Inexpensive. And no tokens needed.

V-MAIL to the man you love!

1. Fast. It always goes by plane.
2. Sure. V-Mail just *can't* get lost.
3. Private. No third person reads it.
4. Saves cargo space for guns.

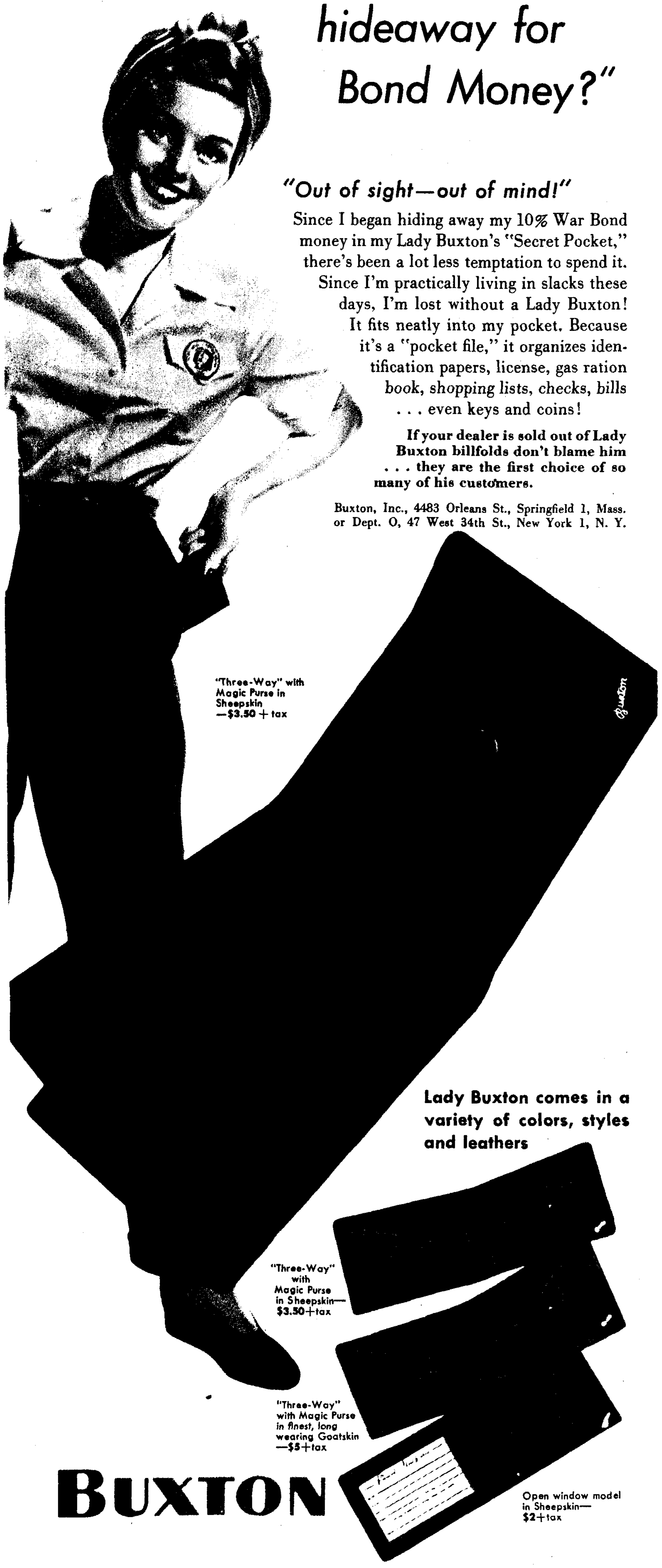
IN 2-LB., 5-LB., 10-LB., 25-LB. AND 50-LB. BAGS

Copyright 1944. Gaines Food Co., Inc.

SPEAK FOR GAINES

THE COMPLETE MEAL FOR DOGS

"Want to see my **Lady Buxton** hideaway for Bond Money?"



"Out of sight—out of mind!"

Since I began hiding away my 10% War Bond money in my Lady Buxton's "Secret Pocket," there's been a lot less temptation to spend it. Since I'm practically living in slacks these days, I'm lost without a Lady Buxton! It fits neatly into my pocket. Because it's a "pocket file," it organizes identification papers, license, gas ration book, shopping lists, checks, bills . . . even keys and coins!

If your dealer is sold out of Lady Buxton billfolds don't blame him . . . they are the first choice of so many of his customers.

Buxton, Inc., 4483 Orleans St., Springfield 1, Mass. or Dept. O, 47 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

"Three-Way" with Magic Purse in Sheepskin —$3.50 + tax

Lady Buxton comes in a variety of colors, styles and leathers

"Three-Way" with Magic Purse in Sheepskin— $3.50+tax

"Three-Way" with Magic Purse in finest, long wearing Goatskin —$5+tax

Open window model in Sheepskin— $2+tax

BUXTON

Any Week

Continued from page 4

"I've just been doing some figuring," says Mr. Lyster. "Let's see. There are three and a half million federal employees on the pay roll outside of Washington. Let's see. Three and a half million jobs means from seven to ten million votes. I'm voting for Dewey, but I dunno. Anybody who can spot F.D.R. seven to ten million votes and still hope to win is quite a fellow. That's like spotting Joe Louis fifty pounds. I'm still for Dewey, but I dunno."

WE'RE torn between condolences and congratulations to Lieutenant (jg) J. D. Petterson, United States Navy. Twenty-six months ago, he entered the Navy. "The first four months I was stationed in Kansas, six miles from my home. The next six months I was stationed in Kansas twenty-five miles from home. I decided to change my luck, applied for a commission. I got it. Ever since, I've been stationed in Missouri, seventeen miles from my home. I have never seen an ocean. Some of my friends call me Gulliver."

ONE of our scouts has just returned from a visit to Prophet Jones, Detroit's bigger and better Father Divine. Prophet Jones is thirty-six, lives in a mansion once occupied by a millionaire, along with his mother, an adopted son, a $7,500 grand piano, two Ming vases appraised at $1,000 each, another piano worth only $3,000 and other furnishings in keeping. Prophet Jones' church is called Triumph, the Church and the Kingdom of God. He makes prophecies which come to him "direct from the Lord in a private language." He predicts an early end of the war—date unspecified—and denounces both death and work as curses. "The curse of work is fixin' to leave you now. Say Amen," cries Prophet Jones. "The curse of death is fixin' to leave you now. Say Amen. Why? 'Cause we're livin' in the dawn of the seventh day. Say Amen." And his huge congregation says Amen. Our agent reports that he's now on his way to look in on the Reverend Lulu Johnny Trinkle, the Horse-Drawn Electronic Apostle, who is doing the state of Kansas in a $25,000 trailer "built by prayer and the kindly donations of grateful sinners snatched from the burning." We'll let you know.

IN HONOLULU, Mr. Robert McCormick, the radio voice who broadcasts bad news so beautifully that folks from far and near write him thank-you letters, reports having met a G.I. whom he knew in civilian life in Washington. Mr. McCormick's greeting was warm, but his uniformed friend bade him keep his voice down. "I gotta think of my ambition," said he. "What ambition?" demanded Mr. McCormick. "I gotta ambition to be the only guy to go through this war without getting any kind of decoration. It ain't easy, but if I can do it, I can make a lotta money exhibiting myself afterward."

WE'VE just heard from an old friend of ours—Mr. Layoff McCarthy of Laguna Beach, California, the One Guy Manpower Shortage. That's the way his card reads, anyway. Since Pearl Harbor, Mr. McCarthy has held forty-two jobs, done a three-months hitch in the Army, got married, bitten by a horse, thrown out of one saloon fourteen times, arrested six times (but served no time), married again, and once played an accordion for nine hours without stopping. Mr. McCarthy adds a postscript. "Sometimes," he sighs, "I think maybe I got a touch of the bum in me." . . . W. D.

Alias the Killer

Continued from page 17

reached into his pocket, backing into the shadows as he did so.

By this time the alley door was open and Denny had no time to stop the two who darted through, for Leo Aranson's arm was moving upward and Denny knew the blur of glistening metal in the hand was a gun.

He saw then what he had to do and aimed at the upper arm, an easy shot, and squeezed the trigger and it was in that split instant that Aranson, unaccountably, tried to twist aside. Denny knew as the shot hammered through the room that he had not hit the arm, but there was nothing to be done about that now, and when Aranson fell Denny went swiftly past and through the door.

Footsteps rapped faintly in the alley and he ran after them, seeing nothing in the blackness, yet knowing somehow that the two men had split, that one of them was Nate Aranson. He knew, too, that the man he now pursued had too great a start, but he kept on, blindly, until he saw his chase was hopeless.

Leo Aranson was still alive when Denny Carr re-entered the back room. The door to the bar was closed and he stopped to look for the gun before he went out and there was no gun on Aranson or under him or anywhere in the room. The customers and the bartender watched him as he came out. They said no one had come from that room since he had first entered it. . . .

NOW, when Denny came out of the district attorney's office, the reporters and photographers covering the inquiry were waiting in the hall. So was Detective Tom Linehan, and that helped a lot, seeing him smile and step through the knot of newsmen and take Denny's arm and say, "Let's go."

Denny Carr wanted to duck away from those flash bulbs and cameras. He watched the faces. Three days ago some would have called him Killer and grinned; now they studied him soberly and wanted a story.

He and Tom pushed on past them, saying they'd have to see the district attorney or the commissioner. He didn't want to tell them that Braim said there was no cause for further action, either by his office or the Grand Jury; he didn't want to talk at all and they saw this and fell back to wait for official word—all but McQuillen.

McQuillen kept pace, a lean, sardonic man who had ulcers and a lingering bitterness in his soul because the Armed Forces wanted no part of him. "I guess they had to whitewash you," he said. "What else could you do with a hero?"

Denny Carr did not trust himself to answer, but went down the steps, holding himself tightly, a compact, sturdy man with dark eyes that were fixed and brooding.

"If you'd been Detective Joe Doakes," McQuillen said, "you'd be lucky to get off with—"

"If he was Joe Doakes," Linehan said, "he wouldn't rate two lines in your lousy sheet. . . . Hey, there's Nora."

Nora Marin waved to them from her coupé and Linehan steered Denny toward the open door. McQuillen stuck with them.

"It's okay, Miss Marin," he said. "You can relax. Officially the Killer's record is still spotless."

"Why don't you go away?" Linehan said.

Nora Marin seemed not to hear any of this or to be aware of McQuillen or Linehan. She was wearing slacks and a cardigan; there was a scarf around her dark hair just the way she had come from work, and her eyes were wide and deeply concerned.

"Is it, Denny?" she said. "Is it all right?"

"It's all right."

For an instant she leaned back, all breath gone from her but the smile still there; then she moved behind the wheel to give him room.

"Your mother asked me for dinner," she said. "She said I could come just the way I am."

Denny swallowed fast. He was strangely embarrassed, afraid to be alone with her just yet, not knowing why. "I—I ought to get back to the station house for a few minutes," he said. "You go along and—"

"What for?"

Denny turned and Linehan was scowling

amusedly at him and McQuillen was no longer there. "Didn't you hear what the lady said?" Linehan added. "Get in." He nudged Denny Carr and then closed the door. "And quit brooding," he said. "It ain't polite."

Mrs. Carr came from the kitchen, bringing the smell of broiling chops with her. She stopped across the living room and for an instant, as Denny glanced at her, her face was drawn and anxious; then she looked at Nora and smiled quickly and came to kiss her son's cheek.

"What did I tell you?" she said. "How could it be any other way?" And she gave his arm a pat and promptly ignored him for Nora. She wanted to know if that was a new scarf and wasn't it pretty and would Nora like to clean up?

Nora laughed, a quick, relieved sound. She said she was positively filthy and started for the bathroom, while Mrs. Carr went back to the kitchen. Denny sat down and gradually the tension went from him, gradually his mind adjusted itself and he was grateful for the understanding Tom Linehan and Nora and his mother had shown. When Nora came back with her skin glowing and her dark hair falling softly about her small, bright face, he kissed her red mouth lightly, touched her chin with his fist and kissed her again when she arched her brows at him. It felt like old times, and it felt good.

AT DINNER they talked of Nora's brothers in the Navy and her work at the factory which made portable radios, and presently the meal was over and nothing had been said about the stories McQuillen had written. Denny helped clear the table and went into the kitchen when the women started the dishes to tell them he was going to the corner for cigarettes. Then, with no warning, his mother said:

"Those stories in the paper won't make any difference, will they, Denny?"

"About what?"

"Well—all that horrid talk about Killer Carr."

She stood with her back to him, and he stared at her, sensing the doubt and uncertainty behind her question.

"Everyone knows that killing all those Germans was something you had to do," she said. "Just like what happened the other night was something that couldn't be helped. But people won't think you're like that, will they? They—don't call you that to your face?"

Denny stood quite still, a growing stiffness in his back and his palms suddenly damp. Exasperation shook him and his throat felt choked and then there was nothing left but dismay and the knowledge that he must control his voice and pretend her fears were groundless.

"A few do," he said, managing a chuckle. "A cop has to expect things like that. You learn to take it."

The sound of the dishes and silver was loud in the little room and then it was silent again and his mother said, "I was thinking about Nora. I was wondering if people would—"

Nora Marin cut in quickly, "Oh, but Mother Carr! This will all be forgotten in no time."

His mother sighed. "I don't know what makes me talk like that," she said, her voice contrite. "I'm sorry, Denny. It's the inquiry, I guess. Your father was on the police force thirty years and he never had to go through an inquiry and I guess it frightened me."

Denny held himself tightly and, not trusting himself to speak at all, went out and down the stairs and along the street, blindly, cold all over. He got his cigarettes and went around the block and into a bar where the bartender served him without comment and he tried to drink and found he had no taste for whisky.

The things his mother said—and had not said but implied—still rang loud and clear in his ears, and he stared straight ahead realizing now that of these things one had occurred to him before in the past two days. He had closed his mind against it then, but now, in his despair, he brought it into focus and examined it.

He was Killer Carr and Nora—"Mrs. Killer Carr," he thought. "And some day it might be Killer Carr's son, or daughter."

And it seemed to him now that his mother's fears were right, that it was a name no man could give to the woman he loved. He fashioned the words again with his mind and then he heard the sound of them. Someone had whispered Killer Carr, or so it seemed, and he turned, aware now of the others in the room.

He did not know his scowl was black and morose as he surveyed the row of customers; all he knew was that they seemed to look at him with awe and uncertainty and had, in some way, moved back along the bar so that he stood alone. He stared at them and the room was still and then, because the torment in his mind was getting worse, he turned abruptly and went out.

His mother and Nora were in the living room. They said he had been gone quite a while and he said he'd stopped to talk with a fellow. He sat down opposite Nora, screwing up his courage to tell her now, right here in front of his mother, that it would be better to break their engagement. He groped for words with which to phrase his twisted thoughts and looked into her eyes and saw then that there was no doubt in them. Instead, he saw her smile, and the rounded slenderness of her that was so wonderful to hold, and his determination oozed away and he found his throat was dry.

MASS. PENN. F.D.R. OKLA. OPA TENN. ARK.

DO YOU KNOW ABBREVIATIONS?—No. 9

Test yourself on the following list of abbreviations commonly used and see how you rate. You probably have run into most of them innumerable times in newspapers, magazines and books. If you guess 15 of them correctly, you may consider yourself fair; 18 or above qualifies you as above the average; and anything over 20 is superior.

1. ad int.
2. A.R.V.
3. coroll.
4. Exod.
5. agcy.
6. fut.
7. hhd.
8. disch.
9. dipl.
10. Int. Rev.
11. amp.
12. blk.
13. athl.
14. cath.
15. exam.
16. C.W.T.
17. Id.
18. hosp.
19. I.N.S.
20 Dow.
21. gaz.
22. agr.
23. ILGWU
24. fin.
25. bldg.

(Answers on page 69)

—Charles Prout

CAL. WASH. PT. LB. QT. O.K. K.O. OZ. MET. A.A.A. INC. Y.M.C.A. Y.W.C.A. K.C. K.K.K. DIV. INT. CTS.

P.O. BK. N.O. N.D. A.M. P.M. M. MINN. ETC.

[illegible] S.O.S. M.D. N.Y. OUT OWI MR. & MRS. [illegible] MT. M.P. COL. LT. TEX. MISS. DIST. D.C. R.R. N.J.

"Do you want to go somewhere?" he asked.

"If you want to," Nora said.

"Denny." Mrs. Carr laid down her knitting. "Do you think you'd ever want to quit the force?"

He stared at her bewildered. "Quit the force?" he said.

His mother lowered her glance. "I just wondered," she said. "I thought—well, in times like these with war workers so badly needed, I wondered if maybe some job in a factory—for a while—"

She floundered and stopped. Denny swallowed, hearing Nora's soft gasp, feeling the tightness come about his mouth. Anger struck at him and he fought it and tried to speak reasonably.

"Where'd you get that idea?" he said finally. "The city needs good cops; more now than ever with so many in the service. I always figured the better the police department, the better the town and the kids and the people."

He swallowed again and suddenly his anger was gone and he knew that the things his mother had said in the kitchen were but a prelude to this. "And, anyway, I don't know anything else. I never wanted to be anything else," he said, his laugh short and ironic. "And I guess you can blame that on Dad. Being a cop was good enough for him."

"Yes," his mother said.

Nora stood up and touched his shoulder. "Crosby and Hope are down at the Bijou in The Road to Something or other," she said. "It might be good."

He got up. He said, yes, he'd been wanting to see that one. He got his hat, grateful for the suggestion. It would be dark in the Bijou. No one could see his face and he wouldn't have to talk. . . .

Denny Carr made up his mind about one thing in the sleepless night that followed and when he reported for duty the following day he left his gun at home. He might have gone around like this indefinitely if Captain Hague had not called him into his office two days later and asked to see it.

Denny colored. He said he had forgotten the gun, and privately he wondered if his mother had come across it at home and called Hague, or if she had told Nora.

"Go home and get it," Hague said. "And see that you carry it. A loaded gun is part of your equipment. Any time you don't want to carry it while you're on duty, you'd better turn in your shield." He hesitated, then accented his words. "And if I were you, I'd quit worrying about Leo Aranson and start thinking about Nate."

Denny Carr had been doing both. He had let it be known where it would do the most good that he would look with approval on any information as to the whereabouts of Nate Aranson and the third man who was with him that night in the River Street tavern. And though he did not get what he wanted, word came back to him by devious ways that Nate Aranson, in his own fashion, was looking for Denny Carr. Even Tom Linehan heard the rumor.

"Watch yourself," he said. "Those Aranson brothers were in everything together and that Nate is one of them psychopaths."

IN a way Denny Carr was thankful for his job. He did not see Nora for three days, nor did he go home until late, and it was easy to explain his absence by saying he was following some new lead or working on some plant.

He could not, however, avoid the things he saw in the daytime. His friends no longer called him Killer but there were others, less kindly disposed, who found in McQuillen's sniping articles about the inquiry the material for continued taunts.

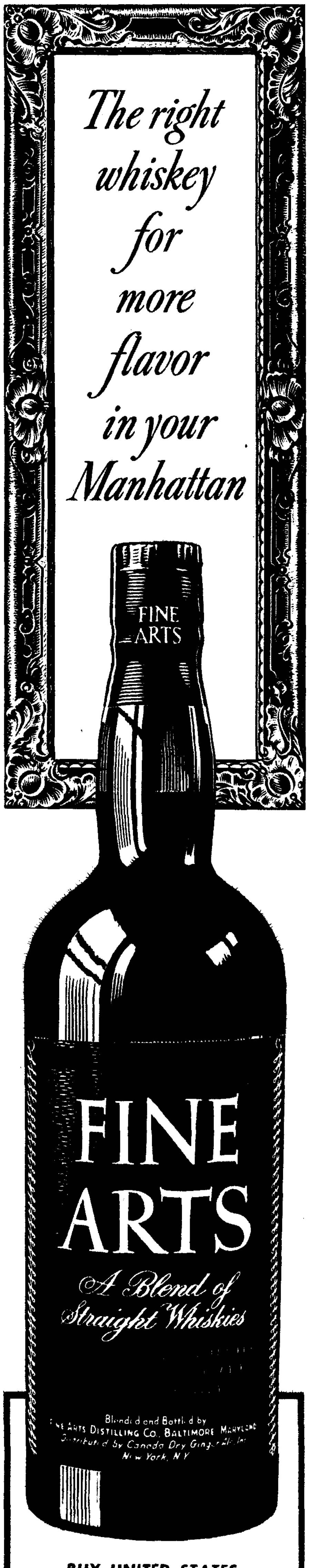
"Hi, Killer," they'd say, having less animosity for Denny Carr than for the police in general, "when you gonna get another notch for your gun? . . . Who you knocking off this week?" they'd say.

Denny took them tight-lipped and silent. No longer was there laughter in the locker rooms when he was present and he thought there were some who avoided him deliberately. Even Tom Linehan grew silent when his efforts to laugh things off and kid around brought no reaction from the victim.

Not until Saturday night did Denny see Nora and then, because this was a date planned long ago, they went out to dinner. Nothing about Nora had changed; she kissed him when she opened the door and sat close to him in the coupé and it was so nice to have her there and hear her quick low laughter that he was ashamed of his brooding and neglect.

Gradually the pressure around his heart melted away. The thing he feared most did not happen. On the street and in the hotel he saw people he knew but no one called him Killer in front of Nora. Afterward at the night club no one spoke to him and they got a table along the wall and when the lights dimmed and a girl came out on the floor to sing, Nora's hand stole into his. Feeling her beside him, the warm softness of her hand, he knew how much he had missed her and was for a little while content.

He paid no attention to the master of cere-


The right whiskey for more flavor in your Manhattan
FINE ARTS
FINE ARTS
A Blend of Straight Whiskies
Blended and Bottled by Fine Arts Distilling Co. Baltimore Maryland
Distributed by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc. New York, N.Y.

BUY UNITED STATES
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

WESTERN FIELDS

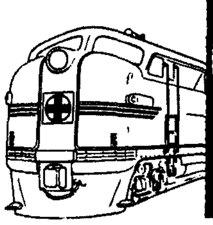
that feed a Nation at War

LOOK TO THE WEST, AMERICA, and fill your eyes with the boundless expanse of American fields—symbol of Freedom's Food.

Today, on our western prairies, our golden fields of war are working hand in hand with our black smokestacks of war industries.

And under the plow, the drill and the combine the Good Western Earth is turning out the precious food that peoples live on, armies fight on, wars are won on.

Could there ever be a prouder time for an American farmer?



Santa Fe

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY monies who came on after the singer. Vaguely he heard the fellow introduce some celebrity and saw a man rise and bow from a table across the room; then the spotlight swiveled back to the m.c. Denny was watching Nora and liking what he saw and he did not hear what the fellow said until the spotlight suddenly struck him in the face. Then, as though from a great distance he heard his own name and something that sounded like: "—hero of the Italian campaign and our own police department . . . intrepid, fearless, and a bad man to cross—Killer Carr! There he is, folks, with the lovely little lady in yellow. Stand up, Killer. Take a bow."

The m.c. was clapping loudly. A half-hearted ripple of applause could not sustain itself. Denny did not feel Nora's knee nudge his, nor hear her whispered, "Denny!" He heard only a roaring in his ears and could not think or even breathe, and simply sat there with muscles rigid and skin icy, quite powerless to move.

The m.c. laughed hollowly. He said, "I guess the Killer is shy as well as deadly," and made some signal with his hand so that the spotlight shifted back to him.

Denny was suddenly shaken and sick inside and the perspiration came quick and cold. Nora took his hand and said, "Why, Denny," and somehow he helped her with her coat and got the check paid and went stumbling out of the room.

It was better in the car. He could breathe again and it was good to drive and hold the wheel hard in his hands. Nora, who had tried at first to talk, was silent now, but he did not notice this and muttered things which even he himself did not understand. Finally he stopped in front of her house and turned off the ignition. Then he said what he had to say: that it was no good going on this way, that what happened tonight was just a sample of what she could expect when she went out with him.

His voice shook. "What I'm saying is, Nora, that when you go out with me people will stare and sometimes you'll hear them whisper and pretty soon you'll know what they're thinking—that I'm a killer."

"Denny." Nora put her hand on his arm and her voice was soft. "When you shot Leo Aranson he had a gun, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"And those Germans," Nora said. "Has that ever been on your conscience?"

"No."

"Have you ever *felt* that you were a killer? That something inside you was different? How *did* you feel, that afternoon in Italy?"

HE HAD gone over all this before in his mind. He thought he knew and he tried now, groping a little for the right words, to explain how it was.

"I didn't feel any different afterward," he said. "I didn't feel anything much at the time, nothing like what you're talking about, anyway. I was just another guy with an M-1 and some grenades and a Browning I'd got from a guy who didn't need it any more. If I felt anything it was being cold and numb and maybe a little dazed. After we were pulled back and we'd got some sleep and sunshine and baths and hot food we were all right again, those that were left, and the killing was nothing but a hazy something that you knew had happened but you couldn't quite remember."

He stopped, not knowing quite how to go on, and Nora sighed and her voice was still soft. "Yes," she said. "I knew it must be like that. It hasn't hurt you, except maybe for a little while and—"

"It'll hurt you," Denny said and now the hardness was in his voice and in his chest. "It's tough enough for a girl to marry a cop and worry about him, without having to defend him all the time. You know who you'll be if you marry me, don't you?"

"But, Denny—"

"Killer Carr's wife, that's who you'll be! And what about kids? A son maybe to grow up and find out from other kids that his old man was a killer. Killer Carr's boy! . . . Well, I say it's no good. There isn't going to be any wedding next month. Maybe, if I ever find Nate Aranson—"

Nora cut in abruptly and now there was in her voice a stiffness and restraint worse than anger: "If you don't mind, Denny, I'd rather not talk about it."

She reached for the car door and he started to reach for her but caught himself in time. He sat still, hearing her say, "I'm too tired to argue, Denny. Good night—and thanks for the lovely evening." He watched her get out and go up the steps. He saw the door close on her and he could bear the ache inside him now because this way was best; this was, after all, what he had to do. . . .

DENNY CARR said nothing of this to his mother but it was a strain, and he was glad when, two days later, a call came from her sister who was sick and wanted to know if his mother could come and stay with her a few days in Hartford.

He came home shortly before six that night and got rid of his gun and cleaned up and then took his mother to the bus station. He ate alone in a place where no one was likely to know him and had a couple of beers and came home just after nine.

COLLIER'S "Good heavens, Bill—I've lost my wedding ring!" DAVID HUFFINE

It was a warm evening and the door of the house—an old brick house that had been converted into apartments—stood open. Denny went up the steps and through the vestibule and as he stepped through the open inner doorway the man moved out from behind the stairs that lay against the left wall twenty feet ahead.

He was a burly, thick-necked man and his name was Eddie Rocco and there was a snub-nosed gun in his big hand. And in that first instant, Denny Carr saw that even had he been carrying his own gun he would have no chance to use it. He took a slow step, seeing now that Nate Aranson had followed Rocco from behind the stairs; then waited for them, tensed, alert, resentful.

Nate Aranson was a thin, swart man with a tight, ugly mouth and mean little eyes. He spoke once to Rocco and came close, holding the gun steady while the big man slapped Denny's pockets and stepped back.

"No gun, hunh?" Aranson said. "And your old lady's out, ain't she? So let's go upstairs and get it. I'm gonna let you have it with the same gun you used on Leo, copper."

Denny Carr looked at Rocco, keeping an eye on Aranson's gun. He said, "You were with him the other night, Rocco," and as he spoke he lunged sideways and grabbed for Aranson's hand.

He got the hand as the gun went off. He kept moving, holding the gun hand, and reached for Aranson with his left. Rocco fired from four feet away and Denny's arm was up and the bullet slammed high up under the arm and he felt the numbing shock in his chest.

It did not stop him. He had the front of Aranson's coat in his left now and he yanked and pivoted, spinning the other in front of him as he twisted at the gun. Rocco's gun hammered again. And again Denny felt the impact of the slug, not in his own body this time but in the frame of Nate Aranson.

Rocco was not a very good shot, or perhaps he was rattled, or maybe it was like the night when Denny had aimed at an arm only to have his man duck aside at the wrong instant. And Rocco saw what he had done, for Aranson, with Rocco's bullet in him, cried out and stiffened before he started to sag.

Denny held him and twisted the gun free. Rocco saw this, and now Rocco had had enough. He spun and leaped through the doorway and through the vestibule and down the steps.

Denny let go of Nate Aranson and stepped around him. He ran to the outer doorway and stopped there. Rocco was in the street now, running, firing once over his shoulder in a shot that went wide. Denny snapped up Aranson's gun and, not thinking, aimed low and fired. Rocco took one more running step and fell on his face as though one leg had been cut from under him, his gun spinning across the pavement.

Two men, passing on the opposite side of the street, stopped to watch and Denny called to them. He told them to get the gun and watch Rocco. He went back into the hall and told the assembled wide-eyed tenants to phone the police and to clear out of the hall.

He thought about his own gun then, and wondered if, in spite of the spreading numbness in his chest, he could walk upstairs and get it. Cap Hague would bawl him out for not carrying it but right now he could not seem to care much. He sat down on the steps and watched Aranson and fought against a giddiness that was getting worse. . . .

They gave Denny Carr some pills after they'd finished cleaning the wound and he slept a long time. It was midafternoon when he finally awoke and when he glanced about he saw Tom Linehan sitting there grinning at him.

"How do you feel?"

"Feel fine," Denny said. "What about Rocco and Aranson?"

"Rocco's going to be limping for a long time. That shot of yours smashed his knee. And Aranson'll be okay. Right now he's talking plenty. The gun you took away from him is the one that killed McCarthy, the cop, in that liquor-store break."

Denny stared. "What?" he said, a little slow at figuring.

Linehan nodded. "It was the gun Leo Aranson pulled on you that night. Nate says so. He has to say so and I think he's telling the truth. It's like this: After you shot Leo you chased Rocco and Nate, but it was Rocco you really chased because Nate hid just outside the door and you didn't see him. When you went after Rocco he ducked back into the room. Leo was alive and didn't think that he was going to die and he had to get rid of this gun that killed McCarthy so Nate took it and legged it down the alley the other way. When you got back there wasn't any gun."

McQuillen came in shortly after Linehan left. He had a paper in his hand and passed it to Denny. In it was a story that told of the shooting and spoke not of Killer Carr but of Detective Dennis Carr.

"You're lucky," McQuillen said.

Denny agreed. He said the doc told him if the bullet had been lower and to the left a little it would have been curtains.

"That isn't what I meant," McQuillen said. "I mean having a girl like Nora Marin. She came in to see me a couple of days ago. She bawled me out and she made a point I hadn't thought about before. She said I was making a mistake writing about '*Killer*' Carr because she said in a way you represented every other guy who would come back."

McQUILLEN paused. He seemed a bit embarrassed. She said all women will worry some about their men who come back, and I was making it worse by playing up the killing angle. Well, she's right, I guess. I hadn't thought about it before."

McQuillen had more to say along the same line and when he left, Denny Carr lay there, humble but impatient, and watched the door until Nora came. Her cheeks were flushed with hurrying and her eyes were anxious.

"They said you were all right," she said. "They told me you'd sleep most of the day so—I went to work."

It was so wonderful to see her, to have her with him, that for a long moment he just looked at her and was content. "Come here," he said finally. "Give me a kiss."

She tipped her head and eyed him with amused severity. "I'm not sure I want to. I don't mind marrying a detective—if he's a good one—but I'm not sure I want to marry an idiot. You didn't have your gun last night."

He grinned. He did not bother to tell her that it would have done little good under the circumstances. He said, happily, "I shot him in the knee. Rocco, I mean."

She came to the bed, frowning, putting her cool hand on his head. He knew she didn't understand, so he said:

"I didn't have to. When I came back I knew the war hadn't made a killer out of me but after the publicity and the way people looked at me and called me Killer, I began to wonder if maybe I'd changed and didn't know it. But—well, if it had been a German—in Italy—I'd have shot him in the body but *I aimed at Rocco's leg, just automatically, without thinking,* and that proves—"

Nora was on the bed, bending over him, her eyes moist and tender as she kissed him. "You goon," she whispered. "You sweet, stubborn goon. Don't you think I knew? But you just wouldn't let me tell you."

She had her cheek against his now and he clung to her, his heart full and his eyes scratchy. He thought about the things she had said to McQuillen, how she had defended him to his mother, and he knew then that if every woman was just half as patient and understanding with her man as Nora had been with him, those who came back would have no trouble.

THE END

BY ARTHUR GRAHAME*

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

INTERNATIONAL

A California schoolteacher lost her life at this Glendale crossing when a train struck and dragged her car 50 feet. Below: A typical dangerous unmarked crossing in a busy section of a mid-west city

FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS

When you hear the warning bells or whistle and see the flashing lights, take heed. Don't try to beat the train to the crossing, and you'll live longer. Here's how grade crossings look from the cab of a fast locomotive

BY THE time the first of next January comes around, there will have been nearly 6,000 grade-crossing accidents in 1944, at least 4,500 of them involving automobiles, and more than one third of them will have been caused by cars being driven into the sides of speeding trains or locomotives! They will have resulted in the death of some 2,000 persons, and in injuries to 5,000 more.

Each of these totals probably will be one third larger than last year, not because American motorists are any more reckless than they were in 1943, but because they are *just* as reckless. They don't seem to realize, or care, that their tires and brakes are worn and unreliable; that road-repair work, car inspection, police enforcement and crossing protection are away below par; and that the railroads are running more and faster trains than they did a year ago.

Some of these facts were emphasized by an accident that occurred in Georgia early this year, when a farmer, driving a Model T Ford down the road at a fast clip, ran into a tank car which was the fifty-third unit of a sixty-car train. The tank car was derailed, wreckage was thrown on the opposite track, and a passenger train crashed into it. Fortunately, there were no casualties, but the delay to train service was serious.

"I jest couldn't stop," the owner of the Model T explained. "My brake bands are all wore out."

To learn, if possible, what happens at grade crossings, and why there should be such an appalling and unnecessary loss of life and property, I rode for several hours in the cab of a fast passenger locomotive of the Southern Railway System, on which there were 852 grade-crossing accidents last year. I saw no accidents, but I learned a lot. Especially, I learned something of the tremendous power of hundreds of tons of steel traveling at from fifty to ninety miles an hour. I learned something, too, of the criminal carelessness of the average automobile driver.

My trip started from Atlanta, Georgia, on a Saturday afternoon, when there are more grade-crossing accidents than at any other time in the week.

This is a good day for trouble," said the Negro fireman. "Hope we don't hit nobody for you. You don't want a story *that* bad."

The train pulled slowly out of the station, and the engine began to jiggle and teeter and rock. I could feel every little irregularity of the rails through the great mass of steel pounding on steel.

"You ain't got no automobile springs under you now," the fireman grinned.

Looking down at a railroad track from the ten-foot elevation of the fireman's leather-padded seat box, these two thin lines of steel seem hazardously frail. I began to understand the engineman's abiding dread of grade-crossing collisions. All that holds a train on the rails are the half-inch-thick steel flanges on the inside of the wheels. A piece of steel wreckage from a shattered car can easily lift the pilot wheels of a locomotive that slight bit and cause a derailment—which at the wrong spot can mean a horrible wreck at the bottom of an embankment, with both engineer and fireman dying in a hell of scalding steam.

The Engine Must Follow the Rails

While we were still traveling slowly, we moved from one track to another in a double curve, following switches that were opened for us. A locomotive has to go exactly where the rails lead; it can't go anywhere else without a smashup. If you are used to driving a car, and perhaps avoiding accidents by a sudden twist of the wheel, it gives you a feeling of helplessness.

A signal light changed from amber to green, and we picked up speed. The engine seemed to stamp on the rails like a huge beast, going faster and faster. The engineer's gloved left hand reached up and pulled a long lever, and the locomotive whistle's hoarse roar battered my eardrums. The long-drawn-out final blast died away as we hit the crossing—a suburban street, with black-striped white gates down, a wigwag signal swinging its red light, and cars, trucks, and a bus waiting for the train to pass.

We were scarcely over that crossing when the whistle began blasting for the next one. There is, roughly, a grade crossing for every mile of railroad in the United States, but near large cities, there is often so little railroad between them that the whistle is blowing almost continuously; the engineer hasn't time to finish one standard warning signal before he has to start another one. It makes so much noise that some cities have promoted peace and quiet by passing ordinances forbidding locomotive-whistle blowing within their corporate limits.

A leading citizen of a Virginia small town fathered a movement for the adoption of one of these antinoise ordinances. A few months after he had succeeded in having it passed, he drove onto a grade crossing near his home and was killed by a train he hadn't heard.

"Bad one there last month," the fireman shouted in my ear, as we cleared a crossing near Norcross, Georgia. "Fellow stalled a truck on the track, and a double-headed passenger train hit him. Both engines and five cars derailed. Two passengers and ten trainmen hurt bad."

Now we were on a long stretch of straightaway track with a slight downgrade, and we *(Continued on page 56)*

---

*With Myron M. Stearns, Editorial Associate, Automotive Safety Foundation.

DOCTOR of MOTORS
"My boy is over there, too!"

"HE'S in the thick of it, and the going is plenty tough. I know. I was in the last war. I'm too old for this one—but not too old to put in long, grinding hours every day to help keep America's cars, trucks, buses and tractors batting a thousand on the production fronts.

"Thousands of mechanics all over the country are doing the same thing. We want our kids—*and yours*—to have enough of what it takes to slug it out to victory."

We want you folks to know America's Doctors of Motors as we know them . . . how they feel and think, and what they are *doing* to keep America on wheels.

These men—these thousands of automobile mechanics—are rendering a service without which this country would be at a standstill in the prosecution of the war. They are doing their jobs quietly and efficiently, because they combine *skill* and *ability* with *integrity of character* . . . and that combination is the backbone of America.

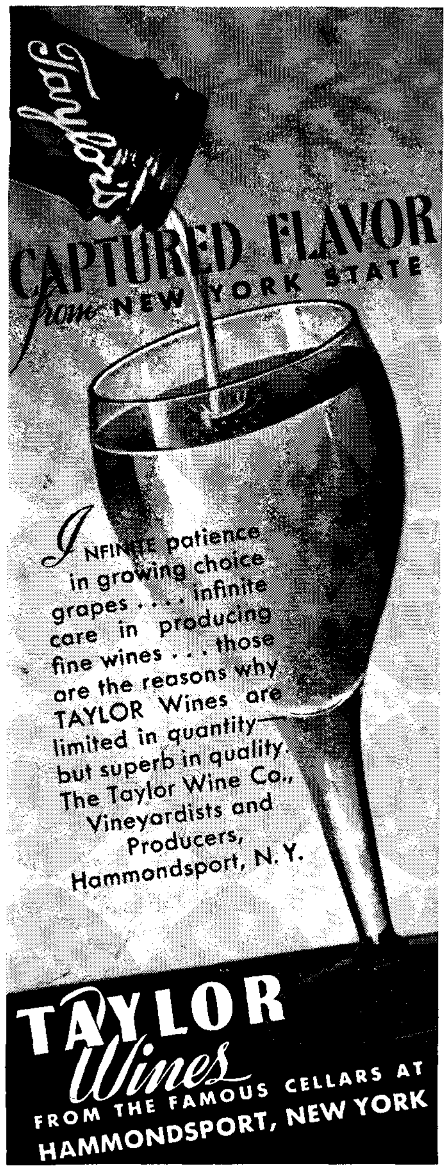
The Perfect Circle Companies, Hagerstown, Ind., U. S. A., and Toronto, Can.

If your car is old enough to smoke—it's time to install

Care for your car for your country, install

PERFECT CIRCLE

PISTON PC **RINGS**



INFINITE patience in growing choice grapes . . . infinite care in producing those fine wines . . . those are the reasons why TAYLOR Wines are limited in quantity—but superb in quality. The Taylor Wine Co., Vineyardists and Producers, Hammondsport, N. Y.

WAIT FOR A HAMILTON

THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY and a host of other intricate Hamilton war timepieces are now being made only for the men in our armed forces. But someday soon fine Hamiltons will again be made for you. *Wait for the new Hamilton, America's finest watch.*

A WATCH WORTH WAITING FOR

Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Penna.

Daffy Over Dahlias

Continued from page 19

Francis E. Warren, outside Cheyenne, Wyoming. Even while there he couldn't escape his duty to the dahlia world, and after hours he worked until late at night, poring over new dahlias which came in from all points of the compass. He was still on the supreme court of dahliadom.

During his year in the Army—he's retired now—dahlia growers sent Eddy their carefully bred plants or tubers for appraisal, just as they did before the war and as they do today. He waits for the plant to blossom and gives his verdict, thus fixing its value. The grower, thereafter, can exhibit or advertise the official classification of the plant in any way within the strict codes of reticence adopted by the dahlia people. Eddy's word is law, and there is no appeal therefrom. On his say-so, a single tuber will sell for twenty-five dollars; a full-grown thoroughbred plant can bring in thousands. One beautiful dahlia, developed in Czechoslovakia and named the Exnar, is officially recognized as the finest in the world. A healthy Exnar plant could comfortably pay the rent on a good-sized country estate.

Eddy is supposed to be the dahlia judge only for the western third of the United States. However, people keep submitting tubers to him from places as remote as India and Tasmania. One result of this was that before the United States entered the war, Eddy became one of the country's most reliable prophets as to where the Nazis were going to strike next. Every time the dahlia fans in a European country got wind of an impending invasion of their country, there would be a frantic rush to send their most prized dahlias to Eddy for safekeeping until after the war. "We are saving them," they invariably wrote, "for humanity." In that way, he has the tremendous responsibility of taking care of the delicate Exnar, which arrived in the last shipment from Prague before the Nazis moved in, and the fabulous Pink Giant, which a Netherlands schoolteacher named Mrs. Bruidigom smuggled out of the country via the underground. It is reported that, for this, Mrs. Bruidigom was sentenced to ten years in prison by the German colonel commanding the garrison in her town. It seems that this German colonel, a dahlia nut from Munich, had pulled all sorts of strings to be stationed there, just so he could get his hands on the Pink Giant for himself. The famous Taj Mahal came to Eddy when it looked as if the Japs were going to move on Calcutta. And when in 1941 the fanatic Jap growers didn't send Eddy a *single* tuber during September, October and November (the dahlia season in Japan), both Eddy and the F.B.I. knew the Japs were up to something.

Flower of the New World

The dahlia began its fantastic career back in 1570 when a Francisco Hernandez, physician to Philip II of Spain, first saw the flower growing wild on the plateaus of northern Mexico. At that time there was only the single-type papa dahlia—a yellow disk with dull scarlet rays—but the size and magnificence of the flowers so intrigued Hernandez that he devoted all his time to collecting them and forgot his original mission to report on the animals of Mexico. The flowers died on the long voyage home, and Hernandez returned empty-handed. He was fired by the king, and spent most of the rest of his life trying to find the same flower in Europe, in order to vindicate himself.

In 1787, the French scientist, Menonville, rediscovered them in Mexico, and in 1789 some seeds were brought back simultaneously by the British Marquis of Bute and the Spanish Abbe Cavinilles, director of the Royal Gardens in Madrid. The marquis had his seeds grown at Kew Gardens and then proceeded to show them off like mad, with the result that they all died from overwork in flowering. The abbe sent his to the Swedish botanist, Andreas Dahl, pupil of the great Linnaeus. Dahl crossed one ordinary yellow and scarlet flower with another yellow and scarlet flower and got a pure deep purple. Then he crossed a yellow and scarlet flower with a yellow and scarlet flower and got a buff and apricot. He crossed the two products and got an almost pure white.

"Wow!" shrieked Dahl. And he grabbed his hat and ran for the Royal Horticultural Society.

That's when the fun began.

The new flowers were named dahlias, after Dahl, and before long everyone in Europe was playing around with them, trying to develop new colors and shapes. By the middle of the 19th century, the craze had become so bad that Thomas Carlyle wrote sneeringly of "strait-laced, snuff-taking gentlemen at dahlia shows, leaning over their stands of flowers, regulating with ivory tweezers the least defect in the shape of the florets."

The situation became even more complicated when, in 1882, a Mr. H. Cannell introduced a completely new type of dahlia, also discovered in Mexico, and unrelated to the original scarlet and yellow *Dahlia Variabilis* that Dahl experimented with. The new dahlia, named the Juarezii, was a brilliant scarlet, and had curving, cactuslike florets. The dahlia world looked at the Juarezii and squealed in anticipation of its breeding possibilities. It hasn't gotten over it yet.

Today, dahlias can be bred in almost every conceivable form, color or combination of colors. There are bronzes, purples, tans and even blacks. The Pearl Harbor is a rosy lavender, flecked and splashed with a dark purple that appears blood red. The Edith Willkie, named after the wife of the 1940 Republican Presidential nominee, is an unbelievably pure white. Indiana Moon is flesh ocher with lines of special pink. Kentucky Sportsman is lemon yellow at the center. Its outer petals are golden amber with white tips. The underside of the petals is old rose.

As for size and shape, dahlias are subdivided by the Dahlia Society into eight major competitive classes. These are: (1) the Formal Decorative—huge, glamorous, 8-foot plants, comparable to the heavyweight division of boxing; (2) Informal Decorative, the light heavyweights; (3) Hybrid Cactus, the middleweights; (4) Cactus, the welterweights; (5) Ball, the lightweights; (6) Single, the featherweights; (7) Miniature, the bantamweights; and (8) Pompon—cute, tiny plants standing only 18 inches high and measuring less than an inch across. Just as in boxing, a dahlia nut who specializes in raising plants in the Cactus class, for instance, would never think of trying to develop a Formal Decorative. He will be a Cactus man for life. "It is not only a matter of preference and honor," says Albert Parrella of New York, one of the world's foremost dahlia growers. "But would Henry Armstrong, after years of training for lightweights and welterweights, suddenly book a fight with Joe Louis?"

It is this tremendous variety and unpredictability that make dahlias what they are and dahlia nuts what they are. Not only is the dahlia the most colorful of all flowers, but it comes in so many sizes that you can always find one that will suit your personality. It is comparatively easy to grow. And most important of all, there is the gambling element involved.

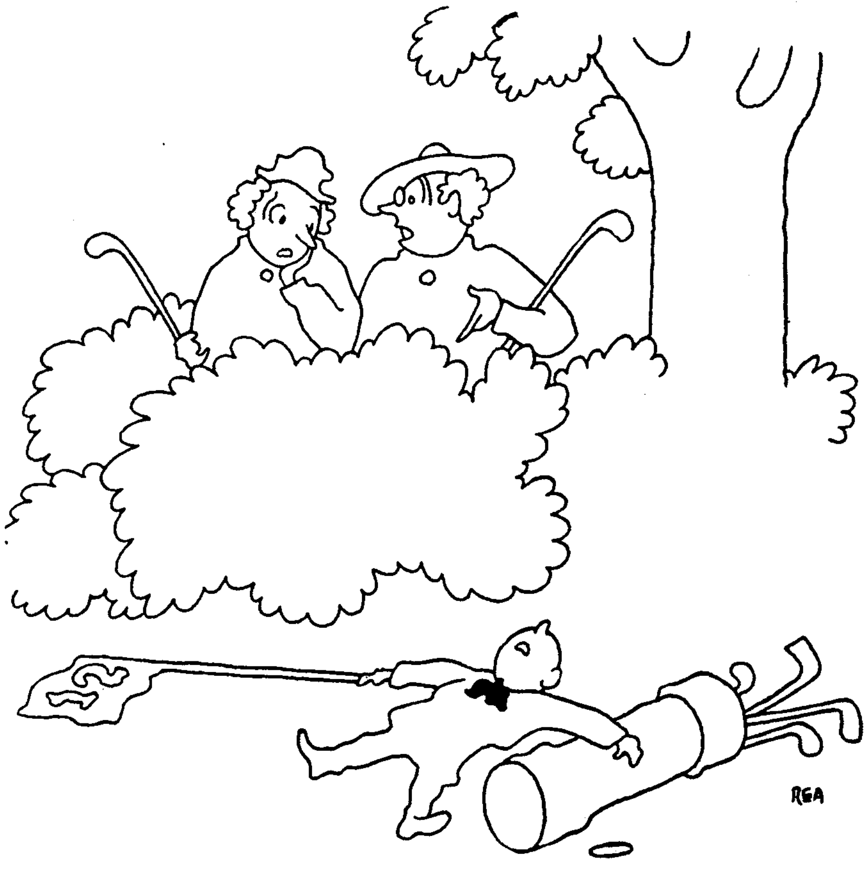
The Element of Chance

According to Horticulturist David Platt: "You can buy a packet of seeds from a dealer for as little as ten cents a seed, and one of those seeds is liable to grow into a beautiful, hitherto undiscovered new species that will bring in thousands of dollars on the open market. That's what keeps bringing so many of those nuts back. They never know when they're going to hit the jack pot."

So far, the real jack pot of the dahlia world has not been hit. That is the blue dahlia. Blue is the only color that has never been bred. It is like the famous black rose. Nobody has ever done it, but a few times (as in the Dorothy Schmidt and the Nagel's Ideal) a heartbreaking bluish-lavender has been produced. That is the closest anyone has ever come. A blue dahlia would bring in $50,000 immediately. Its tubers would sell for individual small fortunes.

Richard Eddy used to correspond regularly with the Emperor of Japan, who was working on the production of a blue dahlia in the summer of 1941. Eddy doesn't know how the Son of Heaven made out. The emperor's last letter to Eddy—or anyone else in the United States—was dated September 21, 1941. It closed with: *"Comes the springtime, will I send you more dahlias—if happens not the international interruptions. . . . Hirohito."*

THE END



COLLIER'S

"You either hit him on the head, or the ball's in the cup—it's hard to tell which"

GARDNER REA

A Small Clear Light

Continued from page 21

woman in a neat, gray tailored suit alight from the car, and Menendez, the hotel owner, hurry toward them with false, nervous obsequiousness. The least Menendez could do, Herrick thought, was to tell the women to be on their way, that there was trouble in the town. But Menendez was welcoming them and awkwardly trying to carry all their bags into the hotel. Herrick wondered why the absence of a bellhop, of anyone else but Menendez, did not make the women suspicious.

He heard footsteps below him and saw Archuleta returning home alone. Herrick asked the man what he had found, but received no answer, the man going along with lowered head like a tired animal. Oh well, Herrick thought, these Mexicans have too many children, anyhow.

The noise of rifles sounded in the Plaza, three times, spaced almost like the backfire of a car, and Herrick wondered how Menendez was explaining that to the tourists. His smile superior, he descended the ladder and began to move by the dark back streets to the Plaza. He was restless and adventurous, he told himself. But he did not want to participate in the fight. Not any longer. His interest was academic now. Who was it who had said that the role of the intellectual was that of a spectator and not a partisan? Besides—although Herrick did not allow himself to think of this as a reason—there was no food in his room.

He began to walk toward the Plaza, his worn leather jacket and baggy pants making his studied attitude of serenity and aloofness a little ridiculous. He went around and to the north of the Plaza, knowing that between him and the Plaza, in the houses and stores that fronted on it, there were men with rifles. When the bulk of the cathedral loomed over him in the dark, he went quickly into its shadow, cast by the lights which had gone on automatically in the Plaza as dusk came. He moved through the lesser and deeper shadows of the pillars and carved wooden doors and, finally, with a slight sense of shame, through a narrow side door into the darkness of the cathedral itself. He wondered again why he came to it, now, and was angry with himself and then saw the last few candles the black-shawled women had lighted earlier in the day, guttering out in the holders, and told himself that he had come here again to see the candles. As in most Mexican churches there were no pews to sit in and he would not kneel. He leaned against one of the great fluted pillars and stared at the candles in the dark.

THERE was no one in the lobby of the hotel as the old lady and the young one passed through it on the way back to their car. The shaded lights showed up the imported tapestry Menendez had hung on the wall, and the empty desk, and the whole, elaborate, empty room. At the big car, the old lady snapped a leash on a small, fat, white dog, and they began to walk toward where the lights of the Plaza loomed palely upward against the night.

"It seems very odd, Joanna," the old lady said, "that there was no one in the lobby and now no one on the street."

"It might be, Auntie," the girl said, "that people here are at dinner. And this isn't the tourist season, so that might account for the hotel being empty."

The white dog waddled before them, and in the shadow of the low houses the lean dogs of the town growled at it, but did not move. There were no lights in this cobbled street that led to the Plaza, but they could see well enough to walk. The old lady's gown of black watered silk rustled, and the girl's high heels caught in the cobbles, but for some reason neither of them spoke. It was not until they were almost to the Plaza that the girl noticed there were no people on the street. The backfiring they had heard as their car had dropped down the mountain pass toward the lights of the town sounded again quite close at hand, and then they were on one side of the Plaza, under the corrugated iron awning that hung over the sidewalk, and walking toward the other end of the Plaza where the cathedral rose above the lights into the darkness. The old lady said: "Joanna, there are no people here, either."

Before the girl could speak, backfiring sounded again. It sounded overhead, and the girl stopped walking, the fear rising slowly in her while her mind resisted knowing that the sound was that of no automobile. There was a movement in the shadows at the base of the cathedral, and the two women saw a man come out of the shadow as though he were a piece of the shadow breaking off, and move toward them with a kind of devious accuracy and speed. It was near a small cantina that the women had stopped walking and the girl now noticed that the iron shutter which most Mexican stores pull down over their front at night, was, on this drinking place, only about two thirds down.

The old lady said, "I don't like this, Joanna. I think there's something wrong." The dog growled at the figure coming toward them in its swift, broken advance from shadow to shadow. The backfire sounded again, twice, overhead but farther away, and the running man froze in shadow. Something rang dully on the iron awning and there was the sound of rubble dropping on the awning. Then the man was moving toward them again and the girl said, "Go in there, Auntie," and the old lady stooped to pass under the iron shutter, the dog following her. As the girl bent to follow her aunt, she heard the man, closer, say: "That's it. Go in there. Who told you to come here, anyway?"

HE SPOKE in English and with a curious accent, as though the broad precision of the speech of New England had been overlaid with the hard accent of New York. He was almost up to them now, and the girl saw that he was hatless and in a leather jacket and his face more bony and haggard in its shadows than his stocky body implied. A volley came from the far end of the Plaza before either of them could speak further and now, without effort or resistance, the girl knew that the backfire had been rifle shots.

"Get in," the young man said and took her elbow to half force her under the partly lowered shutter.

Between the shutter and the store front there was a little broken glass on the sidewalk and they could smell the raw, peppery odor of new tequila. The old lady said: "What is the meaning of this, young man?"

"Do you mean me or the shooting?" Herrick said.

"Everything," the old lady said.

"The shooting," the young man said with something like composure, "is over the matter of the distribution of land and water rights. If it gets in the papers back north, it will be called a revolt, and I suppose that that is what it is." His tone, the slight formality of his words, gave and were intended to give an ironic quality to what he said.

"Then why were we not informed of this when we stopped at the hotel?" the old lady demanded as if Herrick were a policeman.

"Why, I imagine it was because the hotel owner wanted to get your twelve or fourteen pesos for the night."

"It was fifteen," the old lady said. "The whole thing is outrageous."

"There's more outrageous things than that happening here and elsewhere," Herrick said. "People have been killed; some of them in this Plaza this afternoon." The words came reluctantly. So often had he spoken or written similar words for propaganda, sometimes untrue, that a kind of ennui attended his use of them now. Sorrow and something like terror both touched him briefly as, speaking now the truth indifferently, he recalled times when he had lied with passion.

"Why were they killed?" the old lady said.

"Oh, some of them didn't have enough to eat, and there were some of them—"

"You sound like a Communist, young man," the old lady said.

"Before I was interrupted," Herrick said, "I was going to say that they are fighting here

Engines love to hear you
Sound your Z
SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Something Special happens when you sound your Z for

PENNZOIL

When listless, war-weary cars perk up again . . . when over-age veterans run as though they'll last forever . . . when younger models reach the upper mileage brackets still fresh and smooth—it's a pretty good sign the owners specify "something special" in motor oils.

It's the Pennsylvania oil especially refined to resist sludge, varnish and other enemies of silky engine performance. To try it yourself, just drive in at the yellow oval sign, ask for Pennzoil—and sound your Z so there'll be no mistake.

GASOLINE POWERS THE ATTACK—DON'T WASTE A DROP!

Better dealers from coast to coast display this sign

*Registered trade mark

Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n. Permit No. 2

PENNZOIL* GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

for personal reasons, also; but, since you mention it, I was a Communist."

"Then you must still be one," the old lady said. "Once a Communist always a Communist."

"Lady," Herrick said, "you would do credit to the party line. But the truth is that I am truly no longer a Communist."

In the dimness between the cantina and the shutter they could now see each other faintly but definitely, and the girl had turned to look at Herrick. Outside, a volley sounded at the corner of the Plaza on the other side of the cathedral, and they could hear half-muffled cries and the dull, formless movement of a vague body of people. By stooping, they could see out under the shutter, but the girl could see nothing that held meaning for her, while Herrick was distracted by the trembling of her shoulder where it had accidentally touched his own as they bent.

"Why are you no longer a Communist?" the girl said.

"Oh," Herrick said, "I didn't like certain things they did back in 1939."

THERE was nothing to be seen in the Plaza but the light beating down on the emptiness of the big square, so they stood up in back of the shutter and Herrick was aware of the girl staring at him in the dimness. "A purist. So you ran away to down here," she said, almost as though asking a question, but not unkindly. "Couldn't you have stayed and done some good as something other than a member of the party? The Army—"

"Look," Herrick said, "I did not hail you and your aunt and get you in here to argue about my personal integrity. I wanted to get you out of the way of the rifle fire. And anyhow it was better to do what I did than to commit suicide as a lot of others in the party did. And anyhow the Army won't have me. I have an elbow another army straightened out. In Spain. You may recall that there was shooting there at one time, too."

"I'm not interested in your personal problems, young man," the old lady said behind them. "I want to know how best to get out of here."

"You'll just have to wait," Herrick said. "If you go out in the street before the federal troops come, you'll be shot at."

"But we weren't shot at coming into the Plaza," the old lady said.

"That's what you thought," Herrick said.

"But we are American tourists," the old lady said.

"Which, of course, makes you immune to violence," Herrick said. "Tell the Indians that. They don't speak Spanish either."

Outside, they could hear the noise of feet advancing gradually from the far end of the Plaza to the end where the cathedral stood, and Herrick and the girl bent again to look. The crackle of rifle fire broke out to either side of the cathedral and up in the houses that were on both sides of the Plaza. The advancing men paused and one of them slumped quietly to the ground. The others broke and ran, the thin electric light showing on them in odd patterns of light and dark. The girl cried quietly and Herrick said: "Don't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid," she said angrily. "I just saw a man die. Don't you believe in anything?"

"No," he said, too quietly. "Nor anybody."

"I'd believe you more easily and not think you were posing," the girl said, "if you hadn't tried to help us and if you hadn't been coming out of a church."

Herrick paused before answering and in the pause they heard the rattle of fire stop and then three loud reports and a scream, the heavy, dull thud of a body falling from a height not too far from them.

"I was in the cathedral," Herrick said, "because it was the nearest place of shelter when the fighting started." He had the feeling of ennui again; he had lied too often. "I like to look at the candles in the dark, too," he added. "They don't mean anything, but seeing a small, clear light in a dark place, it sometimes seems as though it might mean something. Not something that we have, but that might be, like economic justice," he finished awkwardly. When the girl was silent, Herrick said: "And I came out of the church when I did because I wanted to see what was happening, because I felt some sort of desperation. And I came toward you people to help you in what was, I suppose, a kind of reflex action. If I'd thought about it enough, I wouldn't have moved. Especially if I'd known you were tourists."

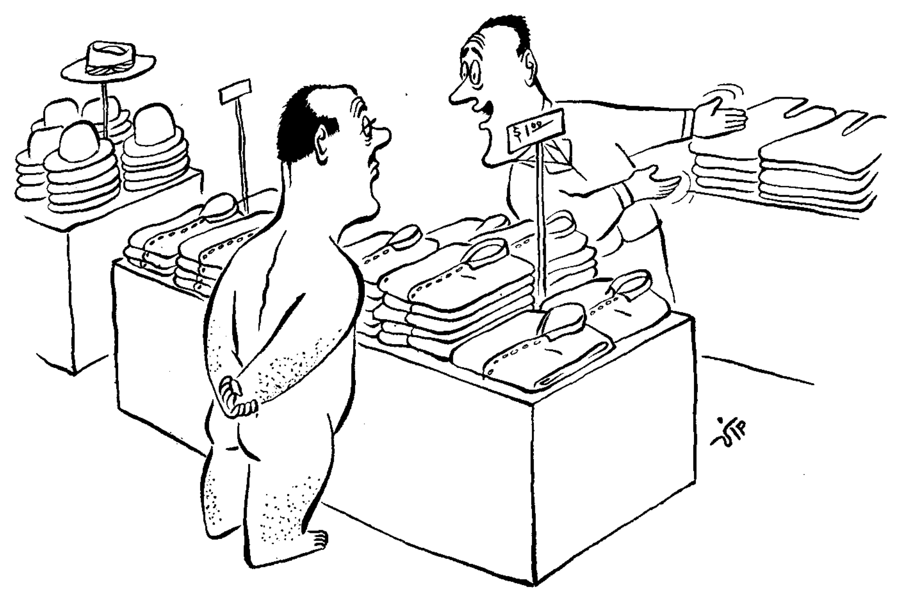
The girl, Joanna, still did not speak, but the old lady said: "Young man, you are also un-American, among other things."

His eyes dropping, Herrick saw that where the light came under the shutter and caught the old lady's gown the watered silk gave back the light in a faint almost imperceptible iridescence. He supposed that in the old days he could have managed some sort of parable about the old lady in her rich gown now trapped in a Mexican bar with the bottles of bad tequila smashed on the floor. But now he only said: "Lady, if you are trying to insult me, you can't. I am nothing and am not ashamed of it."

"Well," the old lady said, "I suppose we will have to stay here and put up with your insults until we are rescued. The least you might do is to see if the shutter cannot be lowered all the way."

"It's jammed," Herrick said, without expression. "I tried it when we first came in."

In her anger—or perhaps it was only annoyance—the old lady had forgotten about the white dog and now, groping for its fat body in the dimness of the cantina, could not find it. "Betsy," she said. "Betsy! The dog!"



COLLIER'S "Ties, perhaps? Garters? Gloves?" VIRGIL PARTCH

"It's out in the Plaza," Herrick said tonelessly.

The old lady uttered a small cry and bent stiffly to go under the shutter, when Herrick grabbed her. "Don't be a fool, lady," he said. "They'll shoot at anything that moves out there."

"All right," the old lady said. "You get it, then. I'll pay you well."

"I'm reasonably hungry," the young man said, "but I am not bothering about any dog."

THEY were all three bent and looking out under the shutter to where the dog moved, an uncertain spot of white, near the benches around the bandstand in the center of the Plaza. Occasional bullets began to kick up dust into the pale light near the dog, and the dog jerked, changed form indefinitely and lay, a splotch of white and dark on the grass.

The old lady caught her breath and began to sob dryly. Herrick did not speak and the girl wanted to say something to console her aunt but could not think of anything to say. At the cathedral end of the Plaza, singing had begun, low and defiant. The girl strained to hear the words but could not understand the Spanish.

Ahora si que yo ya tengo
Ahora si que yo ya tengo
Dos camisas que mudar
Una que me han prometido
Una que me han prometido
Otra que me van a dar
Ai, yai yai yai yai

"What are they singing?" Joanna asked.

"One of the old marching songs Villa's men used to sing." Herrick paused and when there was no sound but the old lady's dry and faint sobbing, he said: "Roughly translated, that last verse goes: 'Now I already have two shirts to wear. One which they have promised me and the other which they are going to give me'."

The silence again and the old lady's sobbing stopped. It was silent in the Plaza, too, as the faint, defiant singing stopped, and the old lady said: "It sounds as though he had no shirt at all."

"Lady," Herrick said, "you are beginning to get the idea."

"I thought Villa was a bandit and not a liberator?" Joanna said.

"I suppose he started out to be a liberator, too," Herrick said, almost indistinctly. Only after he had stopped talking did the girl realize how bitter his voice was.

THEY had stood up, but Herrick bent again now to look, attracted by the silence that still filled the Plaza. His almost wordless exclamation was sharp enough to startle the two women, and when Joanna bent to look her own cry choked in her throat like something solid. Two little girls were standing, hand in hand, near the bandstand, in its shadow and apparently bewildered by the silence and emptiness. They looked about seven and five and had apparently been sleeping under the stand.

Herrick, recognizing the Archuleta children, was shouting at them in an undertone of bad Spanish, but the children either didn't hear him or didn't understand him. "Oh, hell," he said, and was out under the shutter and running toward the children through the pale, granular light.

There was no shot until he had the older child by the hand and then, for an instant, a puff of dust froze them there, a scene that would always remain in the minds of the women watching: The bullet kicking dust up into the light and Herrick holding the older child's hand and the older one the hand of the younger. The three of them were caught briefly there in the light, as, through the older child, Herrick tried to move the younger one from bewilderment into action. Then they were running through the light that was like a pale yellow dust, an echelon of three, Herrick ahead, half dragging the others. And the second shot, the spurting dust behind and beyond them. Then they, under the shutter, Herrick stooping, the children running under erect.

And no sound for a moment except the heavy breathing, like sobs, and the old lady sobbing, none of them sure over what.

"Now," Herrick said, "you can tell me how noble I am. Instinct or something," he added, as if to himself.

"Oh, be quiet," Joanna said.

The shots had started up the shooting again all around the Plaza. The light on the floor of the cantina changed and the old lady had trouble finding the noses of the little girls to wipe. Herrick stooped again to look and saw that a whole corner of the Plaza, the corner nearest them and to the right of the cathedral, was in comparative darkness.

He stood up and turned to the girl. "A shot has cut a wire," he said. "If you want, we ought to be able to get away from this place."

"I think we ought to wait for the troops," the old lady said. "And there's the children."

"It might be half a day," Herrick said, "before the troops come. And no good will come to any of us here if street fighting starts."

"Oh, all right," the old lady said. "Besides I'm hungry and I imagine the children might be, too."

They went out under the shutter, Herrick first, into the gloom under the iron awning. The children walked straight up, still bewildered. They went along under the awning, hugging the iron shutters of the stores and cantinas. Occasional bullets struck the upper stories of the buildings and again adobe rubble fell onto the awning.

Near the corner of the street that ran into the Plaza in front of and at right angles to the cathedral, Herrick paused until Joanna was near him, when he said in a low voice: "I don't know why I'm doing this."

"It's a little late to say that, isn't it?" the girl said and wondered if her intended irony came through to him.

In the faint light from the still illuminated part of the Plaza, Herrick could see her face, never yet seen clearly by him, and the vague outline of what seemed beauty; all that showed in that strange light. Then she turned from him and began to follow the old lady, who, with a child's hand in either of her own, was going toward the hotel. Herrick stayed close to Joanna, but neither of them spoke.

When they were near the children's home, the little girls broke from the old lady and ran toward it. When she called to them, Herrick told her they lived there; and from near by the three Americans watched the door open to the children's knocking and a woman seize them in her arms with a love that was the imitation of anger.

THEY stood there silently a moment in the street after the door had closed, the two women moved by the spectacle of such a deep emotion showed openly, Herrick suddenly heartsick. He had seen the girl's face clearly for the first time in the light from the open door and he could think now that he had never seen one like it and know clearly that he would never see her again.

The crackle of rifle fire had increased and seemed to be rolling toward them. The girl said: "What are you going to do?"

"Stay here," Herrick said, "I guess. I live next door to the kids."

"I imagine you would be less safe here than a native," the girl said.

Herrick shrugged. He distrusted all emotion, and emotion filled him now like water.

"I don't ask anything of anyone," he said. "I have no faith in people."

"You can't escape people," she said. "They're all around you. Tonight should have shown you that."

He stood there, his arms dangling slightly, feeling not unlike the way he had felt after losing a fight when a boy. He wanted to say to the girl that her aunt's class of people and his own were forever at odds and that he could not ask the aunt for anything. But he couldn't speak and then the old lady spoke.

"Young man," she said, "we have to leave this town tonight and there may be fog in the mountains. I'd appreciate it if you came along to sort of protect us."

"All right," he said indistinctly.

There was no one at the hotel, and Herrick and the girl carried the bags to the car without speaking. When his shoulder touched hers as they both went to get into the front seat, he could feel hers trembling and he knew her bravery had been hard bought. His own came easily from much practice. It was the other newer things that came hard and dear. He was just learning, he told himself. The big car felt powerful through the wheel in his hands, and, swinging up into the pass with its bands of mist, he felt free and even happy.

THE END

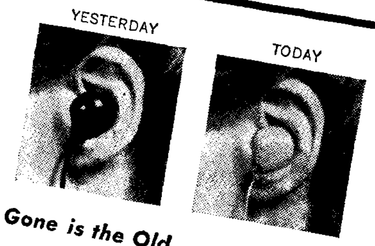
NOW! "A New Look of Youth" in Zenith's RADIONIC HEARING AID with the New *Neutral-Color* Earphone and Cord

Standard Equipment, No Extra Cost! Now, to Zenith's famous precision quality, years of research have added another great advance: an entirely new standard of smartness and style!

With the exclusive new Zenith NEUTRAL-COLOR Earphone and Cord, even the most sensitive-minded person can wear an aid with new confidence and poise. For what modern styling did for eyeglasses, this smart Zenith ensemble does for the hearing aid: gives it a new "look of youth." The visible parts are *scarcely noticeable*—they complement any complexion.

Try it yourself, and see the proof! Discover, too, the remarkable performance and economy that have won for Zenith an amazing popularity among hearing aids! No "high-pressure" methods ... your own ears will decide. Visit your Zenith dispenser. Or mail coupon below for information.

How Can $40 Buy This Fine Precision Quality? Because mass production makes possible far greater precision than small production, and at the same time it cuts costs. This is simply Zenith history repeating itself. Zenith portable radios once sold for $200. Mass production made them better, and lowered the price to $29! Zenith's leadership in PRECISION MASS PRODUCTION is the reason you enjoy Zenith's *highest quality* in a hearing aid at $40!



Gone is the Old "Black Button and Cord"

Note how Zenith's NEW NEUTRAL-COLOR EARPHONE is scarcely noticeable by comparison with "black button." Complements any complexion. Feather-light, comfortable, made of long-wearing plastic.

New TRANSLUCENT PLASTIC CORD, too, looks well with any apparel. Washable... perspiration-proof... kink-proof. Will not fray. Also gives less friction or clothing noise than the old type fabric covered cord.

THE NEW

$40

COMPLETE, READY TO WEAR

Accepted by American Medical Association Council on Physical Therapy

COPYRIGHT 1944, ZENITH RADIO CORP.

ZENITH RADIONIC HEARING AID

BY THE MAKERS OF ZENITH LONG DISTANCE RADIO

RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

All Production Now for War or Rehabilitation

CANADIANS! The New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is now available in Canada—*direct by mail only*—at $40 complete (Canadian currency) with no additional charge for transportation, duties or taxes! For particulars write our Canadian distributor, Dept. C-10, Zenith Radio Corporation of Canada, Ltd., Guaranty Trust Bldg., Windsor, Ont.

PASTE ON PENNY POST CARD AND MAIL

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, Dept. C-10
P. O. Box 6940A, Chicago 1, Illinois

Please send me your FREE descriptive booklet on the New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid.

Name

Address

City *State*

☐ Physicians please check here for special literature.

Railroad Crossing

Continued from page 50

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

were really going to town. "Seventy-five," the engineer called across to me when I shouted, "How fast?"

Fighter planes flying 400 miles an hour have made 75 miles an hour seem slow moving—on paper. But when you ride 75 miles an hour in the cab of a swaying, rocking, roaring locomotive, you know you are traveling fast—very fast. And you find yourself thinking, unwillingly, about something that railroaders say enginemen never are able to drive altogether out of their consciousness—about the terrific momentum and deadly crushing power of the hundreds of tons of cars roaring over the rails right at your back.

The cab of a steam locomotive is at about the center of the 200-ton engine-and-tender combination. It is only about four feet long. Immediately in front of it is the unbelievably hot firebox, into which the fireman sends about a ton of coal an hour. Every few minutes, he hoses off the floor of the cab, to clear off the coal dust and keep the steel from getting any hotter. In front of the firebox is the 30-foot-long boiler, filled with boiling water and steam. Behind the tender, roll the other hundreds of tons of steel cars. If "something happens," and you are trapped by the steel sides of the locomotive cab between the red-hot firebox and that onrushing juggernaut . . .

Warning Signal Ignored

But when you've got that far, it's wise to make yourself think about something else.

We ran through a deep cut. The engineer blew for a crossing I couldn't see. Just as he finished the short third blast of the warning signal, a car drove out onto the track, slowed almost to a stop for a breath-taking second as the driver shifted gears, and then got safely across with thirty yards to spare. The dirt road by which he had approached the tracks had been cut through a hillside down to the railroad's grade, so a car on it was invisible from the locomotive cab.

At our next stop I remarked to the engineer about the dangerousness of that particular crossing.

"It's a bad one," he agreed, "but I don't worry much about the bad ones. Nearly everyone is careful of them. Most accidents happen at wide-open crossings that *seem* so safe the drivers don't bother to look and listen before they start across the tracks."

He told me of a wreck last January on a small, private road, when a gasoline truck was driven right in front of a southbound local, No. 5, at night, near Friendship, North Carolina.

"No one knows why," he said. "It was a clear night, and the locomotive headlight could be seen for half a mile from the crossing."

Accidents like that swell the grade-crossing toll out of all proportion. People who use familiar country roads know the railroad schedule so well that too frequently they depend on memory instead of their eyes and ears.

In the Friendship smash, the engineer jammed on his brakes. The locomotive sheared between the tractor and the tank trailer, and by good luck stayed on the rails. The truck tank was smashed by the collision. Locomotive and coaches were drenched with gasoline. It splashed against the firebox, and instantly No. 5 became a flaming rocket hurtling through the night.

The fireman was charred to a crisp at his post; the engineer was burned so badly that he died the next day. The truck driver, thrown clear of the wreckage, escaped with minor injuries and memories which no one will envy him. The brake riggings were ripped off the locomotive and the first coach, so the train didn't stop until it had gone a quarter-mile beyond the point of collision. That was lucky for the passengers; if the brakes had stopped it before it cleared the crossing, where the gasoline tank was blazing, many of them would have been burned to death, too.

That wreck, I learned later, meant $15,000 worth of damage done to the railroad's equipment and right of way, when shortages of labor and materials make a tough problem of getting even the most essential work done. Two trainmen sent to horrible deaths, when an experienced railroader is worth more to his country than a trained soldier. Three trains delayed for a total of nine hours, when every train delay means a slowdown in the war effort. A tank truck sent to the scrap pile when every such truck is desperately needed.

And all because a truck driver broke a rule of ordinary common sense by driving onto a grade crossing before he made sure that no train was coming!

We thundered along one stretch of track paralleled by a highway which turned suddenly and crossed the railroad at grade. A car overtook and passed us shortly before we came to the crossing, and I saw the engineer's face tighten, and then relax when he saw the speeder waiting at the road turn for the train to pass. Many a reckless motorist has lost his own life and endangered other people's by trying to cut across the tracks ahead of a train for a cheap triumph gained over an engineer interested only in his job of getting his train over his run safely, comfortably and on time.

In a California wreck of that kind not long ago, a young motorist's body was thrown by the express engine against the heavy eight-by-eight post that carried the warning signal—thrown so violently that it snapped the post in two.

In the course of seven hours on our run from Atlanta, I had plenty of opportunity to see how grade crossings in many diverse locations look to the man in the locomotive cab, and to realize how utterly powerless he is to avert accidents at them. Most of the motor vehicles which are struck on railroad crossings are driven onto the tracks so close to the onrushing locomotive that the brakes have no chance to take hold, and all the engineer can do is duck his head.

Repeatedly we roared past trains going in the opposite direction on the double track.

"That always makes it bad!" the fireman shouted at me.

Always there was a moment of extra tension as we cleared the end of the flashing line of cars; there might be a grade crossing just beyond! A surprisingly large number of accidents result from overconfident drivers who wait at a crossing for one train to pass, and then drive in front of one coming in the opposite direction.

Rising Toll of Accidents

And the engineer told me that, the day before I rode with him, a long freight train was rammed in the middle by an automobile traveling at high speed. Three cars were knocked off the track. In another such accident, a California farmer ran into the side of a train stalled on a country crossing at night.

When he regained consciousness, he looked first at his wrecked car, then at the train. Finally, with rising anger, he demanded, "Why didn't he blow his whistle?"

In Silver Creek, Nebraska, late last year, a truck driver stopped for a flashing light, noticed a train standing on a near-by siding, decided that it was actuating the signal, drove onto the crossing, and was killed by a Union Pacific express train.

Recently three young fellows disregarded a warning gong and a flashing red light, and tried to beat a freight train over a crossing. The engineer merely applied his brakes gently, and smashed ahead into them. Reason? The train consisted of forty-one cars of explosives. The locomotive struck the boys' car and killed all three of them Fortunately, the train wasn't derailed. If it had been, or even if the engineer had applied his brakes too hard, there might have been a disaster as tragic as the one caused by an ammunition ship blowing up in Halifax harbor in the first World War.

Daylight faded into dusk, and dusk deepened into darkness. I sat on the fireman's seat box looking ahead at the headlight-illuminated right of way. Across the cab the gray-haired engineer smoked a cigarette in a long holder. With close to forty years of engine-driving experience under his long-peaked black cap, he was mentally alert but physically so relaxed that he seemed almost casual.

A white whistling post loomed spookily at the side of the track, and our locomotive shattered the night with its hoarse warning. As we approached the crossing, my eyes froze on it. When we were fifty yards from it, and the whistle was starting its final shriek, a change seemed to come over the locomotive. It seemed to shake off human control, increase its speed, and swoop down on the crossing like some gigantic and ferocious bird of prey. It was just a trick played by tired eyes and taut nerves; but if every automobile driver could ride in a cab and experience that sensation of a locomotive's vindictive power, there would be fewer grade-crossing accidents.

One Moment of Terror

Other whistling posts flashed past. As we approached one crossing, I saw the headlights of a car coming toward it slowly, on the engineer's side. The car slowed almost to a stop, then speeded up again—and the locomotive's boiler blocked my view of it. Then I saw it again—on the crossing and directly in front of the monster that seemed to be leaping at it. At the final moment I ducked my head behind the boiler. When I looked up again, the fireman was grinning, but his face had gone gray. Out of the cab window I caught a fleeting glimpse of a red taillight scuttling down a dark road.

The engineer stared across at us for a split second; then asked in a voice that rasped above the engine's roar, "Did we hit him?"

The fireman shook his head. "Missed him," he said. He mopped his face with a red bandanna. "Yassuh!" he elaborated. "We missed him—*jest!*"

Many accidents are caused by locomotives hitting stalled cars or trucks. Not long ago a Rocky Point, Washington, driver let one of the front wheels of his truck slip off the crossing planks. The truck stalled, he looked up in time to see a Northern Pacific freight train swooping down on the crossing. He jumped quickly enough and far enough to save his own life—but the train was derailed, and a trainman was killed and two were injured. In Niles, Ohio, a freight was derailed when it struck a stalled car. A passenger train plowed into the wreckage of the vehicle. Two trainmen were killed and three injured in the double accident.

Most city grade crossings are guarded by watchmen, but some automobile drivers pay so little attention to them that each year several watchmen are killed by cars they are trying to stop. Automatic gates, operated by approaching trains in much the same way that automatic block signals are, and reinforced with attention-attracting clanging gongs and flashing lights, are disregarded to an extent that staggers belief. One such gate, in New Orleans, was broken down seventy-one times in a single year.

Safety experts are, of course, agreed that grade crossings should be, as far as possible eliminated. But after riding around in the cab of a locomotive for a while, you realize that it just can't be done. There are too many of them, with new ones being added wherever areas become more thickly settled. To eliminate all of the 227,496 grade crossings in the United States would cost more than the entire 26 billions invested in railroads and their equipment. During the past 10 years, about 20,000 grade crossings have been done away with, and about 10,000 new ones created.

That puts it pretty much up to the motorists, at least for the duration of the war. And they're not doing so very well at it.

THE END

Disciples of Diogenes

THE PERSON	THE HONESTY
Real estate agent, Tulsa	He advertised a house for sale as having "ratty decorations, leaky basement, no furnace."
Motorist Newark	He asked the ration board to issue him extra coupons so he could stop using black market tickets.
Soldier, March Field	He refused to cash his Army pay check because he felt he was only doing his duty.
Motorist, Racine	He telephoned the police station that he had gone through a red light when no traffic officer was around.
Convicted gunman, New York	He informed the judge that he was determined "never to go straight again."
State Legislator, Trenton	He returned his pay check because he "didn't do enough work to earn the money."
Superior Court Justice, Boston	He publicly stated, "A judge is only a lawyer who knew a governor."

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

Here is a picture taken on the new Ansco Color film.

Right now, there's only a very small amount of this film around. Since June, 1940, the Army, Navy, and civilian war industries have been using the bulk of it. *Which is just as it should be!*

More Ansco Color coming!

But please be patient. More and more Ansco Color will be released gradually...although it may take a while to find its way to your dealer's shelves.

We want you to know about Ansco Color in advance *because we believe it will affect everybody who is seriously interested in photography.*

• • •

Lend a helping hand!

Do a vital job for your country by helping harvest our much-needed food.

Get paid for your spare time...week ends...1 or 2 days a week...your vacation periods...by helping to make our food fight for freedom. Visit your U. S. Employment Service Office and tell them you want to join the U. S. Crop Corps!

• • •

BUY *MORE* WAR BONDS!

• • •

Ansco, Binghamton, New York. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation.

ARMY E NAVY

Ansco film

ANSCO COLOR FILM
DAYLIGHT TYPE
Ansco
COLOR REVERSIBLE FILM

cameras

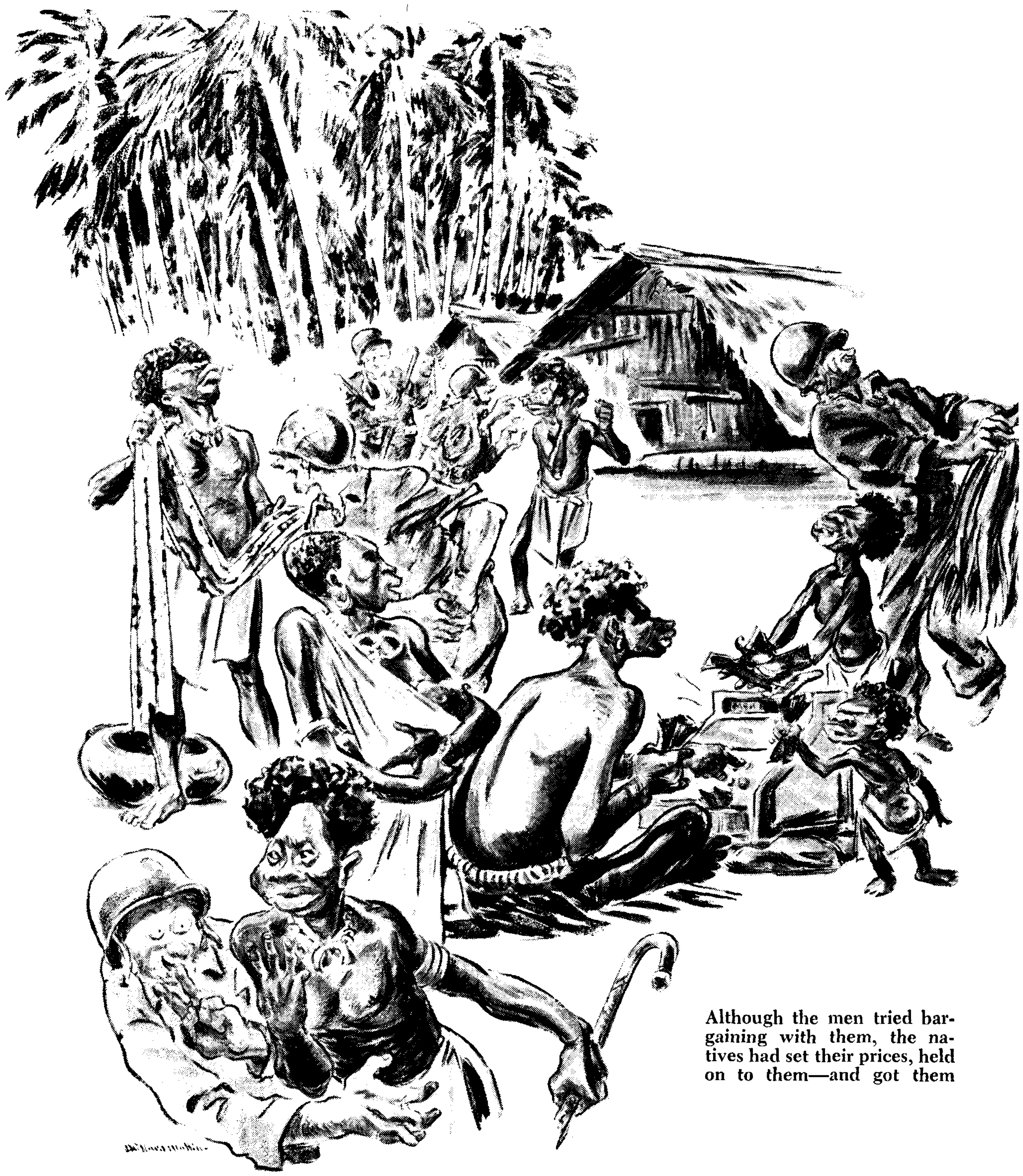
formerly Agfa Ansco

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY TAVERN
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Distilled and Bottled by
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
INCORPORATED
Owensboro – Kentucky
THE MASTER STROKE

its quality and character still the pride
rust of the same Kentucky family after 73 ye
choice of Kentucky Tavern by those who
fine liquor is indeed a Master Stroke
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporate

THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *WAR* BONDS!



Although the men tried bargaining with them, the natives had set their prices, held on to them—and got them

SOLOMON SALESMEN

By DAVID J. COWEN, Radioman 1/C, U. S. N. R.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD MULLIN

Raised in the tradition of the shrewd Yankee trader, our soldiers and sailors and Marines arrived in the Solomon Islands, well equipped to do big business with the poor, ignorant savages. If they're lucky the boys may be able to emerge with the fillings still in their teeth

GENERATIONS of American boys have grown up in the firm belief that should they ever find themselves in the South Seas, they could barter five- and ten-cent baubles for gold nuggets, precious jewels, beautiful and practically unclad young women, and even whole islands. No savage, said tradition, could resist the lure of a flashy tin bracelet. Didn't the movies show how natives worked day and night, diving for grape-sized pearls, mining gold, hunting up ancient and fabulously precious ornaments—all for a string of beads?

Came World War II, and the new generation of hopeful Yankee traders met up with the savage native in the Solomons—and the Solomon Islanders were savage. Cannibalism, headhunting and woman-stealing had been common amusements in the very recent past. Money, where it existed at all, was the rare-shell, shark-teeth, wild-pig-teeth variety. Along toward the end of the last century, the British came to the islands to trade in coconuts and mother-of-pearl. They introduced the islanders to labor, simple modern products and cash pay—but in a nice, conservative way. Heavy labor on the coconut plantations brought two dollars a month; light labor, one dollar; and natives were recruited for one or two years' work. Naturally they learned a healthy respect for the white man's medium of exchange, which could be had only by hard toil and much sweat.

The first American fighting men to land on the big Solomon island of Guadalcanal had little time for trading. But subsequent waves of American boys, Army, Navy and Marines, who came to hold and develop what had been so dearly wrested from the Nipponese, brought with them an insatiable desire for souvenirs of the famous island. They also brought good American money and nothing to spend it on except cigarettes, soap, shaving gear and other small items, which hardly dented their monthly pay checks.

No one remembers whether it was a soldier, sailor or Marine who first offered two good American dollars for a native grass skirt—but he started something! The startled native had sold grass skirts before to visiting Australians and New Zealanders for a few cents, and glad to get it. When he took this "new" money to the government store and found it was worth twelve shillings—well! Word quickly spread through Guadalcanal, across the bay to Tulagi, out to Savo, up through the northern islands of the group: "Prosperity has landed with the Americans."

Now a Solomon Islander thinks practically nothing of a grass skirt. The tall grass grows wild all over the islands. The womenfolk do all the work of drying and making the skirts and a little six-year-old girl can turn out a dozen a day. Two dollars for a grass skirt knocked Solomon Island economy higher than a P-38. The annual rent on land is only six *cents* an acre for the first five years, and a healthy young wife could be had for about twenty dollars in cash or pigs paid to her father (the British had put a stop to most of the wife-stealing).

How to Make Money without Working

The Solomon Islander never was a great one for work—his climate just isn't conducive. Still, he had submitted to labor in order to buy luxuries like calico, pipe tobacco, salt pork, bully beef and rice. He was willing to labor for money *if* that was the only way to get it. But once he realized that Americans would pay "big" money for grass skirts and other souvenirs, he did what any other people would have done: He went into the souvenir business wholesale.

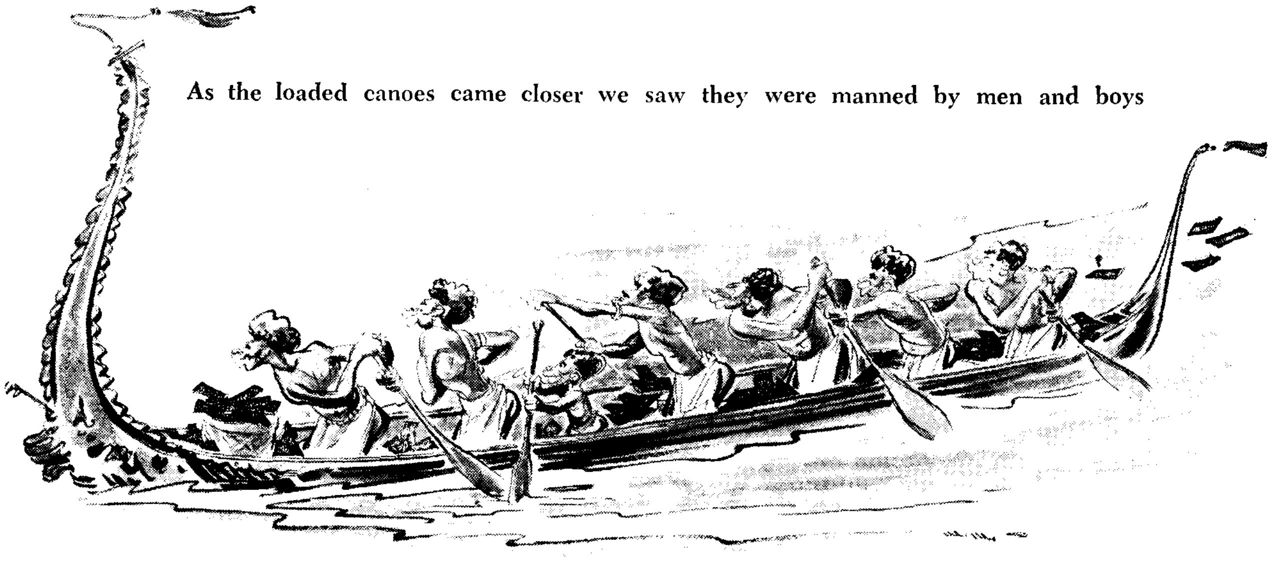
My first experience with the souvenir trade came the second day after we had arrived on Guadalcanal. Like every American landing there for the first time, I was fully aware of two things: First, this was Guadalcanal, *the* Guadalcanal; second, I wanted some souvenir of this place to send home.

Another sailor and I were sitting in a Seabee jeep waiting for our mail clerk when we noticed three bushy-haired, brown-skinned native men not over fifty feet away. We looked at the natives, at each other, and back again at the natives. Without consulting, we both reached into our jeans and pulled out what spare change we had. We both had the same idea—maybe, just *maybe:* These natives had some little something or other we could buy for souvenirs. We were about to call out to the three natives when they spotted us and flat-footed it to our jeep. Each brown "boy" carried five or six grass skirts in each hand and had a native "bi-lum," a small carrying bag, slung over his shoulder. The bi-lum was bulging. They just stood there, staring at us. I pointed to the least vicious-looking of the trio and motioned him to come closer.

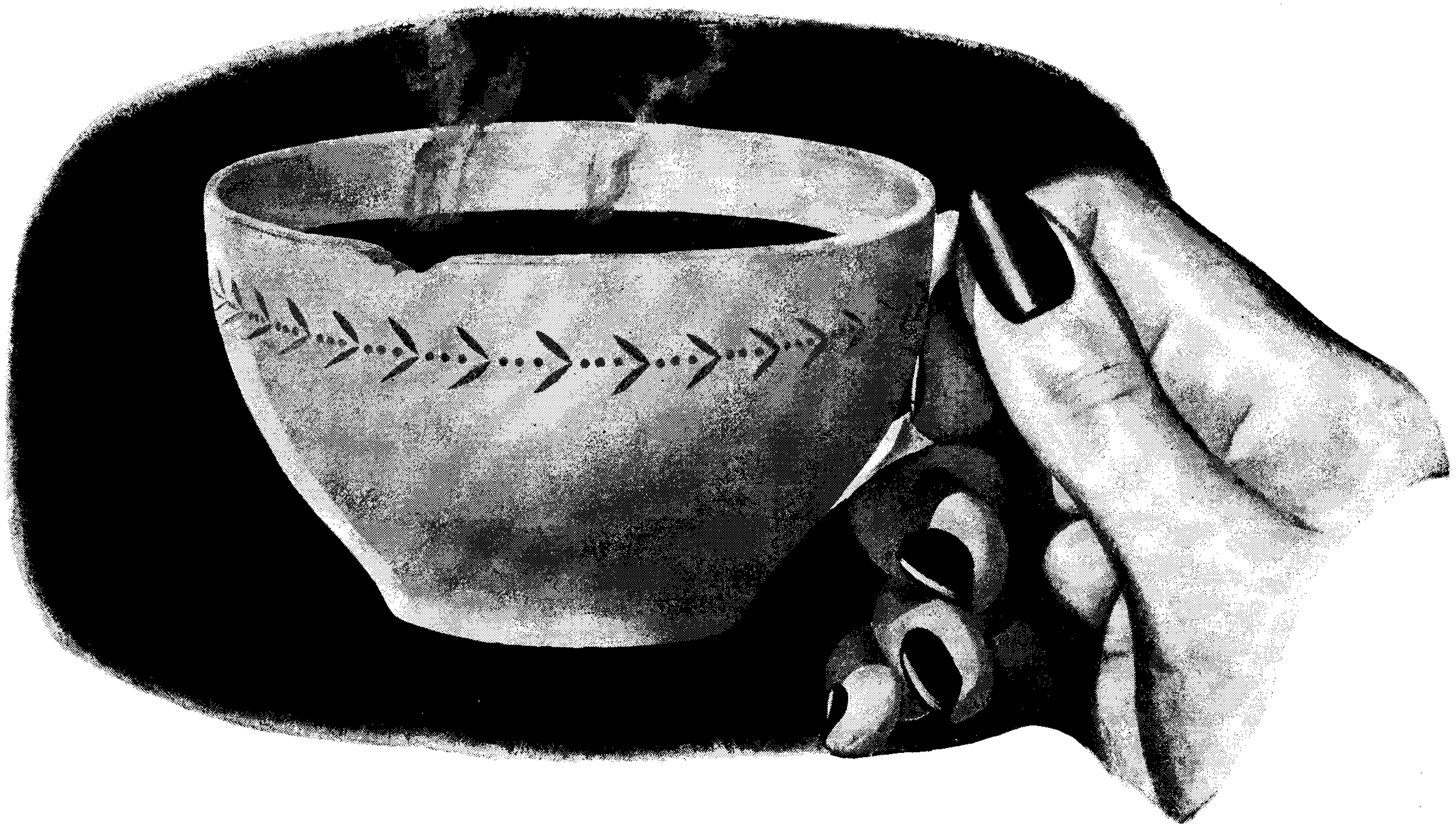
"Skirt—how much?" I said to him in my kindest "white man to native" voice. He mumbled something incoherent. This was going to be difficult, I thought. I wanted that grass skirt, or maybe *two*, one for my girl friend and one for the folks, and I was fully prepared to pay any price up to fifty cents a piece. But unless I could make this poor savage understand me—

I held up one of the brightest quarters I had and pointed it at the grass skirt, giving him to understand in sign language that I was willing to part with this hard, shiny American coin for his stringy old skirt. Again he mumbled incoherently something that sounded like "T' dolla."

Figuring he just didn't know the (*Continued on page 81*)



As the loaded canoes came closer we saw they were manned by men and boys



The chipped teacup of the PATRIOTIC Mrs. Jones

No matter who the guest—Mrs. Jones brings out her chipped teacup with no embarrassment. On the contrary, with a thrill of pride.

Not very pretty, that chip. But it bears witness to the fact that Mrs. Jones has her nation's welfare at heart.

Mrs. Jones has given up all unnecessary spending for the duration. By doing *without*—she is helping to fight inflation.

Maybe she doesn't know all the complicated theories about inflation. But she does know that her government has asked her *not to spend.*

So Mrs. Jones is making all the old things do... not only that teacup. She's wearing her clothes for another year—and another. She's not competing with her neighbors for merchandise of any sort.

And the dollars she's not spending now are safely put away (and earning interest) for the peacetime years ahead. *Then* those dollars will buy things that can't be had for any price today.

If we all are like Mrs. Jones, there will be no inflation with skyrocket prices. If we all are like her, dangerous Black Markets cannot exist.

A chipped teacup stands for all that . . . for a *sound*, *secure* U. S. A.

7 RULES FOR PATRIOTIC AMERICANS TO REMEMBER EVERY DAY

1. Buy only what you *absolutely need*. Make the article you have last longer by proper care. Avoid waste.
2. Pay no more than ceiling prices. Buy rationed goods only by exchanging stamps. (Rationing and ceiling prices are for *your protection*.)
3. Pay willingly any taxes that your country needs. (They are the cheapest way of paying for the war.)
4. Pay off your old debts—avoid making new ones.
5. Don't ask more money for the goods you sell or for the work you do. Higher prices come out of everybody's pocket—including *yours*.
6. Establish and maintain a savings account; maintain adequate life insurance.
7. Buy all the War Bonds you can—and hold 'em!

Use it up...Wear it out...Make it do...Or do without

HELP US KEEP PRICES DOWN

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

Detroit Develops Peace Nerves

Continued from page 22

But in both the offices of management and the union, there are doubts of the practicality of all this. Two hundred thousand men left the assembly lines for the armed services. Already 13,000 are back, having been demobilized, and the great majority of the remainder will come back. Somebody will be displaced. Seniority rights to jobs accrued to men in the service. It all sounds very simple: Give these men their jobs back. But it's not so simple.

Those who are displaced by returning servicemen have no intention of giving over with a smile. Some of them are pretty tough lads, capable of kicking up plenty of trouble for union mahouts, eager to rally malcontents, gifted with loud voices, utterly at odds with the Thomases and the Reuthers in the union's high offices in other matters, too, as, for example, race equality.

We hesitate to set down statistics, lest they be taken too literally. But in the main, they're as nearly accurate as Detroit can compile them. For example, of the 800,000 or so workers on the war-production assembly lines of the automotive industry, between twenty-five and thirty per cent are women. A hundred thousand Negroes have drifted into the Detroit area since Pearl Harbor, bringing Detroit's Negro population to something like 250,000. Are the women to quit work, making room for men? And if they won't do it voluntarily, who's to make them? Must the Negroes step aside?

You may take it for what it's worth, but almost all the Negro leaders say that their duration brethren have no intention whatever of returning to the shovel and the hoe of the cotton field or to the penury of the sharecrop farm. If that's so—well, what? Are the women to be laid off first when the real employment cutbacks start? Are the Negroes?

The Negro fears that he'll be sacrificed and is prepared to resist. Just how he will resist will be apparent in due time. He expects the government to protect him. He hopes that Mr. Roosevelt will be re-elected, that the Committee on Fair Employment Practices will survive and be given power. If not—well, we'll see. Anyway, it's one of the reasons why Detroit looks nervously at the future.

Who's to Step Out First?

If there is any one reasonable certainty in Detroit's reconversion to peace production, it is that, whether they like it or not, women workers will be asked to give up their jobs to men. But the white worker will insist that the Negro be the next to be laid off. The union officials deplore this but, in the interests of their own security, are not expected to make a firm stand in behalf of the colored worker. Moreover, no objection to the replacement of colored by white workers is likely to come from the employers, most of whom either hold the opinion that, as a race, the Negro is an inept mechanic, or they frankly share the race prejudice so common in the shops.

Without dilating unduly on this least cheerful aspect of Detroit's postwar outlook, the almost doubled Negro population has become a nasty political dilemma. Exhorted by his leaders, his newspapers and his clergy, convinced of his voting importance, brought by the Roosevelt Administration to a race consciousness never before realized, the Detroit Negro is in no mood to be brushed off. He and his problems have been handled by supposedly responsible and intelligent whites in an appallingly stupid manner—the federal government having contributed no small measure of this dim-wittedness.

The Negro names the federal housing agencies as the greatest of all segregators. He has been refused federal housing loans. He complains that his color has barred him from building-materials priorities granted to white men. Why this has been done is not discoverable in any brief survey of Detroit. But that it has been done has solidified the Negro front.

Among the plans which the city of Detroit has drawn up for postwar improvements is a civic center. This center would remove hundreds of Negroes from a section into which they have spread from Paradise Valley and other slums. The Negroes tell you that they won't move—won't sell, won't budge—unless equally desirable residential districts are made available to them at no loss of money, face or convenience. The city government regards the situation with no enthusiasm whatever, although it proceeds, at least, with its planning. But it just goes to show.

In the meantime, in a Detroit armory, the State Guard, substituting for the militia, is on the alert for trouble. On a wall hangs a huge map of the city. Below that map, twenty-four hours a day, sits the State Guard's GHQ, taking police reports from trouble spots—spots marked on the map by buttons. In the armory are guns, armored cars, ammunition and other riot medicine, and men to use them. Once a week volunteers present themselves for training in riot tactics, among them many white war workers.

Talk of all this to the Army and the Navy, and you're rewarded with either a wounded look or an appeal to your patriotism. Why not abandon the whole subject? Why make such conditions public (as if they weren't already)? Why not wait until the war's won before going into all this? You get nowhere at all replying that it will then be too late, that if Washington won't forget party politics long enough to face the easily obtainable facts and do something courageous, individuals will—and probably make a spectacular mess of it. And it's all very well for the Army and the Navy to assure you that the end of the war is not in sight—and incidentally be quite right about it.

hilda terry

COLLIER'S "Ever had the feeling you're not being watched?" HILDA TERRY

From their own leaders, from their newspapers, from radio prophets and by their own interpretations of plans and planners—industrial, municipal and union—the Detroit workers, regardless of race, are becoming convinced that the war—at least in Europe—will end in a hurry, perhaps this fall, and that anyway the day is not far off when the job situation will collapse. And then, they predict, the scramble will be on, with every man for himself.

If you're looking for the war's idealism, don't try Detroit. Don't listen to John Hostak, the Bohemian foundryman poet. Don't listen to Stanley Kaluskzyn, the Polish die maker statesman. Don't listen to welder Rosa Lamb, who thinks that Russia's Soviets have become Ladies' Aid Societies. Don't listen even to Prophet Jones, the miracle man who is called the Greater Father Divine and who moans: "The curse of work is fixin' to leave you now. Say Amen."

These people are spellbinders, fire-breathers, wahoos, rousers. They tell their audiences that today and tomorrow are every man's personal fight. Survival of the fittest. Realists. They say that the end of the war is just out yonder a little way. So watch your step, brother, watch your job. Unemployment's in the air, brother. You're a mass-production hero today, son. Keep your eyes open or you'll be a bum tomorrow. And their audiences go away, muttering, shaking their heads.

In Detroit, there is much talk of decentralizing industry. At best, it is vague talk. The managements speak of it as something to be viewed from afar. They don't accent it. They have nothing remotely resembling plans for it, and yet two factors in this perhaps remote possibility cause no end of concern in U.A.W.-C.I.O. headquarters—the appraising eyes turned by the managements upon government-built war plants elsewhere and upon the lower wage scales, even under union contracts, in the South.

No one worth listening to believes that the automotive industry has any thought of abandoning Detroit, leaving it and the other motor cities within its immediate influence to become ghost towns. Few things are sillier than to envision, for example, the removal of Mr. Ford's stupendous River Rouge plant. Yet today the vast General Motors industry is spread through 105 plants in 46 cities.

The war has spraddled the whole industry far and wide, and it is not readily inconceivable that it will not withdraw into its former isolationism. General Motors has set aside $500,000,000 for reconversion, for expansion. A considerable portion of this will be spent in returning its prewar plants to a peace basis—but not all, by any means.

And if you think that the United Automobile Workers (C.I.O.) are passing this off with a shrug, you simply don't know what's going on. The union will tell you that the industry is quite willing to accept the temporary inconveniences that dispersal will incur, provided that thus the manufacturers can take advantage of lower wages elsewhere. By way of counterattack, the U.A.W. hopes, within reasonable time, to force upon the managements a blanket wage contract, making pay rates the same the country over; and the union has an even greater ambition to meet immediate postwar exigencies. It has talked to President Roosevelt about this one.

If the U.A.W. has its way, sometime during the current political campaign Mr. Roosevelt will declare himself in favor of a plan whereby all industry will set up funds for worker rehabilitation equal to those earmarked for the reconversion and the expansion of plants and equipment. This is the union's bid for direct inclusion in a spectacular postwar plan which Mr. Roosevelt is expected to announce during the campaign—the time of this announcement to be governed by what is loosely known as psychology.

This proposal is by all means the most enthusiastically received of all the items in the union's own postwar programs. The enthusiasm is confined, however, to the workers. Mr. Walter Reuther, U.A.W.'s vice-president assigned to General Motors, reports that that corporation rejects the idea on the ground that such a "postwar employment security fund is socialistic and visionary."

As you may have expected, the union denies that it has any such characteristics and it adds this warning: "Industry must make a choice. Either it accepts its full responsibility and thus minimizes the necessity for government interference or intervention; or it can refuse to accept its full responsibility and create a situation where the government will be forced to intervene in order to prevent a complete economic collapse, as was the case in 1933."

The Reconversion?

Mr. Ford, never a pessimist, contends that he can begin turning out passenger cars within two months after the last gun. The other manufacturers are not openly skeptical but they make it clear that they think he's a trifle overconfident. The other manufacturers estimate the reconversion period at from six months to a year, all of them adding that the sooner the government gets out of its plants, the shorter will be the reconversion period.

The union is inclined to agree with Mr. Ford—to the extent that at least it shouldn't take more than four months. And here it is worth repeating that the federal government has no opinion at all as far as anyone has been able to discover. Moreover, there has been no single-minded, authoritative agency of government at work with the various automotive interests with a view to facilitating saving reconversion time by industry.

You can't be around Detroit very long without becoming more than somewhat skeptical of plans. Here, as elsewhere in industrial centers, nothing could be more important than that industry, organized labor and the municipality should plan as a unit. Everybody we talked to admitted that integration was essential. They conceded that it was to the economic benefit of all, from Skid Row to Grosse Point and Birmingham, that planners get together. And yet neither the manufacturers, the union nor the city has made any noticeable effort to combine their work, all of them seemingly preferring to work alone, raise doubts, and hope for the best.

Understandably, such plans as the several manufacturers cherish are contingent upon government action and upon the policies of the coming federal administration. The corporations cannot manufacture cars and munitions simultaneously, with complete success. We've already stated the principal beef of the manufacturers: What to do with government machinery, renegotiation of contracts, disposal of government-owned plants and so on. To be completely fair, it must be conceded that the manufacturer's job is no mere breeze from here to there; and industry is not at all sure what you mean when you speak of the "end of the war."

Will the government cancel fifty or sixty

A·1

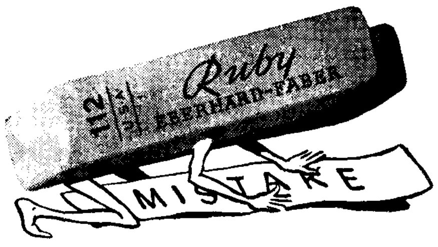
SAUCE

Ask for A·1 when dining out.
Keep A·1 on the table at home.

One sauce for all meats, fish, fowl, eggs, beans or salads. The international favorite for over 100 years. *Not rationed.*

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH



PRONE PRESSURE TO THE RESCUE!

Accidents do happen...

Eberhard Faber erasers have the life-saving "know-how" ... you just supply the pressure. Remember the name. Ask your Stationer.

EBERHARD FABER

Erasers FOR EVERY PURPOSE

"RUB AND RELAX WITH MIFFLIN"
MIFFLIN

Hot and sticky? Feel "all in"?
What a day this *one has been!*
Want a cooling, soothing treat?
Mifflin Rub—it can't be beat!

Mifflin means the highest standard of tested quality. Unscented, and in Pine, Lavender, Wintergreen.

MIFFLIN

ISOPROPYL ALCOHOL RUBBING COMPOUND

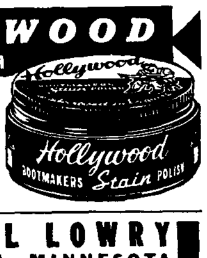
★ THE NATIONAL RUB-DOWN ★

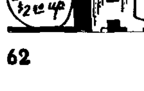
HOLLYWOOD
SHOE POLISH

KEEPS 'EM SHINING

For longer shoe life and wear, use Hollywood Stain shoe polish. At chain, independent dealers.

Hollywood Polish Co., Richmond Hill, N.Y.




Room with Bath $2 to up

HOTEL LOWRY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
←GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

per cent of its orders when Germany collapses? Will fifty or sixty per cent of war industry's facilities be returned promptly to peace production while we still fight Japan? And will tax schedules be rewritten to permit the industrialists to expand into plants not given over to continued war production when Germany quits? And so on and on and on.

Planning is relatively simple for the union, although the success of its plans is so dependent on the success of the manufacturers that programs written today must of necessity be pretty general. The union's plans involve jobs and wages. They are embodied in a brief three-point affair. Thus:

1. Institution by the War Labor Board of an industrial wage-stabilization policy and the creation of tripartite (government-management-labor) wage commissions to work out and administer a master wage agreement based on the principle of equal pay for equal work, regardless of the geographical location of the plant or the product manufactured.

2. Provide each employee with a minimum of forty-eight hours of work a week.

3. Initiation by government of a National Wage Policy which will guarantee forty-eight hours' pay a week to employees who work less than forty-eight hours a week through no fault of their own; the cost to be borne by government when the short work week is due to material shortages, change of schedules and specifications, and by management when they are responsible.

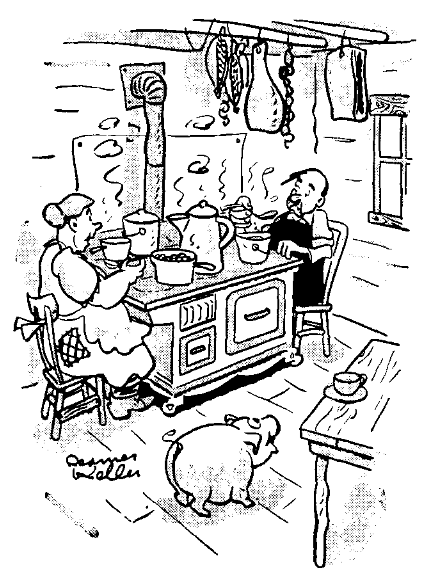
The Position of Management

Management reads this program without elation. It has not openly discussed postwar wages, except to speculate in a general way about "fair postwar pay" and "the probability that labor will be required to make adjustments." But it is quite frank in its opinion that if wages are standardized on a country-wide basis, if war pay rates are carried over into peace production, cars will cost more. Again Mr. Ford dissents. His cars, says he, will cost no more than they did before he stopped making them. And of course labor, too, disagrees.

Listen to Mr. Reuther: "Corporation profits have been more than adequate to meet such increased wage bills, assuming even that such increases are directly reflected in higher labor costs for each unit of output. But such an assumption is without foundation. Staggering decreases in the unit cost of production of the vast proportion of items have already been registered."

Caught between these two postwar scanners, and making much less noise, is the Plan Commission of the City of Detroit. Mayor Edward J. Jeffries and his City Planner, Mr. George F. Emery, have plans which would not only eliminate the city's riot- and crime-breeding slums, beautify Detroit and create new transportation lines and recreation parks, but provide useful profitable employment for thousands.

The always irritating matter of paying for all this is occupying much of Mr. Jeffries' attention, although the State of Michigan is pledged to foot half the bill—within certain limits. However, the municipal plan will be there, should it become necessary for the federal government to set up a public-works program. The mayor's more vocal opposition comes from owners of mid-town real estate, from retail merchants who don't want their customers moved, and from (as we've already said) the Negroes who have moved into the better residential districts within the Grand Boulevard confines.



"Now, ain't this better than havin' me lug the stuff clear over to the table?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

There is no co-ordination in Detroit's planning, and yet there is the common problem—postwar employment. The mayor's Plan Commission estimates that 450,000 persons may be out of jobs in the Detroit industrial area during the postwar reconversion period.

Real Unemployment Fears

When reconversion is completed, the planners fear, more than 200,000 still may be unemployed. If, as everybody hopes, at least 150,000 workers depart from Detroit when the war ends—return to whence they came—the situation may be less unpleasant, but the planners are preferring to work from maximum-unemployment bases. Anyway, there you have the situation. There is absolutely no profit whatever in kidding ourselves.

Even the revivalists are feeling the strain. Whereas, a few months ago, the tent evangelists, the leapfrog glory shouters, the high-pressure salvationeers were playing to record-breaking audiences and reaping cash in buckets, attendance has fallen off and contributions are fast reaching trickle proportions. Belatedly, hundreds of Big Pay Bennies are hoarding their cash. They're still writing postcards to the folks back home, but whereas they once said, "Wish you were here," today's theme, is "How are things there?" Detroit looks nervously at the future.

Thus Detroit today—the greatest, most clangorous of all the world's production centers. Basically the problem, the apprehension, the future-peering is the same in other American industrial cities. Municipal planning may differ, reconversion problems may be less complicated. Actually, the plight of Detroit is the plight of America. War nerves today and peace nerves tomorrow.

THE END

There is a Short Cut to Tokyo

Continued from page 15

important Jap installations, but high winds, ice, fog and snow throughout most of the year limit air and sea operations. A combined naval, air and land operation based on the Aleutians would take us at best to Hokkaido, the northernmost of the main Jap islands, a bleak, barren land important as a base for harassment of Jap industries on Honshu, but not in itself a prime military objective.

Geography, the principal determinant of strategy, offers a second island route to Japan in the south. It's much longer, but here weather permits operations almost the whole year round. This invasion highway lies along the Solomons, the Bismarck Archipelago, New Guinea and the Philippines. Here, as on the northern route, our Navy, Marines and Army forces are well established.

Another important route for invading Japan itself originates in Singapore and the Malay Peninsula and moves northeast through the China Sea to Formosa and thence along Japan's own Ryukyu Islands to Japan itself. A drive over this route would entail the co-operation of the British. It could only follow a successful overland campaign from India, across Burma and Thailand, and the liberation of the Malay Peninsula. It would take some months, perhaps a year or more, to mount an offensive of the required dimensions. It couldn't be undertaken until the war in Europe had ended, and the British were able to put into such a venture all the land, air and sea power they had.

There is still another highroad to Japan. This is, in terms of distances from one base to another, the longest of all, and yet, in other ways, the shortest. Based in the Hawaiian Islands, it bursts through the barriers of the Bonin and Marianas islands, and threatens the Philippines, Formosa and Japan directly. It's the overwater highway to Nippon and the one which, supported by our bases in the Aleutians and the Solomons, carries the one-way traffic of America's present severest blows against the Japs' Pacific fortress.

On the map, the route seems to push almost due west from the American mainland and Hawaii. Actually, it is a flanking assault on the near side of the triangle of defenses built by the Japs in more than twelve years of war in the Orient. This is the great Pacific counteroffensive our strategists studied when they were at Annapolis and later at the War College.

Impetus to War Production

At this point, it is advisable to say that Pearl Harbor didn't catch us quite so much by surprise as laymen are inclined to believe. We lament the dead and the wounded, and the delay and expense of raising sunken ships and refitting them, but the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor hastened rather than retarded the ultimate business of annihilating Japan. America was catapulted into the war, and its factories were plunged into a frenzy of production that shortened the time required in any event to raise our naval and air power to the peak necessary to master the Pacific enemy.

The Navy needed those two years to build the required ships, auxiliaries, amphibious tanks and landing craft for a seapower showdown. But what we needed most was sea-airpower—carriers and planes. These were to prove the decisive weapons. At Pearl Harbor time, we had a surface navy perhaps sufficiently strong to defeat the Japs in battle, but not one to conquer the Japs.

In the two years and eight months since Pearl Harbor, we have created and perfected the naval air weapons and we have developed a new technique for their employment. This is why our strategists do not feel frustrated because the short cut to Japan's doom is closed or because the Pacific island roads are long.

Our Navy planners perfected the weapon which was to decide the issue. They built mobile islands—aircraft carriers.

It is obvious—or it should be—that our strategists have decided to smash through the near or eastern leg of Japan's Pacific defense triangle and reach the far leg. The Navy's surface-and-sea strikes at the Marcus Islands, the landings on Saipan, the raids on Yap and Palau after successful operations in the Marshalls and the Gilberts prove this. Saipan brings Tokyo and the tight cluster of Japanese industrial towns within bombing range. Tomorrow we may land even nearer Japan itself.

There isn't and there never has been in the Navy's mind any "island-hopping" campaign. The strategists might combine powerful drives over the northern and southern approaches to the Jap homeland with the main central thrust. The highly organized gentlemen who determine such matters aren't, however, telegraphing any punches. But this they know: Japan is in for a rough time from now on. Only one thing they'll tell you freely down in Washington and that is: "We've sure got the stuff to do it with."

One of these days, we'll move in for the kill. It's possible that Russia will be ready to move with us.

THE END

Our Armed Forces Must Be Unified

Continued from page 16

once did General Short endeavor to ascertain how the Navy was handling the job.

Granting neglects and derelictions, what stands clearer than that the root cause of the Pearl Harbor tragedy was the lack of a single national security setup, and the fact that two Secretaries in Washington issued their separate commands to two field commanders, each reared in a tradition that co-operation carries the risk of endangering independence?

This entire article could be devoted to the violent and incessant quarreling that marked Army and Navy relations during the Spanish-American War. Admirals and generals indulged in petty jealousies and animosities to a point that might well have proved fatal but for the weakness of the enemy. But why go back to Cuba and Pearl Harbor? Today, as I write, there are at hand equally striking illustrations of the peril that lies in treating the national security as something that can be cut up into bureaucratic divisions and subdivisions, all at the mercy of pull and haul.

As chairman of a Special Senate Committee, created in March, 1941, to check up on the national defense program, my fellow members and I are still recording a dreary succession of wastes, duplications and ugly conflict. That the war effort has succeeded so magnificently, in spite of major obstacles, is a tribute to the courage and resourcefulness of our people.

General Marshall and Admiral King, a good team working in complete accord, have promoted a happier relationship between their two branches, but not even these remarkable men have eased all of the frictions. A stiff-necked contentiousness still marks Army and Navy contacts in the lower echelons and will continue to mark them as long as each arm enjoys an independent status. The failure of General Short and Admiral Kimmel to act as one was the inevitable expression of a traditional cleavage between the two branches.

I do not intend this as an attack or even an arraignment. What else can be expected of an organizational arrangement that departmentalizes the national security, authorizing and encouraging rivalry? I can recall instance after instance where unity, the sense of belonging to the same team, was buried under a weight of partisanship. An unconscious reaction to lifelong training.

Not long since, a DC-3 Navy plane was grounded for ten days at an airfield in Kansas through the loss of an aileron hinge. A Douglas factory, within easy flying distance, had plenty of these hinges, but could not release them as the parts were being turned out under an Army contract. As a consequence, it was necessary for the grounded plane to establish communication with the Aviation Supply office in Philadelphia, which in turn channeled through to the Naval Air Transport Service in Oakland. It was from California that the aileron hinge went to Kansas.

There is no available estimate of the millions wasted by unnecessary duplications. Each service maintains its own set of stock aircraft parts and its own organizational setup for their handling and distribution. There is the same reproduction of facilities in aviation training, although the general pattern is the same except in advanced stages. In many areas, both at home and abroad, separate Army and Navy flying fields have been built at great expense, in some cases actually side by side.

No Surrender of Identity!

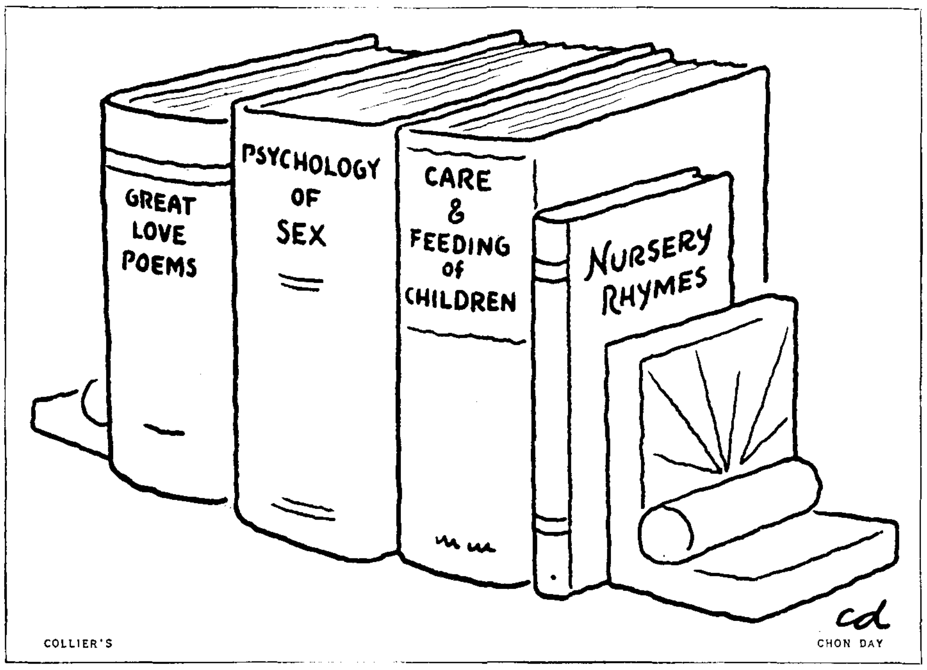
It is true, of course, that specialized facilities are required, such as water for seaplanes, yet in the majority of cases common use is entirely feasible. But no! There must not be any surrender of identity. As a further example, each service has its separate and distinct set of calibers for artillery with just the minute fractional differences which prevent the ammunition from being interchangeable.

The records of the Special Committee are piled high with instances of waste due to the operational gulf that yawns between the services. During the camp-construction program, millions were spent for bulldozers, tractors, trucks, cranes, lumber, etc., the Army and the Navy competing for this equipment. Not only was there no joint purchasing board, but an equal lack of co-operation, when it came to disposal, resulted in additional loss. The Army's recapture clauses were badly drawn and loosely applied, and the Navy contracts contained no recapture provisions at all. Forms were not even provided in connection with disposition.

The case of lumber offers a good illustration. Prior to the start of the camp program, prices averaged $30 per thousand board feet. By September, 1940, due to the spirited competition of war contractors, the average climbed to $41.10. Then, and only then, lumber purchases were centralized, and within a year, prices dropped to $29.35 per thousand board feet. The actual loss, due to competitive bidding, was figured out by the Committee as $13,017,576. Not much, compared with total expenditures, but worth saving.

Other millions were squandered by duplications in the construction of bases and camps. The Great Lakes Training Station, with additional housing, might well have accommodated both the Army and the Navy. If necessary, powerhouses, laundries and general facilities could have been expanded.

Instead of working out a plan for joint use, the Army rushed into Chicago and bought up hotels in a manner that can only be characterized as headlong. The huge Stevens Hotel was purchased, its furnishings sold, and then vacated after thirteen months of occupancy. The Congress Hotel was acquired after putting the management to much trouble and expense, only to have the



COLLIER'S CHON DAY

SPEEDING THE NATION'S GOODS FOR 105 YEARS

THE DEVELOPMENT of the United States followed the trail of the locomotive, and Express Service. Beginning with 1839 when Express Service was started in New England, their histories run shoulder to shoulder. The Railroads opened up the Great West and helped the pioneers win it. By 1883, more than 95,000 miles of railway had been built and over these lines Express met the shipping needs of our expanding nation.

Today, shipments are sped on their way through the coordinated and integrated rail-air Express Service. 10,000 trains carrying express move daily on 230,000 miles of track at modern passenger train schedules. In the air, huge 3-mile-a-minute planes carry ever-increasing numbers of express shipments. Rail-Air Express is doing its part in meeting the needs of war-time shipping. Come peace, this 105-year shipping service will again encompass every conceivable personal item as well as the products of industry and agriculture.

Greetings on a Century of Service

Young Men's Christian Association is 100 years old this year. Railway Express salutes this splendid organization on its century of service. America and the world would be the poorer without the high ideals that the Young Men's Christian Association has furthered, and the services it has so generously rendered.

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE

Army decide that it was not needed after all.

The famous Detroit tool case, in particular, emphasizes the wastefulness of independent, unco-operated action in the war effort. In December, 1940, the Army awarded contracts for a certain type of airplane engine, but switched to another company after a large amount of cutting tools had been made.

The value of these surplus tools, at a fair estimate, was $1,721,136, and yet they were sold as scrap in 1943 for $36,924, about 2 per cent of their value. Misleading inventories induced the War Production Board to authorize the auction. Our Special Committee, in the course of its investigations, uncovered this strange transaction, and, as a result, the Army claims to have repossessed 95 per cent of the tools.

Speaking of the War Production Board, think how its work would be simplified if the war agencies were all under one tent. Then there would be just one claimant for strategic materials, making its own allocations with an eye single to the actual requirements of each service, and preserving a fair balance. As it is, the Army and the Navy are now competing claimants before the WPB, each pressing its demands in rivalry with the other. A screening board has corrected the situation in some degree, but before its creation the Navy and the Maritime Commission virtually cornered all of the nation's valve-making facilities, putting other claimants in the position of Mother Hubbard.

A Flagrant Example of Waste

These instances could be multiplied indefinitely from committee files, but the Canol project best serves to drive home my point that only unification of the fighting arms of government can stop appalling wastes. This undertaking was for the supply of oil to the Alaskan area from a field in the vicinity of Norman Wells, in Canada, only 75 miles south of the Arctic Circle. Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell authorized the project on April 30, 1942, estimating the cost at $34,000,000 and directing that it be completed by October 1, 1942.

All hopes with no base in reality. Canol did not come even into partial operation until May, 1944, and then only with limited quantities of truck gasoline produced at excessive cost. And instead of $34,000,000, the bill on that date had mounted to $134,000,000, not counting the pay of officers and enlisted men for several months and the cost of air transport.

General Somervell, called to the witness stand, admitted that no other department of government was ever consulted. The Navy had as great an interest in oil for Alaska as the Army, but the Navy was ignored. So were the Petroleum Administrator, the War Production Board, the War Shipping Administration and Lend-Lease. General Somervell, in fact, stated quite bluntly that the project was out of their fields and not part of their job. Here was not merely a refusal to cooperate, but the positive assertion by one agency that others did not have to be considered, even though equally interested.

Had other war agencies been consulted there is small doubt that Canol would have died aborning. On learning about the project, after it was under way, the Secretary of the Navy, the Petroleum Administrator and the War Production Board united in urging its abandonment. Secretary Ickes went so far as to brand the undertaking as "well-nigh fantastic," and the WPB damned it as a "huge and useless program . . . which will never serve a useful purpose." Testimony was offered that four tankers, at any time after April 30, 1942, could have carried in one trip more 100-octane gasoline, motor gasoline and fuel oil than would be produced by the entire Canol project by January 1, 1945.

Worse than the squandering of millions was the waste of manpower and vital supplies. Some 200,000 tons of scarce materials and transportation equipment, urgently needed elsewhere, was diverted to Canol's use. Taken from the war effort were a host of Army officers, 4,000 enlisted men and 12,000 civilians—all because of a disintegrated military setup under which co-ordination cannot be compelled.

Turning away from waste and wrangles, there is still another argument for unification, to which I attach considerable weight. It is the tendency of government bureaus to get "set" in their ways, developing autocracies of thought and habit that make them hostile to change, even when change is commanded by progress. The Army and the Navy are no exceptions to the rule. The Army, it may be remembered, resisted mechanization with a good deal of stubbornness, the Navy frowned on the submarine, forcing the inventor to take it to England, and both branches joined in fairly effective opposition to the expansion of the aircraft program, hampering it for quite a while. What runs counter to their prejudices and preconceptions has a hard time of it.

The case of the helicopter is a good illustration of the manner in which the closed minds of department heads can sabotage ideas that appeal to them as newfangled. Several years before the outbreak of war, attention was called to the need of some type of rotary-wing craft that could hover motionless and arise and descend vertically. Such a performance, naturally, would make it of enormous value in reconnaissance, rescue work and antisubmarine operations. It was obviously a naval job, but the Navy refused to consider the suggestion, stating it was without belief in that type of craft.

COLLIER'S "Boy, what a grip!" SAM COBEAN

Certain Army officers, however, became interested in a Sikorsky development called the helicopter, and when Congress appropriated $2,000,000 for research in 1938, the funds were placed under the direction and control of the War Department. Nevertheless, the helicopter's importance as a part of naval armament was recognized, and the Navy was specifically instructed to co-operate by the preparation and submission of plans and requirements. These instructions were not followed, and Navy heads even evidenced irritation at what they considered "external pressure."

The Army, unaided, carried tests to a successful conclusion, whereupon the Navy sought to create a public impression that naval men had developed the helicopter and that it even had a number of them in use as an antisubmarine weapon. The Committee found that the Navy was not entitled to any credit for the helicopter but, on the contrary, deserved censure for having discouraged its development. There was no question in our minds that the value of the helicopter could have been demonstrated a full year earlier but for the Navy's indifference.

A companion piece is provided by our experience with amphibious landing craft. With war in the Pacific a virtual certainty, a first requirement was shallow-draft, self-propelling vessels capable of carrying troops, mechanized equipment and supplies through shoals and over reefs in beach landings. Without them a successful invasion is admittedly impossible. Andrew Jackson Higgins, the New Orleans dynamo, had specialized in this type of craft, but the Navy's Bureau of Ships would have none of him. Out of departmental pride and as a proof of self-sufficiency, the Bureau refused to accept Higgins' proved performance and proceeded to develop a design of its own.

Repeatedly and vigorously, the Armed Forces reported that the Bureau design was of questionable seaworthiness and far inferior to the Higgins type, but this caused no change in the Navy's attitude. Instead of confessing failure, the Bureau patched up its own design and awarded contracts for 1,100 of Bureau design to contractors who had no experience in building tank lighters. Higgins, the only successful builder of tank lighters, was excluded from the list. Finally, in conclusive tests made off Norfolk, the Bureau's design failed miserably, while the Higgins boat came through with flying colors. The Navy, no longer able to ignore facts, then ordered its contractors to switch to the Higgins design.

Not weeks or months were wasted by this stubbornness, but five full years; likewise a large amount of money. To cite only one item, 225 Bureau lighters, costing $7,000,000, had to be junked. The Special Committee, as a result of investigation, could only conclude that the conduct of the Navy indicated a reluctance on the part of its personnel to accept any design but its own, even though this involved a flagrant disregard of the facts, if not also of the safety of American troops.

It is not only the prides of departments that constitute a source of danger. Interdepartmental jealousies also rip the fabric of unity. The Marines, for example, feel strongly that when landings are made by Leathernecks, Marine fliers should be assigned to the duty of supporting them. Instead, Navy fliers take over, and the air force of the Marines is handed the less spectacular job of patrol.

But why pile up proof when official admission of the need for unification has already been made? Under pressure by Congress, the Joint Chiefs of Staff have set up a committee of two Navy and two Army officers to study and recommend "as to the most efficient practicable organization of those parts of the executive branch of our government which are primarily concerned with the national defense."

Where do we go from there? The road, as I see it, stretches straight and with no turns. West Point and Annapolis, by way of a good beginning, should not be continued as competitive institutions, fostering rivalries that never die down. What better way to compel a sense of national security's *oneness* than a system of exchange between the two academies? At some point in the final period of instruction, switch the cadets to Annapolis and the middies to West Point. Break up the tradition that the Army and the Navy are separate and distinct, with the success of one endangering the success of the other.

The end, of course, must be the integration of every element of America's defense in one department under one authoritative, responsible head. Call it the War Department or the Department of National Security or what you will, just so it *is* one department. The Secretary at the top would have at his side the necessary number of aides, such as one undersecretary each for the ground forces, the naval forces and the air forces. Sea, land and air would thus be joined as a unit, its strength and effectiveness unimpaired by competitive prides and service jealousies.

Assistant secretaries, under the eye and orders of the Secretary, would work on the same unitary base. Operations would have charge of all training programs, and Personnel would consolidate the civil and military requirements of all combatant arms. After induction through the machinery of the Selective Service, allocation would be the business of this centralized authority. As it has been, the Army and the Navy compete for trainees. The Navy, for example, kept on with the voluntary system after the enactment of the Selective Service law and maintained an unfair advantage over the Army by taking boys of eighteen and even younger.

One central control of procurement and supplies would end the present mob action that puts government agencies in the market as competitive bidders. In the last war it was a great joke that the Navy "got the jump" on the Army, filling warehouses beyond all possible need and hoarding in spite of the Army's pressing necessities. Conditions today are better than they were, but I say again that lack of a single purchasing agency has caused the waste of millions.

An Undivided Command

There, then, you have *one* team with all the reins in *one* hand and, as a further aid to intelligent driving, a General Staff at the Secretary's right hand. Not a *Joint* Chiefs of Staff, with the conciliation of independent commands as a principal duty, but a *General* Staff in full charge of tactics and strategy, viewing the nation's offense and defense as an indivisible whole, and totally unconcerned with service rivalries.

A sketchy outline, but full enough to make its advantages stand clear. Under such a setup, another Pearl Harbor will not have to be feared, for instead of two sets of orders from Washington to two field commanders, one order will go out from a single Secretary to one supreme head in each theater of operations.

An end to the dangerous dependence on co-ordination and co-operation between independent departments and independent commands and the constant fear that this general and that admiral may not be on speaking terms. Strategy and tactics planned without regard for the identity and traditions of separate services, and based solely on ships, guns, tanks, planes, artillery, etc., as a common pool. A concentration of America's defensive and offensive strength under one command, ending the present jangles and jumbles.

There is still one point that I think it well to make: In no sense is unification a radical proposal. The fathers of the republic, in their wisdom, considered the national defense as an indivisibility, and a single War Department was created by Act of Congress on August 7, 1789. Not until April 30, 1798, did the advocates of an independent Navy succeed in their effort. If Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton and Franklin, in their distant time, believed in the full integration of America's offensive and defensive strength, how much more important it is today when modern war has leveled mountains, dried up oceans and annihilated space.

THE END

The B-29 shown here without its armament. The plane in the background is a Boeing Flying Fortress

Shortening the road to Tokyo

When word flashed around the world that B-29 Superfortress crews had ended the training stage and gone into action against Japan, it was cheering news. But behind that news is a deeper significance. For the Boeing Superfortress marks the greatest single advance in aviation since the war began.

Many details of the B-29's performance must still remain military secrets but it can be stated without qualification that this is the most potent weapon of air warfare ever developed. Half again as large as the Flying Fortress, the Superfortress is faster, carries a far heavier bomb-load and has greater range than any other bomber in combat today.

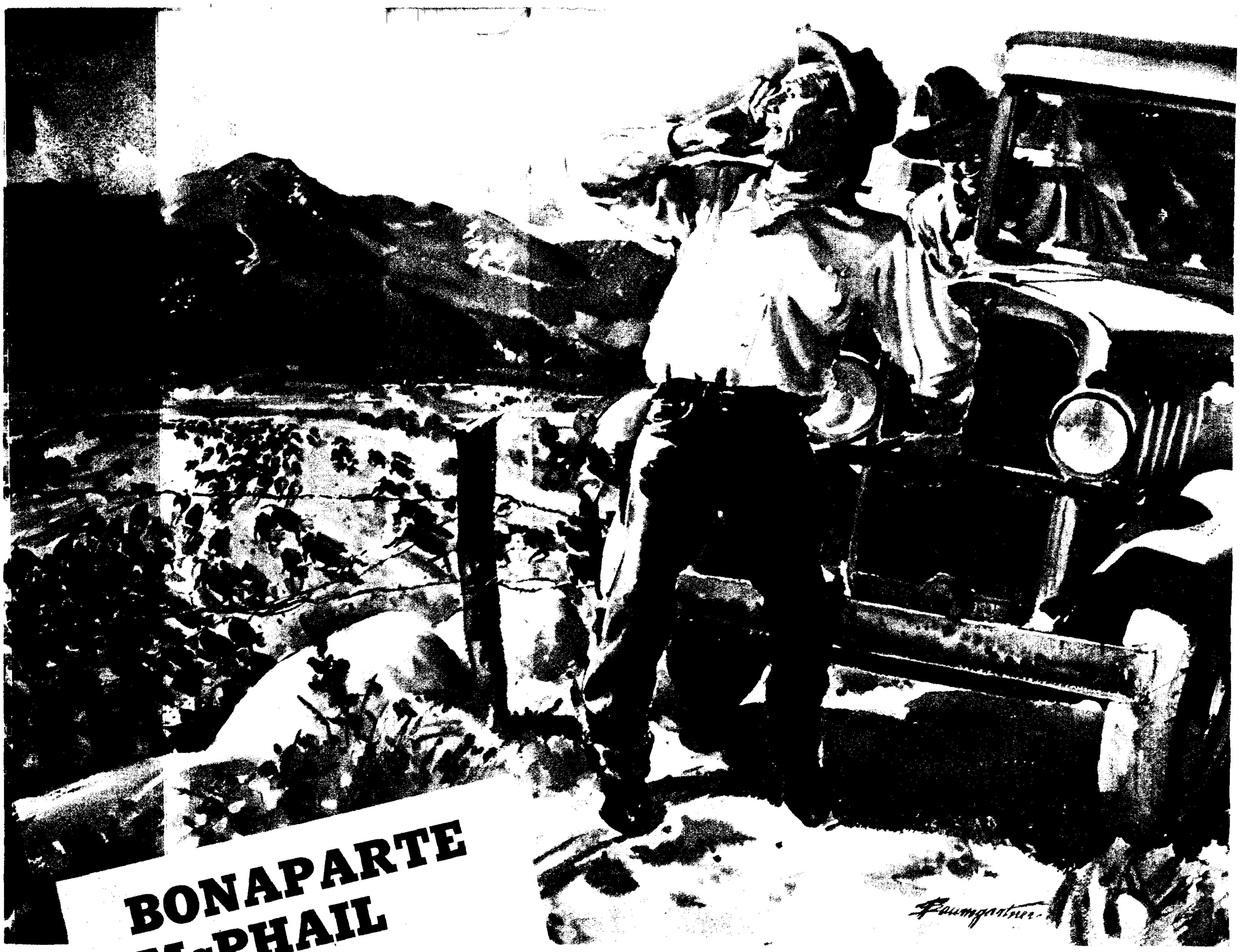
The same Boeing engineering staff that designed the B-17 Flying Fortress – improved it over a period of years and had it ready for action when war came – is responsible for the Boeing B-29. Working closely with the Army Air Forces Materiel Command, these men have incorporated in the new Superfortress many of Boeing's unique principles of design proved in combat where the Forts, manned by the matchless Army Air Forces flight crews, have so consistently carried out their precision bombing missions and weathered the toughest sky battles of the war. Only the keen engineering vision and production skill which enabled Boeing to give America the 247, first modern-type commercial transport – the Flying Fortress – the famous Stratoliners and transocean Clippers – could have done this job – in time.

So highly do military authorities regard the need for this new Boeing bomber that they have requested several of the nation's largest aircraft factories, in addition to the Boeing plants, to build it.

How many of the B-29 Superfortresses are to be built, and where and how they will be used, must remain restricted information. But you can rest assured that in the hands of courageous, keenly trained American crews these great ships are a formidable weapon for Victory.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • TRANSOCEAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

FINISH THE FIGHT WITH WAR BONDS



Bonny got out of the truck and called: "COME, babies!" And the babies answered and came

BONAPARTE McPHAIL

BY ROBERT EASTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

Old Bonny had a streak of inventive genius, a way with cattle, and a penchant for lovelorn widows. Between the three of them, he got himself into trouble, serious trouble

WE USED to walk away and leave him talking to the empty air, and when he was alone he would talk to himself or the cattle and tell them his ideas. We used to talk *about* Bonaparte McPhail. His name was a joke. Sitting in the cookhouse at meals or after supper in the bunkhouse around the potbellied stove, we would carry on, spitting to hear the hot iron sizzle —Derringer, who was top hand, Sammy Lee the cat skinner, Jacob and the rest of us—amusing ourselves with the boners Bonny McPhail had pulled. For instance, one time he was working at a place and they told him to go out and burn the stubble, so Bonny ties some sacks on a wire and the wire behind a wagon, lights those sacks and just drives around the field. This works fine for a while and Bonny is about as proud as Thomas A. Edison until he sees a bunch of heifers in the grain field next door, in where they had no business being because that was prize grain and would make thirty sacks to the acre if it made a pound. So what does Bonny do? Why, he gets right over there, wagon and all, and wagon and all he puts those heifers out of that grain—something three men on horseback couldn't do.

Of course by then he's burnt up eleven thousand dollars' worth of barley, which is why Bonny came to California to change his luck and was working on the cattle ranch of Jed Elkins when I knew him, forty-nine years old, drawing a dollar a day and his board, still waiting for his advancement and still thinking too much about Napoleon, Shakespeare, and Thomas A. Edison, who had got him in trouble before.

So we carried Bonny as a joke and used him to pass the time, until one day, and this is what happened.

Jed Elkins' place is up three thousand feet. His valley is a cup inside a rim of mountains that look to be made of gold. The sun was just coming over those mountains, making them all shiny at the edges, like big nuggets, when I walked into the blacksmith shop and interrupted Bonny, who was busy at the anvil.

"'Morning," he said, as though he never had seen me before, kind of glaring through his glasses the way an inventor does who's been interrupted, and kept right on hammering a bar of some kind he had heated in the fire.

Now Bonny was not what you'd call beautiful. He looked more than anything like one of those bandy-legged apes that walks like a man: short-legged, long-barreled, tail stuck out, and his blue jeans always were three sizes too long and his dirty gray shirts overlapped them all around by six inches. He sported a felt hat, city style, that looked as if it had wiped up the floor of some big city garage, and a cigarette holder, and a brown seep of tobacco juice from the corner of his mouth that was a style all Bonny's own.

I said it was time to go feed our cattle.

Bonny hammered on. He was shaping one of those pinch bars made of iron three feet long, common to every ranch and carpenter's shop in the country, with a pry on one end and a curved pinch on the other for pulling nails. Bonny was building something that looked like a hammer head on the outer curve of this pinch.

All of a sudden he stopped, picked the bar up and went through some wild motions meant to indicate the pulling of a nail with the pinch and the pounding of one in with the hammer. "Think it'll work?" he asked, handing me his invention.

I made a few passes myself. "Sure it'll work," I told him. "All a fellow needs is an arm and shoulder of iron and he wouldn't mind using this thing at all."

Bonny took back his bar the way a mother takes her baby from a stranger. "Maybe," he said. "We'll see what the board of directors thinks about that . . . Yessir," he continued, when we had loaded our pickup truck with sacks of rolled barley and cottonseed, and were heading up the valley, "yessir, I wouldn't be surprised . . . it's been five days now. I wouldn't be surprised to get a letter today from the chairman of the board of directors of the Atlas Steel Company in San Francisco. It's been five days since I wrote and diagramed him the idea; and when I'd done that I went on to explain how there was hundreds of thousands of these pinch bars in daily use throughout the United States, and not a one of 'em but what you had to put it down and pick up a hammer every time you wanted to drive a nail.

"I begged 'em—yessir. I begged 'em outright—to consider the hours, days, even years spent and wasted by all the workingmen multiplied by all the pinch bars, every time that there laying down and picking up occurs. It's a shocker! . . . As I said," concluded Bonny, "that was five days ago. 'Course a board of directors don't meet like you and I. And with ideas like mine there's patents to look up and papers to clear— Oh, it might take a week, maybe longer."

We drove east toward the mountains. The sun was just rising over the highest peak of all, one somebody of an academic turn had called Olympus, and the name suited because that mountain was a ranch by itself of golden clover and wild oats, marked with lines of green where the sycamore springs ran down

(Continued on page 70)

BE RIGHT - DRINK LIGHT
BROWN-FORMAN
KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHISKY

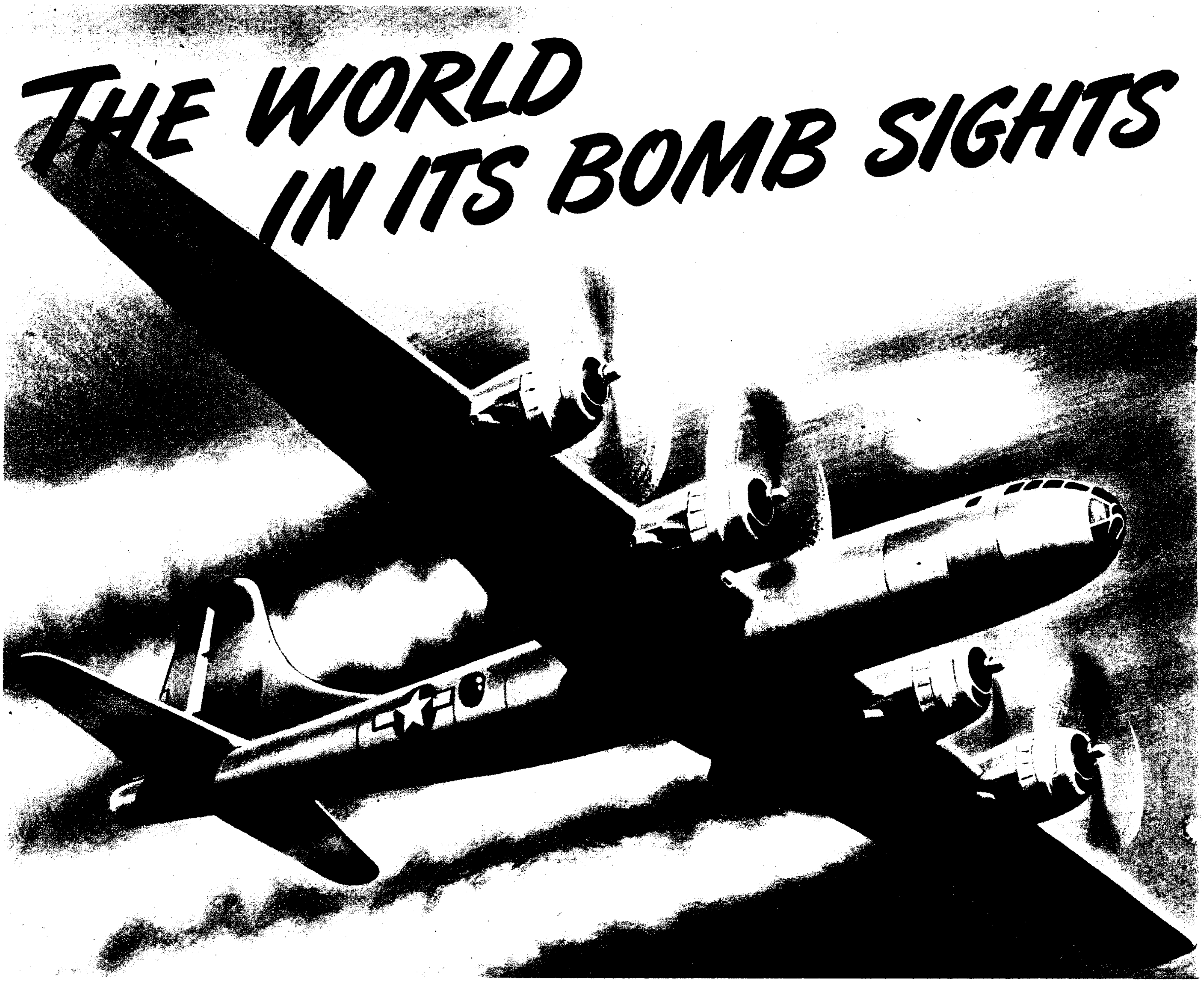
KING

LIGHT AS A WHISPER

KING BLACK LABEL

Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION · *At Louisville in Kentucky*


THE WORLD IN ITS BOMB SIGHTS

HIGH HOPES follow the giant B-29 Super-Fortress into battle, wherever it may strike. And with good reason.

This mightiest of all bombers dwarfs the biggest of previous "heavies"—in size, range, speed, ceiling and hitting power.

It is manned by crews whose flying and bombing skill has made itself felt on every front from Normandy to the Jap mainland.

These dreadnaughts of the air *have to be built right*. And to Hudson has been entrusted not only the large scale manufacture of the huge outer wings, but the even more important assignment of producing three fuselage sections which comprise nearly half of the 98-foot "body" of this giant plane. We are devoting to this task all the experience of a veteran organization to which high precision workmanship has become a habit.

From this organization, for more than 30 years, came the fine Hudson motor cars that are setting such an enviable record for endurance and economy under wartime driving conditions.

From Hudson plants, today, is pouring an endless stream of wings for Curtiss Helldivers; wings for new Lockheed fighter-bombers; armored cabins for new Bell Kingcobras and a wide variety of other important war matériel—in addition to the substantial contribution Hudson is making to the B-29 Bomber program.

From these same plants, after Victory, will come finer-than-ever Hudsons. Until then, see the nearest Hudson distributor or dealer for a new or used car, or service on your present car.

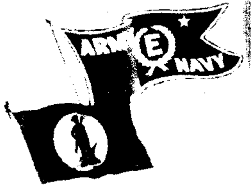
In its first exploits, *the Boeing Super-Fortress served warning on the war lords that no Axis citadel is safe from its bombs. With its four engines of 2200-horsepower each . . . with its 141-ft. wingspread, 98-ft. length, 300-mile speed and 30,000-ft. ceiling . . . the B-29 is a super-bomber indeed. Organized into special air task forces—operating on any objective—it has the whole world in its bomb sights.*

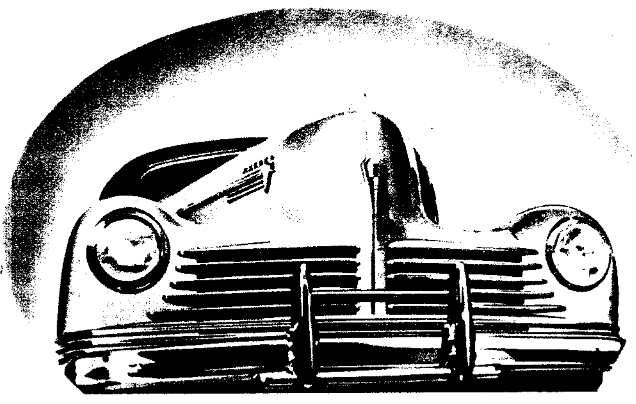
HUDSON

MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN

35 Years of Precision Manufacture

Hudson workers, who have twice won the Army-Navy Production Award, and who fly the Bull's-eye Flag for bond purchases, urge you to
Buy War Bonds to the Limit





Wartime driving *has put automobiles to the severest test of all time. And Hudson owners have learned that their cars were truly "built to serve better, last longer and cost less to run." Tens of thousands of extra trouble-free miles are proof of the value . . . to owners . . . of extra accuracy and care in manufacture.*

OUR PLANTS ARE DEDICATED TO WAR PRODUCTION . . . OUR DEALERS TO MAINTAINING WAR TRANSPORTATION

Cochran's Commandos

Continued from page 20

to fly low over the Jap positions in a P-51, trailing a long wire with a heavy weight on the end and ripping out their communication lines. When he tossed out the wire, the weight dropped off; so Pettit flew the plane itself right through the lines. Later his crew chief objected to the large nicks in the props and the leading edges of the wings, and Pettit apologized. "I just didn't feel like going all that way and then not doing anything."

When Cochran heard about it, he said, "The silly so-and-so should have known better—but that's the right spirit, though."

Or Major Walter Radovich, whom Cochran, as an instructor, had taught to fly. Cochran found "Rad" hospitalized in California after a plane crash, convinced he could never handle a stick again, and smuggled him to India and got him flying fighter planes once more. The morning after the gliders landed on that Burmese jungle beachhead, Rad flew in with a tiny L-5. They crammed three wounded men into the fuselage for his return trip to the base; the weight twisted the toy plane out of shape, and Rad could not close the door, so he held the door shut with one hand, and with the other hand, flew back alone over the Jap lines in broad daylight.

Or the Hermits, as they call the little group of enlisted men who live in an isolated cluster of basha huts and who maintain, day and night, a miraculous system of radio communication with all the scattered jungle outposts, linking big transmitter sets and little walkie-talkies in a sort of intimate family line. They don't even use a code, Cochran says—just double talk. "They know one another so well they can talk in the clear, and nobody but our own group could understand them."

A Sergeant Gets His Japs

Or the flight engineers: For three solid weeks, on that Burma deal, they kept every last C-47 in the air, getting their sleep while riding over enemy territory on a mission. Or the sergeant pilots who evacuated the wounded in little cub planes, and who carried food and supplies from bomb racks rigged on the flimsy wings. One of them even tried to fasten a bazooka to his wing, till Cochran made him take it off. "And then that sport went out the same day and killed seven Japs in a culvert by leaning out and pegging a hand grenade at them."

Everybody with Cochran is either a sport or a wienie, which is the opposite of a sport. Cochran's enlisted men are sports. He says they're the ones who really make the outfit what it is. The way he figures it, he's just the senior member of a committee, and they're all on the committee, and anybody who has an idea contributes it.

You find conferences springing up all over the field; a couple of sergeants start a discussion, some officers join in, the colonel wanders over and squats beside them and listens attentively. It was Cochran who insisted on a mutual mess; he says it teaches the officers manners sometimes to eat with the enlisted men. "These are well-bred and well-brought-up kids—that's the reason they can tackle this kind of tough job."

There was the mechanic who ran a bulldozer on that Burmese jungle strip for thirty-nine hours straight and only stopped then because he fell off, exhausted. Cochran says you can't treat that kind of guy like a lifesaver during the day and then order him around like a dummy at night. "My neck depends on these sports, and they know it. You can't fool a kid from Brooklyn."

It was Cochran's training as a fighter pilot and his capacity for 700-mile-an-hour decisions, that saved the whole Burma deal at the very last moment. Months back, Cochran and Allison had worked out with General Wingate the successive steps in the unprecedented maneuver: First, they would locate by air reconnaissance a couple of openings in the jungle where they could land; then on D-Day, they would send in the gliders with scrapers and bulldozers and carryalls, as well as barbed wire and mines; this advance party would set out the mines and string the wire, while the engineers were preparing a strip, so the big C-47s could land a few hours later with troops and guns. When the Japs started shelling, fighter planes and Mitchells would come over from the main bases and dive bomb the Jap gun positions.

Cochran's men had located two likely-looking openings in the jungle, evidently old paddy fields now deserted and overgrown with rank elephant grass; they seemed all right from the aerial photographs. They named one Piccadilly and the other Broadway; and to prevent suspicion, their planes carefully avoided the spots thereafter until they were ready for the big push. On the morning of D-Day, Lieutenant Charles Russhon, former Hollywood sound man who had signed on with Cochran as a photographer, was told to make a quick reconnaissance trip over the two fields and grab a couple of last-minute shots. "Just for luck," Cochran said.

Everything was ready late that afternoon. Bulldozers and machinery were loaded on the blunt-nosed gliders, the gas tanks of the two planes had been topped off, every man of the two combat teams—one to go into Piccadilly, the other into Broadway—had been briefed to the last detail. Ten minutes more, and they'd get the green light, and the transport planes with their multiple tows of gliders would sweep out across 160 miles of Jap-held jungle, and the first aerial invasion of Burma would be under way.

ANSWERS TO ABBREVIATIONS QUIZ ON PAGE 47

1. Ad interim (in the meantime). 2. American Standard Revised Version (of the Bible). 3. Corollary. 4. Exodus. 5. Agency. 6. Future. 7. Hogshead. 8. Discharged. 9. Diplomatic. 10. Internal Revenue. 11. Ampere. 12. Black; block. 13. Athletics. 14. Cathedral. 15. Examination. 16. Central War Time. 17. Idaho. 18. Hospital. 19. International News Service. 20. Dowager. 21. Gazette; gazetteer. 22. Agriculture. 23. International Ladies Garment Workers Union. 24. Financial. 25. Building.

(Abbreviations have been checked with Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.)

"All Going to Broadway"

A jeep scooted across the field to the operations basha. Lieutenant Russhon handed Cochran some prints still wet from the developer. The colonel stared at them. Piccadilly was a tangled maze of huge teak logs; evidently the Japs had become suspicious and blocked the clearing so effectively that not even a buzzard could land there. The colonel had to think fast; seven months of planning and heartbreaking work would be wasted if he miscued now. He rammed the prints into his pocket. "Look, Sports," he said jauntily, "some of us were going to Piccadilly, but I've found a better place. We're all going to Broadway."

In ten minutes, all the carefully drawn plans were scrapped, new ones had been made, the gliders were on their way—across the 7,000-foot mountains that marked the frontier, over the blacked-out stretches of Burma, over the Irrawaddy River and within only a few miles of a Jap airfield. A few tracers came up, and somebody said, "These Burma fireflies sure fly high around here."

A glider can't go around the ack-ack; you have to follow the tow plane right through it, and that's when you put a little extra steam on your prayers. Inside the cabin, the Commandos huddled in cramped silence, bulky in their mottled camouflage suits and wide-brimmed jungle hats, armed to the teeth with tommy guns and carbines and grenades and knives.

In the darkness you could not tell officers from enlisted men, American Commandos from swart Indian Gurkhas; you saw their eyes move, or you heard the impatient click of a bolt in a carbine. And then the tow plane banked slowly, and at a thousand feet the pilot hit the cutoff.

In a glider, the nylon towrope is like a taut fiddlestring; every pulse and throb of the tow plane's motors is transmitted to the glider in a constant roar. When the rope is cut, the silence is absolute. There is a sudden jolt, and then a slight lift as though you were hurdling a fence, and then you are flying alone on swift, silent wings down the wind, zooming at better than a hundred miles an hour through blackness toward a blind clearing in the jungle where no one has ever landed before.

At any moment you know that quiet jungle may burst into deafening gunfire, but now there is no way on earth to turn back. So you brace yourself and wait, and suddenly the elephant grass hits the sides of the glider like a stream of bullets, and the wheels strike a hidden furrow and you come to a neck-snapping halt.

You are stunned for a moment, but there is no time to sit there. Somebody yells, "Let's get our fannies out of here before they start shooting," and the security party fans out in the darkness across the strange field toward the trees, carbines held in readiness for enemy attack.

Air's Full of Gliders

Already another glider is coming down; in the nick of time it sees the first disabled glider in its path, just manages to hurdle it, and bumps to a stop. Men are trying to haul the gliders out of the way, but more and more gliders are coming in. The air is full of them. They swoop like great, silent bats. They rush out of the darkness with only a faint howl of wind through the struts, and someone yells "Glider!" and everyone on the field scuttles for cover.

Or now and then there is a sickening crash as two gliders tangle head on in a twisted mass of fabric and wire, and you hear screams of pain in the night, and then the rescue party rushes across the field, and the screams choke and cease. It is not a pretty sight to watch the surgeons amputate the arm of a sergeant with a Gurkha kukri by moonlight.

It was a rough landing that night; the field was corduroyed with hidden eighteen-inch furrows made years ago by elephants hauling teak. Almost every glider was destroyed or damaged; thirty men were killed, thirty-three injured. Four bulldozers were landed; but only three could be put into commission.

Hastily, while the security party held the field against possible attack, the combat engineers set up their equipment, the big 'dozers began to grunt and buck at the obstinate hummocks of rank grass, little trees were uprooted, half-naked enlisted men and officers worked side by side through the hot jungle night to grade and fill the crude runway.

Less than twenty-four hours later the first transport plane loaded with troops and equipment roared to a safe halt on the new air strip that Cochran's Commandos had pioneered in the heart of Jap-held Burma.

But they had done more than establish another beachhead on the shifting shore line of this Burma war: They had successfully established a whole new conception of campaigning in the jungle—that enemy lines or natural barriers can be by-passed via the infinite military highways of the air.

It worked for Wingate, and just recently the same tactic worked again at Myitkyina for General Stilwell, and today, back in the States, more Air Commando Forces are in the making, under Colonel Cochran's experienced eye. You know that, when the time comes, these new outfits will jungle-hop the enemy to some future Burmese Broadway and thus shorten by untold days and lives the war with Japan. And you know there'll be no orders about shaving—not if Phil Cochran is their leader.

THE END

RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER
STURDY, BUILT-IN
QUALITY INSURES
LONG SERVICE
Ronson Whirlwind with disappearing windshield
PRESS . . . IT'S LIT
RELEASE...IT'S OUT
RONSONS made today are supplied only to our Government for our Armed Forces overseas. Individual orders cannot be filled.
Ronson, Newark 2, N. J.
MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT BUY WAR BONDS!

HEALTH QUIZ

	YES	NO
Do you have poor digestion?	☐	☐
Do you feel headachy after eating?	☐	☐
Do you get sour or upset easily?	☐	☐
Do you feel tired—listless?	☐	☐

Now everyone knows that to get the good out of the food you eat—you must digest it properly. But what most people don't know is that Nature must produce about two pints of the digestive juice—liver bile—each day to help digest your food. If Nature fails, your food may remain undigested, lie sour and heavy within you.

Thus, it is simple to see that one way to aid digestion is to increase the flow of liver bile. Now, Carter's Little Liver Pills start to increase this flow quickly for thousands—often in as little as thirty minutes. When bile flow increases, your digestion may improve. And, soon you're on the road to feeling better—which is what you're after.

Don't depend on artificial aids to counteract indigestion—when Carter's, taken as directed, aid digestion after Nature's own order. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills today—only 25¢. You'll be glad you did.

THIS PHOTO TRANSMITTED & RECEIVED BY
finch facsimile
DELIVERS PICTUR
BY RADIO OR
Finch Telecommunications, Inc., Passaic, N. J.

Bonaparte McPhail

Continued from page 66

and made good growing for the oaks. Jed Elkins turned three hundred head of weaner calves up there each autumn and let them run till they became cattle. They were well on their way, now, and Bonny and I had the job of helping them along daily with a little rolled barley and cottonseed, and when I wouldn't listen Bonny would talk to them.

"Tell me," he said, and I knew he had got an idea somewhere, "you remember bringing them little cattle off Olympus Labor Day for the dehorning? It took four of us all day. . . . Now if I do the same in an hour, aren't I doing four men's labor?"

"Sounds like you are," I admitted.

"So if I do the labor of four men," continued Bonny, "aren't I entitled to the wages of them four?"

"Reasonably speaking," I said, "you might be so entitled. Yes."

Bonny's cigarette holder worked up until it nearly set the brim of his hat afire, a sure sign his mind had hold of something big. "I'm hittin' Joe Elkins for a raise," he said. "You watch . . . you just watch me, now, and I'll show you."

The place we fed cattle was a hollow in the side of Olympus where a canyon widens and a number of washes come down through the rock. The walls are pitted by the weather into caves where the owls live. That hollow itself might be an acre across and it held, as usual, about a dozen white-faced calves waiting for us.

BONNY got excited as soon as he saw them. "H-o-o-o-o-o, babies!" he cried, the old greeting, and they replied in kind and he answered them: "C-o-m-e, babies! H-o-w's my babies?" and they answered with one voice, crowding all around the pickup: "H-U-N-G-R-Y! H-U-N-G-R-Y!"

This was the conversation Bonny carried on with cattle, along with a lot more that only he and the cattle could understand. Yet I have been riding through a field, or come over a ridge when he did not know I was around, and watched and heard him talking to those little cattle, stopping his fence-mending or errand-running or whatever he happened to be doing at the time, to go and talk with his babies. And they were his babies. Bonny had laid his hands on every one of them. He helped them be born. He cut, marked, vaccinated and docked their tails. And when the time came for them to leave their mothers and grow he would climb the shoulders of Olympus and dig out the springs and fix the troughs with redwood slivers that swell with the water, so that his babies might have something to drink.

Now he got out of the truck to give the general call. He did this like an opera singer, by resting one hand on the fender brace of the truck and swelling up and letting go with a giant's version of what he had been saying: "C-O-M-E, babies!" And the babies answered and came. From the brakes and gullies, off the slope, up the canyon, from everywhere they came until the sides of Olympus ran red with cattle.

This always made Bonny shake with excitement. "See, they know me. They know me!" he would explain. And yet these were but a small part of the cattle, just the lazier ones who stayed near waiting to be fed.

"Now," said Bonny, when we had put out our feed into the wooden troughs, "you come with me and I'll show you. Just imagine you're the boss."

He led the way up one of those washes that pitch down as steep and bare as the slides in a schoolyard. We had to lean forward to climb. The rock was of sandstone at first and then it changed to something harder and darker; and Bonny felt his hand along the wall and said, with a prospector's smile, "Granite." We climbed and again he felt the wall and said approvingly, "Granite. Joshua could have done the job alone if he'd had this."

We had come to a place that was like a chimney in the rock, leading to the sky and a bright patch of Olympus fringed with trees, that you could see away up there like a splash of sunlight. The sight made Bonny tell me the story of the two kings and the cloth of gold. These two kings met one time in a meadow with all their people to declare friendship. They spread a pillow and a gold cloth, standing for Virtue. Then the first king took a glass of wine standing for the blood of his country and the second king took another, standing for the same, and they dumped those wineglasses on the cloth of gold till the wine mingled together and ran down.

Bonny said that was how the sides of Olympus would run with cattle when he shouted.

"I'm a-gonna do it here," he said determinedly, glancing around him like a murderer.

"Go ahead," I told him, and he did. He inhaled, he expanded, and then he made the sound and it was a sound. It flushed the white owls screaming from their caves. It peeled off the face of the stone and sent it crumbling into tiny avalanches. It brought a rock as big as an egg splintering onto the floor of the wash between us, and I shouted, "Bonny, that rock might have killed you!" and he grinned back: "What do you think of my idea now?"

"Do hurry up and finish, Robert! Your ice is all melting"

COLLIER'S GEORGE LICHTY

"Fine," I said, still shouting because the echoes kept coming back, "fine, you've convinced me!"

He was going to try it again when I stopped him.

There had begun to be a rumble in the wash. The sound was as though a train were coming far away, or perhaps as though water had broken loose somewhere farther up. It grew; it sharpened; it became three express trains ready to burst out of a tunnel.

I WENT for one wall and Bonny for the other. There was no climbing—a lizard could not have climbed from that wash—so I had to turn and watch the leaders of the cattle come around the bend, pour around that corner in the rock and begin talking and trying to stop as they saw Bonny, fail to stop, be shoved on down still trying and, in their effort, widening that freshet of cattle till the churning feet were beside my feet and I could have touched the nearest steer. Then they broke on by and were gone in a rumble down the wash.

I knew I had started to sweat and that my belly was a pad of dampness.

Then here they came again, and again and again, seeing Bonny, trying to stop for him, then breaking and passing on down like so many loads down a coal chute.

At the end there was Bonny grinning and trying to tell me: "This ain't nothin'. This here holler granite's like a pianer scale. You'd oughta see me play her a hundred yards higher!"

"Never mind," I said, "I'll take your word."

He walked and slid down to the feed troughs. There was a churning acre of calves and it took some tall explaining from Bonny to tell them why no cottonseed was in those empty troughs. But at last he made himself clear and we were in the pickup driving home. "You know," he said, "those little cattle are sure fond of me. I wisht I had a couple hundred like 'em to get a start with Verna."

VERNA was Bonny's widow woman. He met her through the Lonely Hearts Club. He wrote and asked them for a promising widow woman in a mind to marry and they sent him two addresses, one in Santa Ysabel, one in Oakland. He tried the Santa Ysabel one first. The answer came right back. He and the lady quickly discovered an interest in getting married and agreed to meet one Saturday afternoon in the park. At four o'clock Bonny was there, in his best new suit and tie. He waited an hour and forty minutes by the goldfish pool and the only living creature he saw was the large colored lady on the bench opposite. "She made as if she was gonna approach me, oncet," he told us afterward, "but it was just scratchin'."

When he wrote the second address Bonny asked for a picture and and when it came, signed: "Love, Verna," he showed it around the bunkhouse and we agreed she must be a widow, all right, because no man could stay married to a face like that and live.

Bonny thought she was fine. They met downtown in Oakland. She was needing some new stockings at the time, so Bonny bought her those. Then it was a new bridge, so Bonny arranged that with the dentist. Finally there were one or two items of insurance to settle and the wedding day was set for Christmas, which was the day Bonny had in mind now, as he told me: "We'll take a herd of heifers, borrow, and calf 'em out to pay the loan. I'll find some city youngster with a rich old man ready to set him up in the cattle business, and he and I'll go partners. Backing's all I need; I got the woman that can put me over . . . really polite, you know, appreciative of them eight-thousand-dollar homes, them beautiful terraces and the rest. Oh, she'll make it easy, as a woman can . . . Or she can be ornerier'n buckskin. Cross her once, maybe give her a black eye, and sure as hell she'll go to town shopping the next day, just to get even. But not Verna . . . Tell me, now, honest," he said, "how much is that steel company gonna give for my pinch bar?"

"Why I can't guess, Bonny," I told him. "I haven't any idea."

"I figure ten thousand," said Bonny. "Shucks, what's ten thousand dollars more or less to them big fellers? They don't skimp; that's why they're where they are. And just to show 'em I play the game square, I'll drop the first two thousand right back in their company. And then I'll drop a couple in Standard Oil, that's a good company. But the bigger part I'll save—it'll start Verna and me with about three hundred little cattle, like them we've left back there."

And so we pulled into the yard just at noon, when Tim, the old China cook, was ringing his bell. That dinner bell always made Jingo, the blue Australian shepherd dog, howl miserably and this gave Bonny an idea; so that he broke off what he was saying, thought an instant and then explained to me: "Know why he howls? Jingo's part St. Bernard, see? and he thinks it's them monastery bells a-callin' him home.". . .

It had come just before lunch. When Bonny arrived we were all eating and there it was propped against his coffee mug, the letter.

Bonny ignored it and sat down.

"See you got mail," said Derringer after a minute. He was top hand. He and Bonny never did get along because Bonny talked with cattle, and for a bronc stomper out of Arizona and a master of his art, that is like going to church without your pants—it just ain't done.

"Read us your letter, Bonny," urged Sammy Lee. "I'll bet Verna has to have a new pair of shoes by Saturday."

"Naw, all of you are wrong," said Jacob, the irrigator. He kept Jed's alfalfa wet, an old Mormon out of Salt Lake City, and he said: "Nawsir, it's from the chairman—the chairman of the board. And they're all gonna make Bonny vice-president and we'll have to call him 'Mister.' "

So the talk ran, and Bonny put his face into his plate and let it go, but he didn't touch the letter. Not until Sammy Lee passed him the coffee. Without thinking, Bonny picked up the letter to get at his cup, and once he had it in his hand he couldn't set it down.

"Read out," was the word.

And Bonny did. He read out loud and clear and steady as a judge:

"Dear Mister McPhail:

"In receiving your last letter, I note the smell of liquor on the flap of the envelope where you licked it. After what happened to my late husband I told you before I never could marry a man who drinks. Believing you have done this to other women I am r turning your ring by parcel post.

"VERNA H."

Bonny folded up the letter and continued his meal.

There was silence. Then one by one the boys started filing out and finally Old Jed, the boss. Old Texas Jed was a kind man. He had the face of a gourd a hundred years old, and he said gently as he passed, "You fellers burn the upper pasture this afternoon, and clear out them brush piles so we can plow."

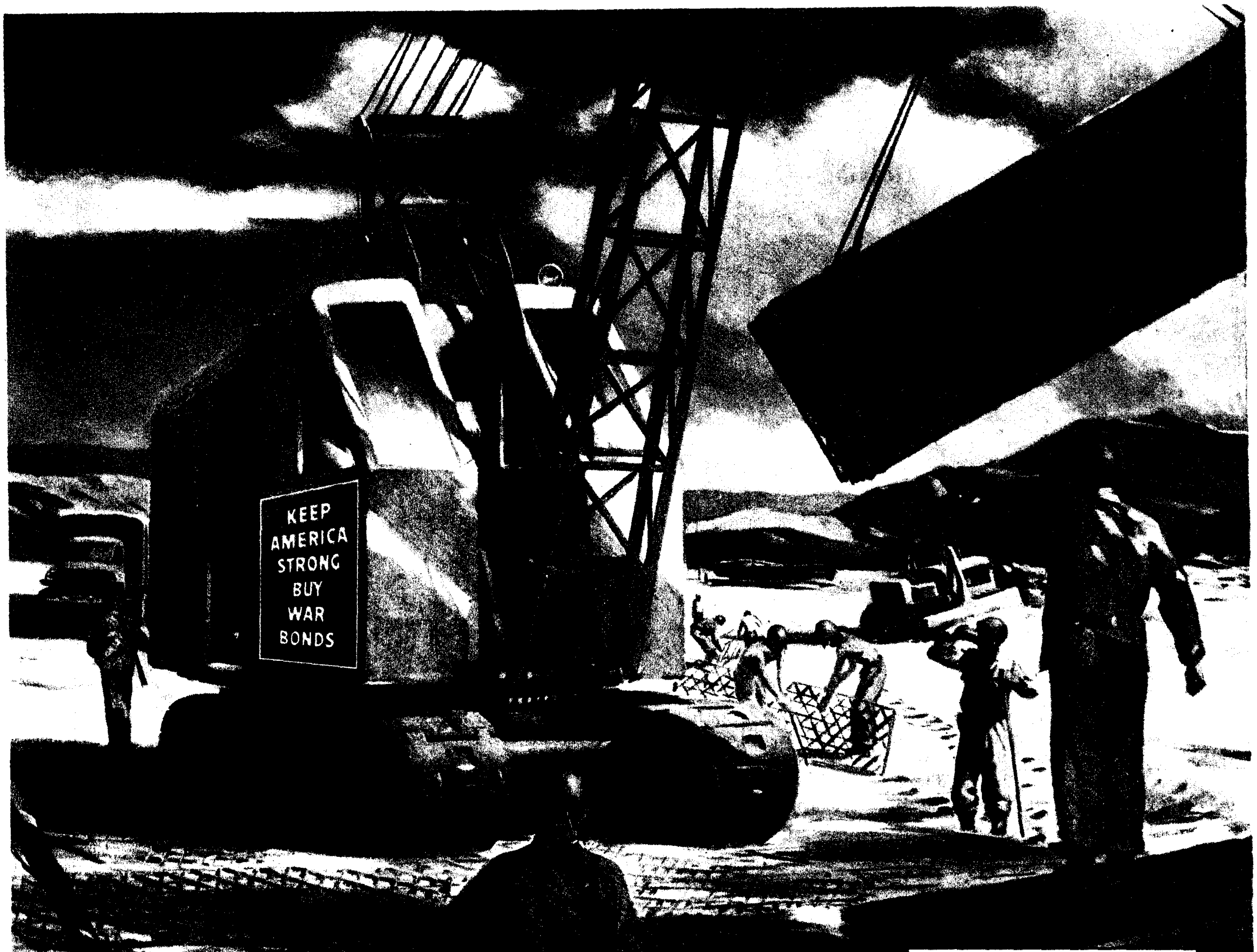
Then Bonny and I were alone, with only the chipper of Tim out in the kitchen talking Chinese to the cats. The clock on the shelf ticked. Bonny looked up for the first time and I thought of faces of animals I had seen go silly and out of shape with pain, as he said, baring his teeth in a silly old grin and shaking a fist at the walls and the world outside, "The combat deepens! On ye brave!"

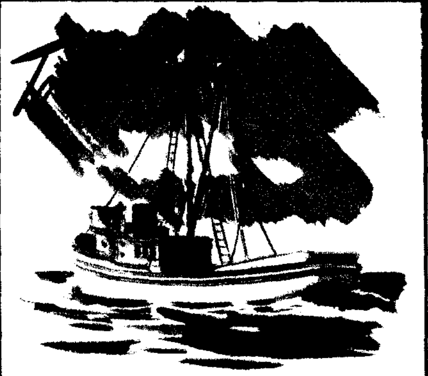
This was not a new saying of Bonny's. I'd heard him use it before. It was his version of what the knight, Roland, had said at the battle of Roncesvalles.

THE field we burned in that afternoon was summer-fallow land running up against Olympus, where some woodchoppers had worked the year before and left their piles of trimmings, brown now and ready for burning before we could plow.

Bonny and I carried out gunny sacks and old crankcase oil in our pickup, dipped and fired the sacks and spread them through the piles. Toward midafternoon a breeze came up the valley from the ocean and made the fires leap. Soon we were going around in the early winter dusk, and I had not seen Bonny for some time when I met him at a big pyre, leaning on his pitchfork, watching the figures leaping in the flames that live only for a second and are gone. I joined him and looked, too, and finally he said, without turning from the fire, "Michael Archangelo—he was a great painter but he never made statues like those," meaning the figures in the flame; and then very thoughtfully: "Women has got to

(Continued on page 75)





GM Diesels—because they are smaller in size, lighter in weight—propel boats farther, and for longer periods, with less fuel. They'll handle the catch, supply power for the refrigeration, and hasten deliveries—all with marked savings. Under the impulse of war, production has so advanced that this dependable low-cost power will be available for greatly extended use in peacetime.

HOW AIRFIELDS GROW ON MUCK, ON SAND, ON TUNDRA

ON world-wide battle fronts America's planes are taking off on missions against the enemy—taking off from desert sand, jungle muck, or Aleutian tundra.

In a matter of days, bulldozers shove aside the muck or level the sand. And giant cranes lay steel landing mats that are bolted into a landing strip.

Look at the engines in these bulldozers and cranes. You'll find familiar friends—the same friends that power tanks and trucks, landing barges and patrol vessels, tractors and auxiliaries—General Motors Diesels.

And in these rigorous jobs of war, a promise is being written—a promise of plentiful, dependable, easily maintained, low-cost power for America's needs in the peacetime days ahead.

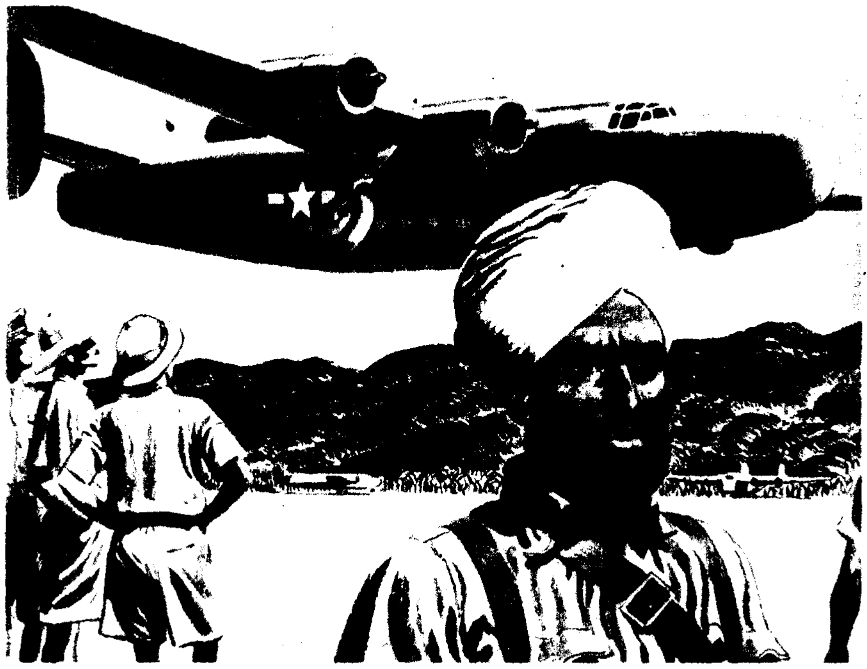
GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL
POWER

ENGINES . . *15 to 250 H.P.* . . . ***DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION,*** *Detroit, Mich.*

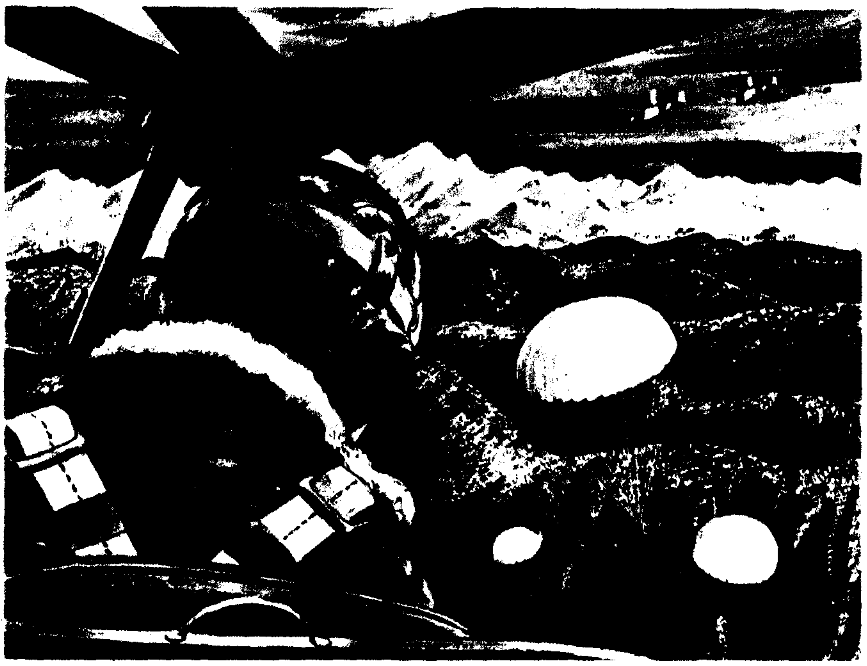
ENGINES . . . *150 to 2000 H.P.* . . . . *CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio*

LOCOMOTIVES . . . . *ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.*

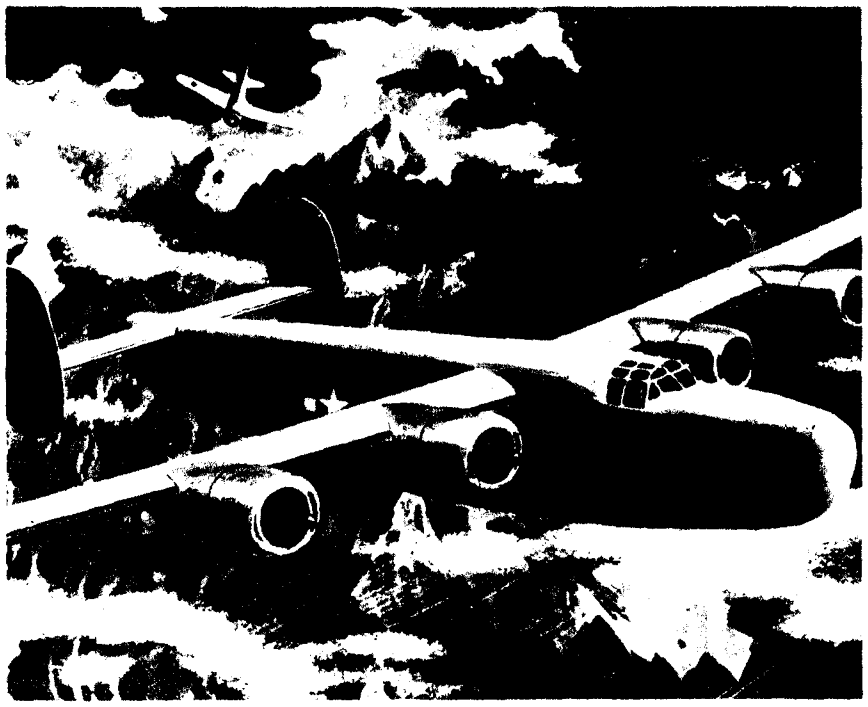
The Story of "The Hump"—the world's most dangerous overland air route



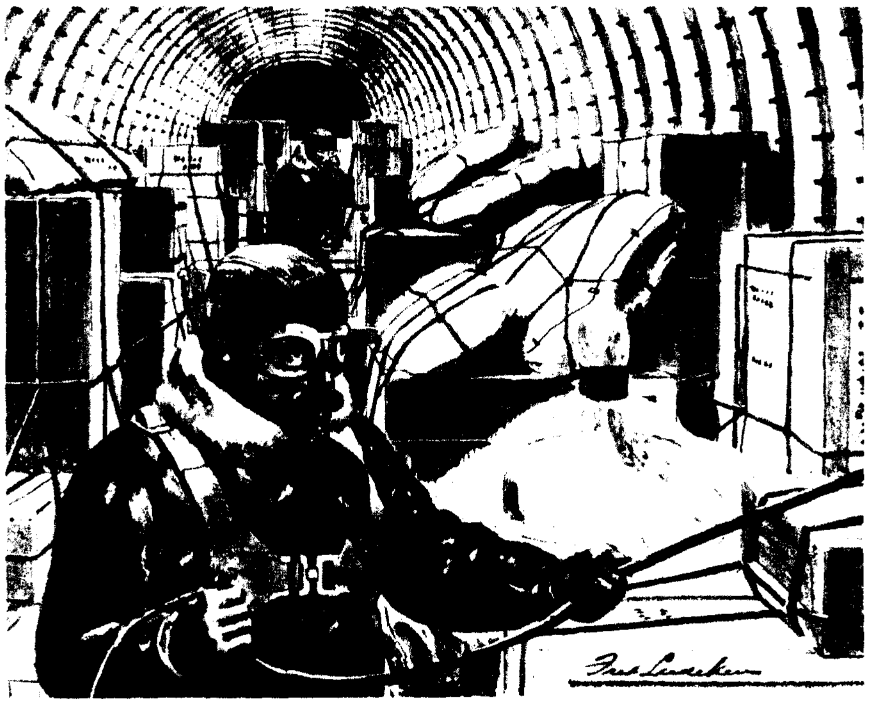
1. **Today, American airmen** are ferrying a greater tonnage of military supplies to hard-pressed China than was ever carried over the tortuous Burma Road. They're flying it over "The Hump"—the towering Himalayas between India and China. It's the most treacherous 500-mile air route in the world. *But the freight goes through!*



2. **The first leg** of the journey is over the steaming, foggy Assam jungles. Because there are no emergency landing fields, some of the planes have crashed. But most of the men who bail out eventually plod their way to safety. Some of them owe their lives to rescue pilots, who have dropped instructions and supplies by parachute.

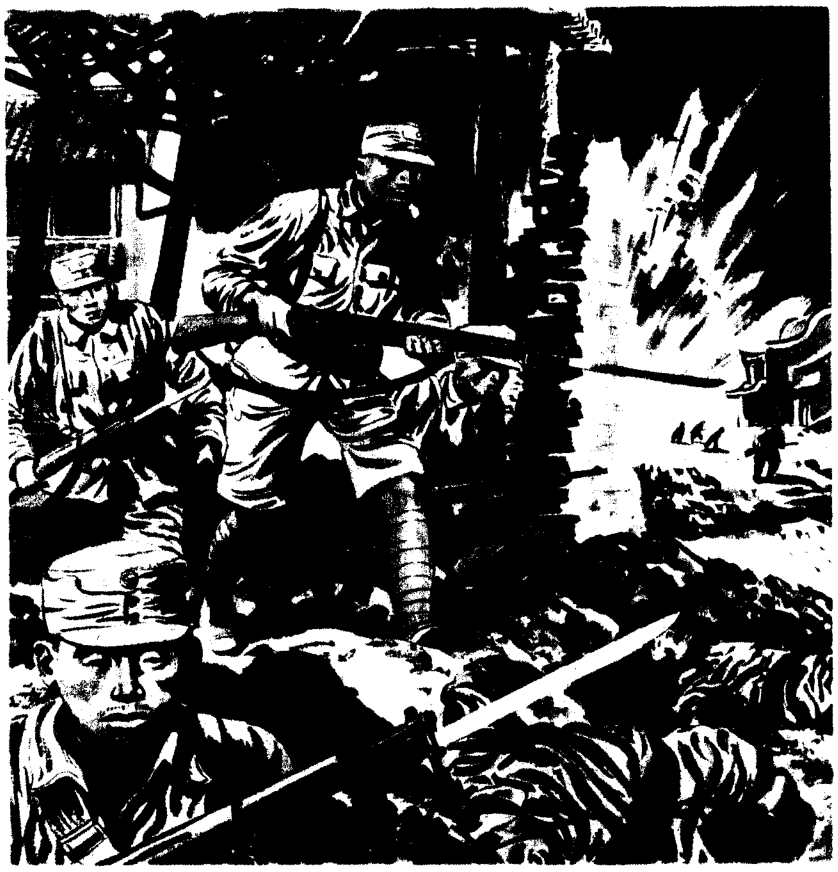


3. **Day and night,** the heavily loaded Liberator Express transport planes streak toward "The Hump." Shuttling across a tumbled mass of uncharted mountains, they dodge peaks that rise 20,000 feet. Icing is an ever-present hazard. Flying unarmed, the cargo planes are often attacked by Jap fighter planes. *Still the freight goes through!*

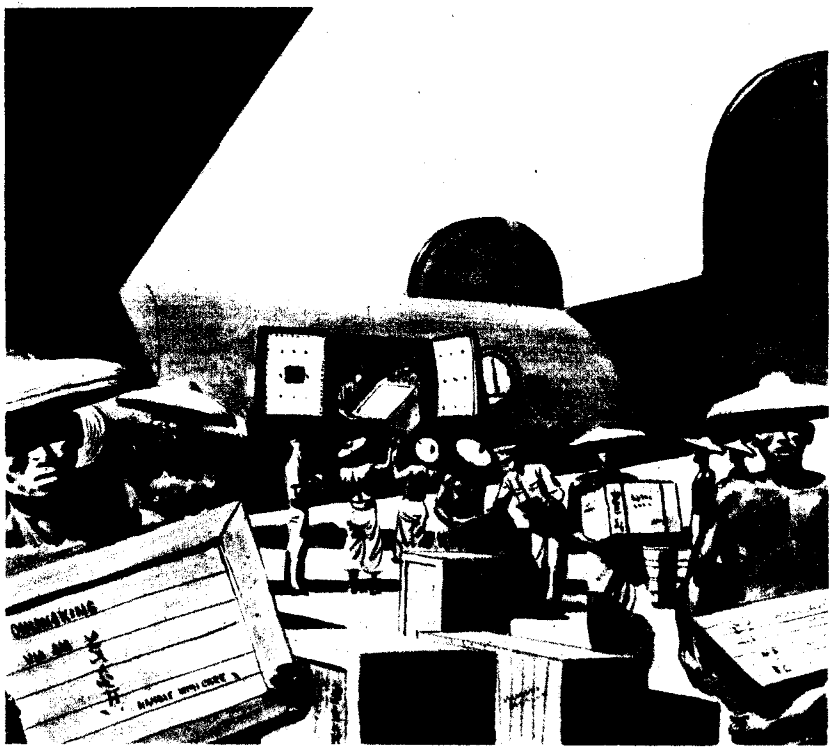


4. **This slender aerial life line** over "The Hump" is now the *only* channel by which Allied war equipment gets into China. Around the clock, in monsoon season and out, our flyers carry a constant stream of gasoline, bombs, jeeps, ammunition, artillery, small arms, clothing, aircraft engines and spare parts.

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT



5. **Many of our India-China flyers** have been awarded decorations — and they've earned them! No one pretends that the supplies being flown in are sufficient to fully equip the Chinese. But the same ingenuity and courage that can conquer the lofty Himalayas will eventually open up new channels of transportation so that today's trickle of supplies will swell to an avalanche.



6. **After the war,** when all forms of transportation must work together to rebuild the peacetime world, the plane will continue to play its part, along with the truck, the train, and the ship. But the plane will have a second, and even greater, responsibility to fulfill: *that of helping to enforce the peace in this 60-hour-wide world.*

In short, a permanent postwar Air Force can be one of America's soundest investments in the interests of a lasting peace.

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

Preview of the future—Last year, 6% of the dollar volume of all imports to the U.S. came by air—a total of 4,000,000 pounds.

Many of the air cargoes included mica, quartz crystals, industrial diamonds, and rare drugs, without which the production of vital war materials could not have continued.

• • •

Saving American lives—Litters for 8 wounded men can be fitted into the bomb bay of a Liberator bomber. The Army has speeded the recovery of several hundred thousand casualties by flying them out from combat areas to hospitals.

9 tons per month—The Air Service Command reports that for every Air Force pilot based overseas, it sends out an average of 9 tons of aviation supplies monthly.

This does not include food and other items which are handled by the Quartermaster Corps.

• • •

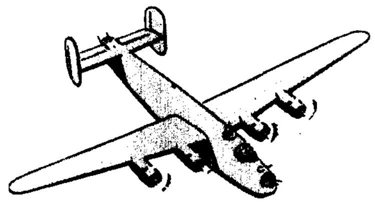
An airline is born—In order to expedite the flow of military personnel and equipment to the South Pacific, Consolidated Vultee operates a daily air-transport service known as Consairway.

A Liberator Express recently chalked up Consairway's 1000th transpacific flight.

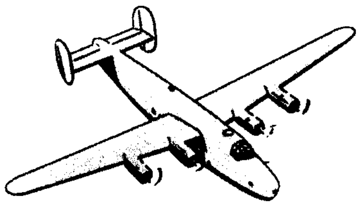
Consolidated Vultee is the largest builder of airplanes in the world.

No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport

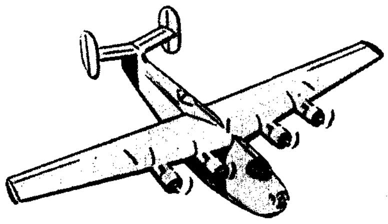
From "Flying Jeeps" to Leviathans of the air — *The planes shown below were all designed and developed by Consolidated Vultee. When peace comes, the company will be in a position to provide the postwar equivalent of such planes, from small, privately owned "air flivvers" to huge, transoceanic cargo-and-passenger planes.*



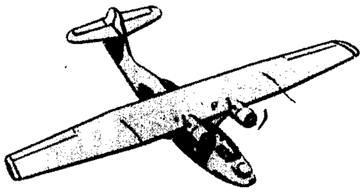
LIBERATOR . . . 4-engine bomber



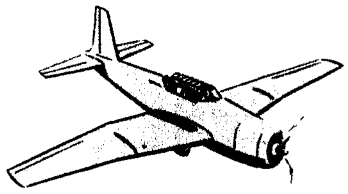
LIBERATOR EXPRESS . . . transport



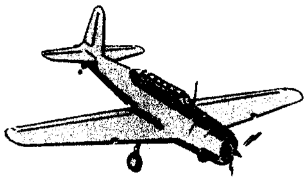
CORONADO . . . patrol bomber



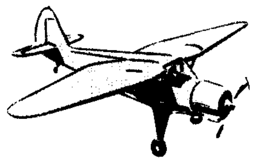
CATALINA . . . patrol bomber



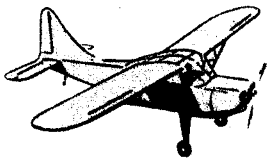
VENGEANCE . . . dive bomber



VALIANT . . . basic trainer



RELIANT . . . navigational trainer



SENTINEL . . . "Flying Jeep"

CORPORATION

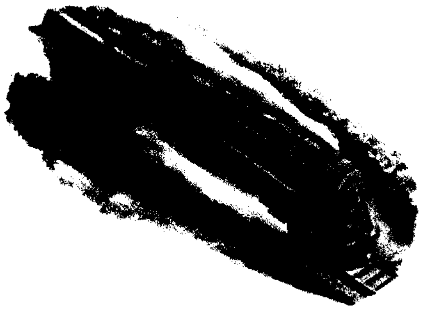
San Diego, Calif.
Vultee Field, Calif.
Fairfield, Calif.
Tucson, Ariz.

Fort Worth, Texas
New Orleans, La.
Nashville, Tenn.

Louisville, Ky.
Wayne, Mich.
Dearborn, Mich.

Allentown, Pa.
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council



FULL THROTTLE TOWARD THE FINAL BLOW

Echoing the roar of guns and throb of tanks on distant battlefields, the hurrying song of giant driver wheels rings without letup along the steel paths of America's railroads. • The railroads are putting all their steam into a single purpose — that of making sure that American fighting men get the things they need to hasten war's end. • The products of farm and factory must flow surely, steadily and swiftly to the far-flung battle fronts. There must be plenty — ahead of time. • It is here the railroads serve. For about nine-tenths of everything the armed services require is carried by the rails. • Day after day, night after night, every railroad man is striving, every available wheel is turning, toward this goal — that there shall be no letdown in getting under way all the goods which victory needs.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

Bonaparte McPhail

Continued from page 70

be whole hog or none . . . Bob, women has got to be like Caesar's wife: out of the question."

That was the most Bonny ever said to anyone on the matter of the letter.

He and I worked together afterward, while the wind freshened from the sea, turning colder and putting a lid of clouds over the valley.

We rounded off and covered the fires against the wind, loaded our tools and started home, with the wind rising beside us through the dark trees in a way that made both wind and trees alive—a kind of edging and building toward something cold and wilder; and n we turned the corner and I could look back and see the string of red dots shining like rubies in a belt around Olympus. "Our fires, Bonny," I said. "The wind brought them alive; we'd better go back."

We stopped the truck.

"Gee, ain't them pretty fires?" said Bonny.

"We'd better go along back," I told him.

The fires kept winking on and off like fireflies, while we watched, and Bonny said that was soldiers passing between us and the fires, though it was only the wind freshening and dying. Finally the lights went out.

He waited another ten minutes and drove home.

THE last I remember was the sound of Benny cleaning his teeth on the bunkhouse porch where the wash basins were.

The next I knew I'd overslept. There was light in the room and voices outside. I got to the window barefoot. There was the light coming in the east, just as it should be, but it wasn't daylight, it was fire. The ridge of Mt. Olympus hung up there in the sky like a huge rainbow of flame.

Two minutes later I was meeting Derringer and Jed Elkins by the corner of the barn and Derringer was saying, as he watched the fingers of that fire take and run: "Not with a se, you can't;" but Old Jed was answering him: "We can try, we sure can try to get those little cattle out. Like David said to his nigger-shooter: 'It's just you and me.'"

Bonny arrived. He was out of breath, missing his hat, and his shirt was not tucked in at all. He took a good look and went off running as though the devil were behind him.

"Where's he going?" Jed demanded.

"Crazy," said Derringer.

"Let's get out the horses," said Jed.

The three of us hit the barn together and three more came and added to the confusion in the dark, till horses we had known for years were rearing and pulling back and threatening to knock the barn down; there was no rope that would untie, no bridle that fitted and if we had forgotten how to swear we should really have been lost. As it was, we got through.

Somehow we gathered outside, everybody, even Tim in his China-black slippers and beanie-hat, saying over and over in a terrible singsong, "Missa Jed, Missa Jed—cattle burn all up? Little cattle burn all up, Missa Jed . . . ?" And just as we gathered there at the barn door a vehicle shot by in the darkness, going at least sixty miles an hour, and we had the briefest, wildest glimpse of the face of Bonny McPhail, his hair flying, his fist clenched and shaking, and his fighting words: "The combat deepens! On ye brave!"

We moved out then.

Bonny was gone faster than the wind, but we did fairly well. These were the smearing gusts. They caught us like a squall does a row of trees, and you could feel the clothes flattened to your back and your hat smashed down and even the lacing of the horse's tail about your thighs, and then the gust dropped you and did the same to the man ahead.

The fire had traced out the main ridge of the mountain. Now a long pincer was nipping out along the farming land, breaking over into one fresh ravine after another where it would take with the draft, like a match set to a jet of gas, and go running clear to the summit. Olympus was being cut into ribbons of flame.

The fire sounded almost alive. You could hear it above the wind, spitting like a big cat on the prowl, mean and ugly and muttering along, until it found a patch of brush it liked and could lick over and relish a minute; and then it would go right up to heaven in a snarl. It smeared suddenly on the grass, where the wind hit hard. It left behind the glowing skeletons of trees. It lit everything with a hellish yellow light and roared and muttered and talked among its different parts like a monster, and yet over and above all this you could hear something, a human sound. It came from the shoulders of Olympus. It might have been old Jove himself up there, calling to hand the thunder and telling the waters to be still. Because you could hear him. You could hear Bonny above all the wind and fire, going out and echoing between the summer-fallow and the dark sky: "H-O-O-O-O-O, babies! C-O-M-E, babies!"

"By golly," I heard Jed say, "it's Bonny!"

I did not try to tell him it was the general call.

Then we rode. The long pincer of that lower flame was pouring over the ridges, hesitating on each crest, gathering like a big snake and then pouring on over with a lunge and a snapping, to ride with the wind. Before we tried to race it we were beaten. In the canyon where Bonny and I fed the cattle it sent a jet skyward that made Olympus echo and shake; but over it we heard the general call: "C-O-M-E, my babies! T-H-I-S way, babies!"

Then the voice went off short as though a knife had cut.

We stopped riding without knowing why we did.

The fire went on across the mountain.

Then it began, a faint sound like the rushing of many wings. Then it was a deep, positive rumble close to the ground as though a dam of water had broken loose. Then here it came in a ragged line breaking through the fire, of shapes of cattle, falling and crying and pressing on, some burning, some already charred, some falling and skidding and showering sparks. They came down lunging out of that fire like shapes in a dream. They were unbelievable. Their noise was like the cry of terrified children first in pain; and they went by and would have run us down if we had not moved, in endless driblets that were agony themselves, dropping off a dead one here and there, smelling bitterly of charred flesh and hair like a thousand corrals at branding time; and so on down into the flat land, a long mass that glowed with its own burning and marked the way.

Far below in the farming ground the herd drew together and circled in a radiant wheel that cried aloud and broke apart gradually to extinguish itself, a section at a time; and Derringer blurted out as if he were in pain himself: "Why don't they git apart? Why don't they git apart?" But Old Jed answered as calmly as though he'd seen it every night of his life, "They're rubbin' agin one another. They're rollin' in that plowed land."

We waited for Bonny, knowing he could not come, and finally Jed said again: "I guess Bonny had an idea and it held him up."

At dawn the wind swung into the east and turned the fire back. We watched it die on the ridges and fade away on the slopes where the cattle in October have grazed off all the grass. We heard it whimpering out in the canyons when we set Sammy Lee and Tim rounding up the little cattle that roamed the summer-fallow land still crying, though it was like moaning now—the sound little children make long after what hurt them has gone.

WE RODE into one canyon with the sun, toward the hollow where Benny and I used to feed cattle. The fire was still burning in the fallen trees and the walls held and multiplied the heat like metal. We rode over lumps in the trail that had once been cattle; the rising air had killed the owls, too, and they lay dead along the bluffs. A hundred yards up the wash, that pitches into the hollow as steep and bare as a slide in the schoolyard, we found what was left of Bonny. The fire had not touched him, only the loving feet of his babies.

And there he was.

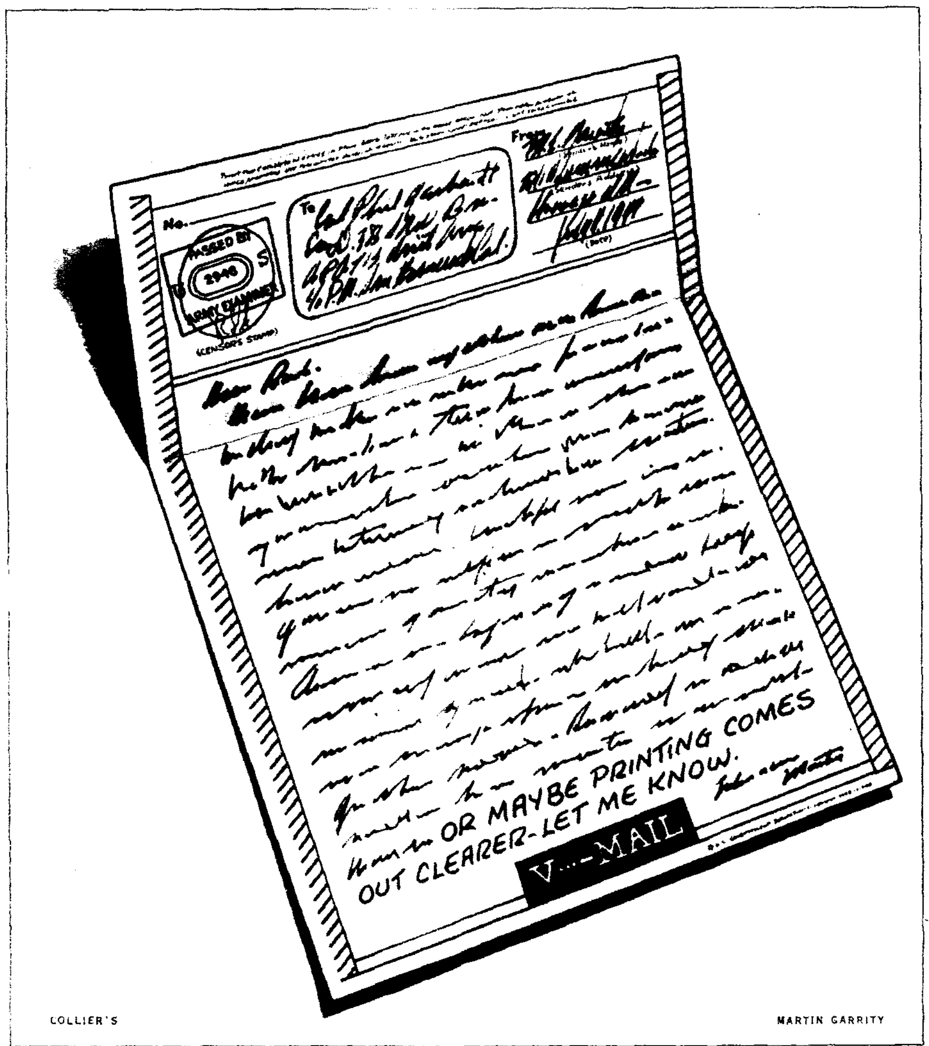
"He'd nearly made it," muttered Derringer. "The poor fool."

"Well, he had an idea," Old Jed said thoughtfully; and Jacob added his:

"Them city's walls come down, all right, as in the Bible days; but they come down on top o' Bonny."

You see, none of them knew you can play a hollow granite wash like you can a piano scale, if you have the knowledge. And they never will believe me when I tell them, though they handle Bonny's name differently now. In fact, they have changed the name of Mt. Olympus and called it after him.

THE END


OR MAYBE PRINTING COMES OUT CLEARER-LET ME KNOW.
V—MAIL

COLLIER'S
MARTIN GARRITY

"THE FINEST COLA I EVER TASTED!"
Spur
CANADA DRY
Spur
TRADE MARK REG.

The cola drink with Canada Dry quality

Bottled and Distributed by Licensees of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

RETURN EMPTY BOTTLES PROMPTLY

"That's where Bill is!"

In their classrooms, years from now, other children will retrace the story of this war.

It will be dimming into history then.

Today, it is as close to us as our fathers, sons, husbands, brothers and sisters in the service.

When we wish, the touch of a radio button moves it even closer—brings us action as it happens, halfway 'round the world.

On the fighting fronts—sea, land and air—this war is run by radio.

At home, radio spurs bond drives. Enlists blood donors. Fights black markets. Supports every kind of patriotic cause.

It is hard to realize that in World War I there was none of this.

It is perhaps harder to visualize the even bigger role of radio in the future.

In news, in entertainment and in education.

From Sparton's long experience in precision manufacture — from the magic of electronics — comes a promise for that future.

Sparton will be ready, on V-Day, with finer, richer-voiced Sparton instruments.

Sparton will be ready, too, with washing machines and refrigerators of new, advanced design.

And, to assure you of the *best* at *lowest* prices, these will be sold The Sparton Way—

Through one *exclusive* Sparton dealer in each community.*

SPARTON

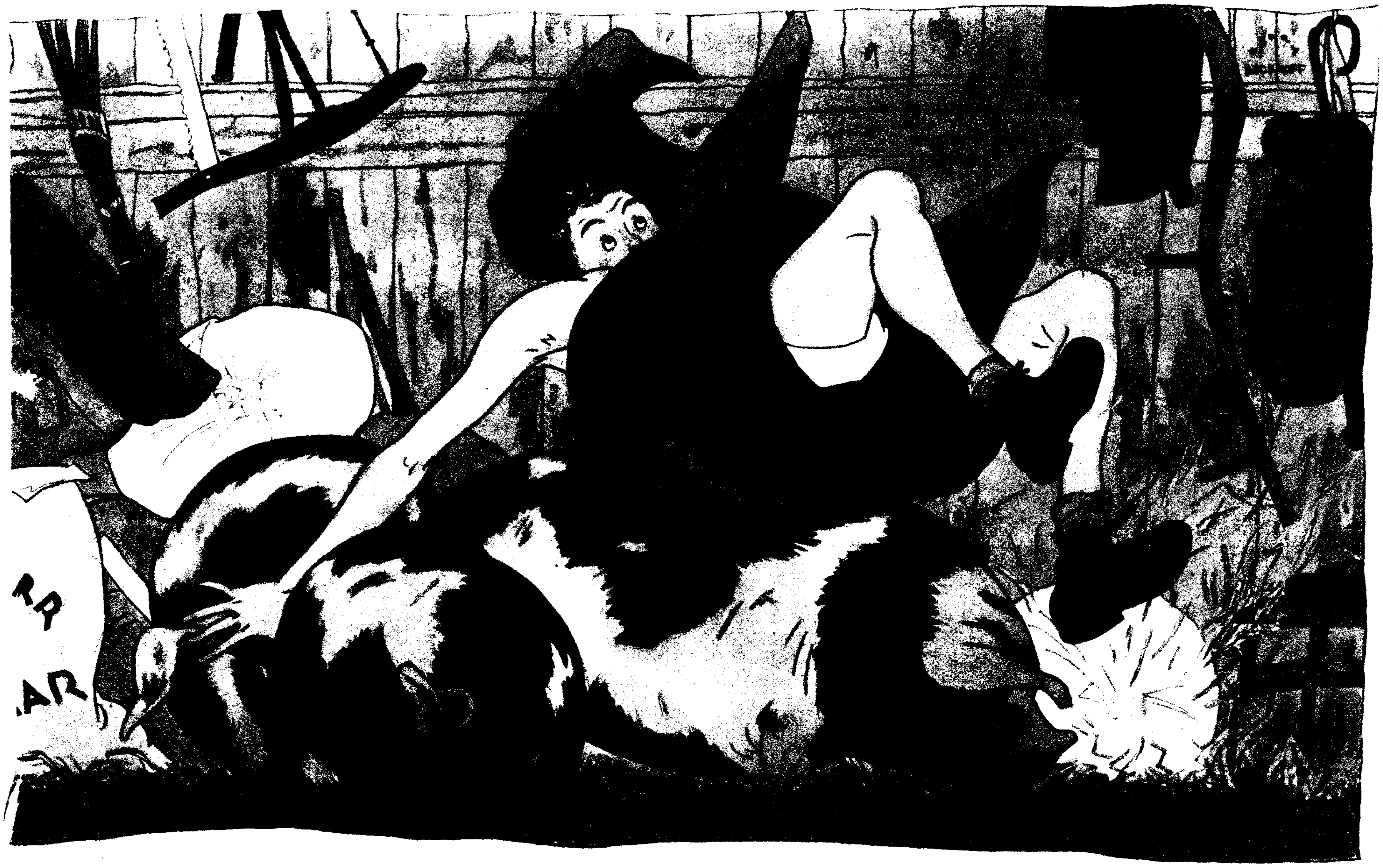
Radio's richest voice since 1926

***The Sparton Way**— Sparton Radios and other precision-built home equipment will be sold The Sparton Way—a simplified method of bringing to your home better products at lower prices through *one exclusive dealer* in each community.

The Sparks-Withington Company, Jackson, Michigan, Sparton of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario. Precision Builders Since 1900—Radios and Other Electrical Home Products—Automobile Horns, Sirens, Warning Signals.

A partial list of leading stores cities over 50,000 that share wi you the benefits of The Sparton W

Akron, Ohio, The C. H. Yeager Compan
Albany, New York, Albany Garage
Allentown, Pa., Eastern Light Company
Altoona, Pa., William F. Gable Compan
Amarillo, Texas, White's Auto Stores
Atlantic City, N. J., Van Doren and Hem
Augusta, Georgia, J. B. White Compan
Aurora, Illinois, Biever Furniture Compan
Baltimore, Maryland, Hecht Brothers
Bayonne, N. J., Lawler Brothers Sales Co
Berkeley, California, Lanam Radio
Bethlehem, Pa., Eastern Light Company
Birmingham, Alabama, Louis Pizitz Goods Co.
Boston, Mass., R. H. White Company
Bridgeport, Conn., General *Distributors*
Brockton, Mass., Central Radio Stores
Buffalo, New York, Les Wheeler, Inc.
Cambridge, Mass., R. H. White Company
Camden, N. J., Whitehill's, Inc.
Canton, Ohio, Dine-De Wees Company
Chattanooga, Tenn., Lookout Furniture C
Chicago, Ill., Wieboldts
Cicero, Ill., Sekera Furniture Company
Cincinnati, Ohio, The John Shillito Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, The Higbee Company
Columbus, Ohio, F. & R. Lazarus Compa
Covington, Kentucky, A. J. Ostrow,
Dallas, *Texas, Hart Furniture Co.*
Dayton, Ohio, The Rike-Kumler Compan
Dearborn, Mich., Dearborn Engineering
Decatur, Ill., Gas Refrigerator Sales
Denver, Colorado, LeMoine Music Co.
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson Company
Duluth, Minn., Sher Plumbing Company
Durham, N. Carolina, R. E. Quinn Compa
Elizabeth, N. J., Kresge Department Stor
El Paso, Texas, White's Auto Stores
Erie, Pa., Reliable Home Furnishing Co.
Fall River, Mass., Ideal Radio & Furniture
Flint, Mich., Palmer Radio & Appliance
Fort Wayne, Ind., Schlatter Hardware C
Fort Worth, Texas, Leonard Brothers Co.
Fresno, Calif., Hockett Cowan Music Co.
Gary, Indiana, Cosmopolitan Radio Co.
Glendale, Calif., Glendale Music Compa
Hamilton, Ohio, Radio Service Compan
Hammond, Indiana, J. W. Millikan
***Harrisburg,** Pa., Pomeroy's, Inc.*
Hartford, Connecticut, Tuckel's
Hoboken, New Jersey, Paramount Radi
Holyoke, Mass., Sharpe Appliance Co.
Houston, Texas, Foley Brothers Dry Go Company
Indiana Harbor, Indiana, Amick Furnit & Radio Sales
Indianapolis, Indiana, Wm. Block Co.
Irvington, N. J., Rothauser Radio Comp
Jackson, Michigan, Wilks
Jackson, Miss., Rice Furniture Compan
Jacksonville, Fla., Glover Weiss Comp
Jersey City, New Jersey, Vim Stores
Johnstown, Pa., Swank Hardware Co.
Kalamazoo, *Michigan, Triestram's*
Kansas City, Kansas, Mace-Jones Co.
Kansas City, *Missouri, Jones Store*
Knoxville, Tenn., S. H. George & Sons
Lawrence, Mass., Master Tire & Radio
Little Rock, Ark., I. K. *Electric Company*
Long Beach, Calif., Eastern-Columbia, I
Los Angeles, Calif., Eastern-Columbia,
Louisville, Kentucky, J. Bacon & Sons
Lowell, Massachusetts, *Gaumont Bros.*
Lynn, Massachusetts, P. B. Magran
Macon, Ga., Peeler Hardware Co
Madison, Wisconsin, Hills Dry Good
Memphis, Tennessee, Lowenstein's
Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Schuster's
Minneapolis, Minnesota, Dayton Compa
Mobile, *Alabama, Gulf Furniture Compa*
Montgomery, Ala., Montgomery Fair Sto
Muncie, Indiana, H. J. Schrader Compa
Nashville, Tennessee, Castner-Knott Goods Co.
Newark, N. J., Kresge Department Store
New Britain, Conn., New Britain Furnit Company
New Haven, Conn., Shartenberg's, Inc.
***New Jersey,** at all Vim Stores*
New Orleans, La., Maison Blanche Co.,
New York City, N. Y., *at all Vim Stores*
Niagara Falls, New York, Levy Brothers Furniture Co., Inc.
Norfolk, Virginia, Price's, Inc.
Oklahoma City, Okla., J. A. Brown Co.
Passaic, N. J., Arrow Electric Company
Paterson, New Jersey, Vim Stores
Pawtucket, R. I., Good Housekeeping Sho
Philadelphia, Pa., Stern and Company
Phoenix, Ariz., Barrow's Furniture Compa
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Kaufman's
Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Wood Brother
Pontiac, Mich., Stewart-Glenn Company
Portland, Maine, Federal Furniture Co.
Portland, Ore., Meier & Frank Co., Inc.
Providence, R.I., Good Housekeeping Sho
Quincy, Massachusetts, Carey's
Racine, Wis., White Brothers Appliance
***Reading,** Pa., Goldman & Adams*
Rochester, New York, Weis & Fischer
Rockford, Illinois, Chas. V. Weise Co.
Sacramento, Calif., Eastern Outfitting C
Saginaw, Mich., Chapman's Appliance
Saint Paul, Minn., Golden Rule Incorporat
San Antonio, Texas, Joske Brothers Co.
***San Bernardino,** Calif. The Harris Dep* ment Store
San Diego, Calif., Grand Rapids Hon Furniture
San Jose, Calif., Union Furniture Compa
Santa Monica, California, Frank Furni Company
Schenectady, N. Y., Breslaw Furniture C
Seattle, Washington, MacDougal's
Shreveport, La., New York Furniture Co.
South Bend, Indiana, Indiana and Mic gan Supply Company
Spokane, Washington, The Crescent
***Springfield,** Mass., Carlisle Hardware Co.*
Springfield, Ohio, Good Housekeeping Sh
Syracuse, N. Y., E. W. Edwards & Son
Tacoma, Washington, The People's Stor
Tampa, Florida, Tampa Radio Sales
Terre Haute, Indiana, Root Store Compa
Toledo, Ohio, Lion Store
Trenton, New Jersey, Whitehill's Inc.
Troy, New York, Breslaw Furniture Co.
Union City, New Jersey, Vim Stores
Utica, New York, Kempf Brothers
Waco, Texas, Clifton-Simpson Hardware Co
Washington, D. C., The Hecht Company
***Waterbury,** Conn., Hampson, Mintie* an Abbot, Inc.
Wheeling, W. Va., Reichart Furniture Co.
Wichita, Kansas, Crook Furniture Compa
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, *Lazarus Sto*
Wilmington, Delaware, Stern & Compa
Worcester, Mass., C. T. Sherer Co.
Yonkers, N. Y., Steadman Music House,
Youngstown, Ohio, The Strouss-Hirshb Company



Bill took a quick step backward and his foot struck something solid yet yielding. He teetered and sat, hard

THAT GIRL NANCY

BY W. L. KNICKMEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

t was the old triangle: Bill and Nancy and George. Except that Bill was trying to keep Nancy from marrying George, and George didn't want her to marry Bill. Bighearted, both of them. Who won? Well, Nancy, naturally

SHE walked between them in the sunlight, himself—Bill—on her left, old George on her right. A girl and two soldiers olling through a sunlit garden. Bill glanced t her sidewise and sighed.

This Nancy Patton, now. A slim and lisome creature in blue, with golden hair; a delight to the eye. But fickle, but heartless, but a flirt. Others might be deceived, but not Bill. He had grown up with the girl, he knew her for what she was.

Well, he would take care of this thing. He had introduced George to this—this wolf in she-clothing. Now, he would save him from her wiles.

"Nancy," he said. "I thought perhaps we might go dancing tonight. There is a nice place down the road, and I can borrow Herb's car."

"Why—yes, Bill," she said. "I'd love to."

George Winthrop, tall and blond, his cap cocked over his eye, turned his head abruptly.

"Now, wait," George said. "Just wait a minute—"

Bill went on more loudly: "Well, that's fine, Nancy. Tonight. Fine."

He pried his arm from hers, waved a casual salute and turned back toward the house. His step was brisk, but not quite brisk enough. Gravel crunched behind him, a hard hand fell upon his shoulder. He turned.

"Why, George!" he said, surprised.

George said, "Listen, Goodwin. You're not putting anything over on me."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"Try to cross me up with Nancy, will you? Well, it won't work. She's nuts about me, see? So lay off the tricks."

"Tricks?" He was a daisy in the fields, a newborn lamb. His soul was as the driven snow.

"Yes, tricks. Who slipped me the Mickey, in Dallas?"

"Let me guess, George."

"—And who stole my pants, in Santone?" asked George.

"Mice, maybe. You never know about these hotels."

George said, "Mice, hell. You mean a rat. . . . Who wangled this invitation from Herb and Myra for our furlough? Who tried to sneak me away from camp in the dead of night, so Nancy wouldn't know?"

"It didn't work, did it? She found us, didn't she?"

"Only because I told her about it."

"Ah," Bill said. "I see." Saddened by this treachery, he was silent for a moment. "That's the thanks I get. I try to help you out, to be a pal—"

George snorted. "Pal," he said. "Some pal. And now this thing tonight. I know your game. You're not taking her out just for the fun of it."

"No?"

"No. I know what you're up to, all right."

Bill gazed at him. "You do, George?" You're sure?"

"Durn' right I'm sure."

"Well," Bill said cheerfully, "don't tell me, George. Just let me wait and be surprised when it happens."

THE car rolled smoothly through the moonlight, rolling down the highway. It was, Bill thought, a pleasant night. A moon, a few stars, a smooth-running motor, and a full gallon of gas in the tank. With another girl beside him—any girl who was not this girl—he might have enjoyed himself.

He took a deep breath, cleared his throat. "Nancy," he said.

"Yes, Bill?"

"Don't you think it was a mistake, your coming here?"

"Oh, no. I did it on purpose."

He could believe that. "That's what I mean. Forcing yourself in—well—where you're not wanted."

She gave him the sidewise look, the old eyelash flutter. "You mean Herb and Myra? But they wanted me to come, Bill. I was invited."

"Invited!" he cried. "They didn't even know you! So naturally they just happened to invite you for the week we were going to be here."

Nancy nodded, pleased. "That's how it was." She reflected briefly. "Of course," she added, "I guess the letter helped, sort of."

"The letter?"

"The letter I wrote last week when George told me. But I was awfully careful about forcing myself. 'Of course,' I wrote, 'if you don't *want* me, I wouldn't think of—' " She stopped. "Did you say something, Bill?"

He coughed again. "I just strangled, is all. Have you no pride?"

"Well," she said modestly, "I didn't want to brag about it, but—it *was* clever of me, wasn't it?"

Defeated, he sighed.

"And Myra wrote me the nicest letter. Some day I'll let you read it."

"Never mind." He dropped it, tried a new angle. "Nancy, why do you hound poor old George like this?"

"Hound him, Bill?"

"You dog his footsteps. You make sheep's eyes at him. You hog every minute of his time—"

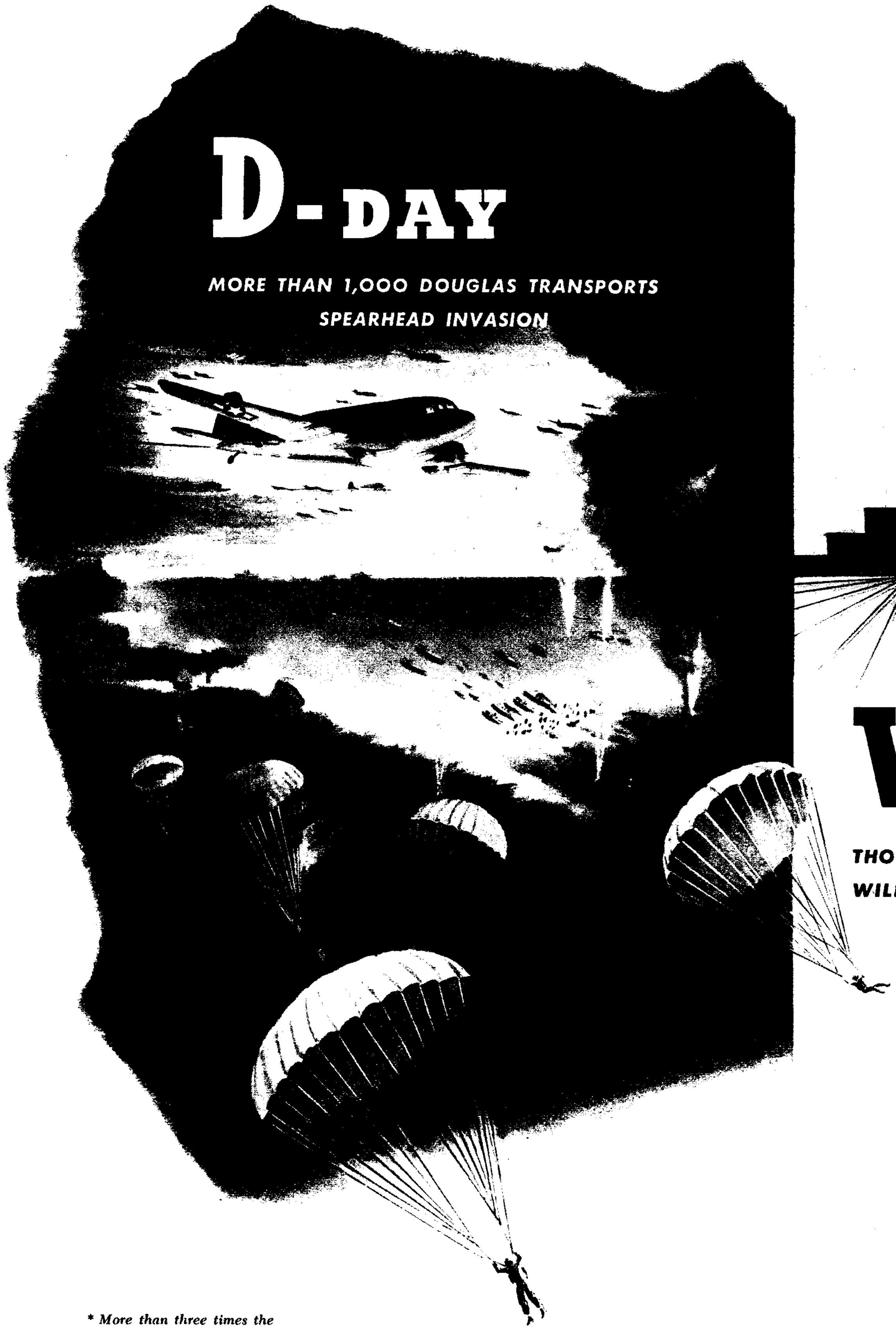
She said pensively, "I guess it's just the beast in me. . . . Anyway, he likes it."

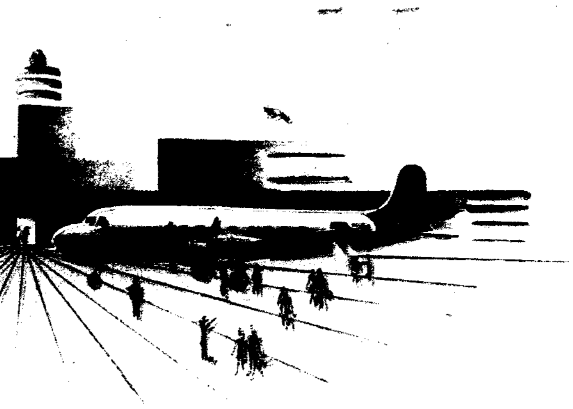
"So would a lot of other dopes. Why pick on George?"

She became serious. "I—I can't help it," she murmured. "I guess I'm just a fool, but—" she dropped it to a whisper—"I love him. . . ." She stared into space, dead-pan,

D-DAY

MORE THAN 1,000 DOUGLAS TRANSPORTS SPEARHEAD INVASION





V-DAY

THOUSANDS OF DOUGLAS TRANSPORTS WILL SPEARHEAD PEACETIME PROGRESS

Unarmed and unarmored, more than 1,000 Douglas Skytrains* transported 24,000 skytroops to spearhead the invasion.

In this greatest mass movement by air in history, 98% of these DC-3s at war completed their missions SAFELY!

Come V-Day and over a billion miles of Douglas dependability in wartime will have perfected air travel for you.

* *More than three times the number of planes in use today on domestic airlines.*

Douglas
AIRCRAFT

DOUGLAS EQUIPPED AIRLINES: American Airlines — Hawaiian Airlines Ltd. — Braniff Airways — Chicago & Southern Air Lines — Colonial Airlines — Delta Air Lines — Eastern Air Lines — Western Air Lines — Northeast Airlines — Northwest Airlines — Pan American Airways — Pennsylvania-Central Airlines — TWA — United Air Lines — China National Airways — Pan American-Grace Airways — Avianca (Aerovias Nacionales de Colombia) — Cia. Mexicana de Aviacion — Panair Do Brazil — Cia. Nacional Cubana de Aviacion, S. A. — Uraba, Medellin and Central Airways — Cruzeiro do Sul (Brazil) — Primeas Lineas Uruguayas de Navegacion Aerea, S. A. — Aerovias de Guatemala, S. A. — Canadian Pacific Airlines — Australian National Airlines — Royal Dutch Airlines (K.L.M.) — Royal Netherlands Indies Airways (K.N.I.L.M.) — Sabena (Belgian Congo) — Swissair (Switzerland) — A.B. Aerotransport (Sweden) — Indian National Airways — L. A. P. E. (Spain) — Aer Lingus (Ireland) — American Airlines of Mexico — British Overseas Airways (BOAC) (England).

lips parted, and all she needed was the piano to sit on.

Bill said, "Ha. In college it was Nick McCann."

"A mere boy-and-girl affair."

"And then Charley Walker—"

"We were never anything but friends."

"—and Eddie Helton, and Joe Burns, and Dutch Zeller, and some more that I can't remember."

"A girl has to shop around," Nancy said. "But this, Bill—this is serious. I think I will marry George."

"Marry him!" Bill cried. It was worse than he'd thought. A spot of flirtation, another broken heart for her collection, yes. But marriage! It was a lucky thing for George that he had a pal to take care of him.

He girded himself. "Nancy," he said, "there is something I must tell you. Of course, George is my friend, but you and I, Nancy—we grew up together. I can't let you go on living in a—a fool's paradise."

"My goodness," she said. "My goodness, Bill. What is it? Tell me."

"Well." He watched her sidewise while he said it. "You see, I knew George's wife, out in Seattle."

She was silent for a moment. Then she said, "Really, Bill? You know, I've never been to Seattle. Is it nice?"

"Why—yes. I like Seattle."

"I've always wanted to go there. But I never have."

"It's a fine town," Bill said. "The largest—" He stopped. "Listen. What is all this about Seattle?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Bill. You brought it up."

"I did not. I was telling you about George's wife, and you went off on this Seattle business."

"I was just making conversation."

He set his jaw grimly, had another crack at it. "Well, then, about this Ethel— Her name was Ethel. A sweet and innocent girl." He shook his head. "It was a sad thing."

"Awful," Nancy agreed.

"I haven't told you what it was, yet."

She thought about it. "So you haven't. Well, tell me, then. What happened?"

He gritted his teeth, lowered his voice impressively. "He beat her."

"Goodness," she said.

Gloomy, he nodded. "It was very sad. This sweet little girl, this Ethel. Night after night old George would come home from work and beat her."

Nancy seemed interested. "Maybe he was just a better player than she was."

He said, "Go ahead, laugh. You wouldn't think it was funny if you'd seen her. A mass of bruises." Inspiration came to him, the last little authentic touch that means so much to a work of art. "Night after night, he beat her head against the radiator."

Nancy was silent for a moment. "Night after night, you say?"

"Night after night."

She shook her head sadly. "What a dreadful thing! And didn't the janitor *ever* send up any heat?"

WELL, there you were. That was life for you. That was the way it went. You tried to help the girl, you tried to save her from a dire fate, and what did it buy you? A lot of cross-talk. *Okay,* he thought. *You Nancy: okay. Just don't think I'm through with you, that's all. Don't think I'm licked.*

He glanced at the girl; dreamily she gazed into the night. A vain and shallow creature, but fair. Notice her hair, now, how it blew, spun gold in the moonlight. Notice the perfection of her cheek, her throat, her—

He pulled himself together. A vain and heartless flirt, a one-woman pestilence. She thought she was pretty smart, he guessed. Well, he would show her.

He eased the car round a curve, over the brow of a hill. Lights gleamed below, and a plan formed in his mind.

"Look, Nancy," he said. "There it is. Moonlight Lake."

There were tables and a dance floor, a five-piece jump outfit that gave with abandon. There were also many males, in and out of uniform. The uniformed ones were the best: they had glamor. Thus she could be diverted, thus drawn off from old George.

But first, they danced. She drifted like thistledown in his arms, a pleasing sensation. He smelled her perfume, her arm rested lightly on his shoulder, her hair touched his cheek. In a moment now he would find her a large and handsome uniform. But meanwhile a man could dance, couldn't he? And dancing, dancing with Nancy, a man could think how pleasant it would be if only she were not a shallow and fickle and heartless flirt. . . .

THE music stopped. She tilted her head up. "Look, Bill," she said. "The lake."

He looked. "Why, so it is. Shall we sit down?"

"See how the moon shines on it, Bill," Nancy said.

"No doubt. How about a beer?"

"There is a kind of dock, Bill. We could go out on it and look at the lake."

He would be damned if they did. What was this, the old business?

"No," he said.

"You won't go with me?"

"I certainly won't. I'm going to sit down and have a beer."

"Then I'll have to go by myself." She considered briefly. "Or perhaps it would look better if I took somebody with me. A sailor, perhaps. Oh, sailor!"

A large and handsome uniform loomed. Its grin you could call fatuous. "Hi, toots," it said. "What cooks?"

This was fine. This was just dandy. This was exactly what he wanted. A big handsome sailor boy to pull her off old George's neck. Fine.

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

"Okay," Bill said quickly. "So I'll take you. So okay."

Sweetly, she smiled at him. "Oh, no, Bill. You just sit down and drink your beer. I'm sure this sailor will be glad to show me the lake, and the moon, and all."

"Oh, boy," the sailor said. "You bet, chum. I'll take care of it."

He leered. Nancy smiled. She clung to the guy's arm. And they went.

Bill lit a cigarette, wandered into the night. He found a tree, and leaned against it idly. He smoked, he enjoyed the fragrance of the summer evening. Also he discovered that, by an odd coincidence, and by moving his head slightly, he could see the dock.

He moved his head slightly. Yes, there it was. Two figures stood upon it. As he watched, the distance between them lessened. Bill frowned—with pleasure, of course. It was going exactly as he had planned.

The distance lessened. It lessened still more. Now—now it was gone. There was only one silhouette against the water.

Bill found that he was running, running, galloping down the path. A queer thing, that. When he had the time he would look into it. At present, simply, he ran. He hit the dock, skidded wildly, stopped.

"Hey!" he said. "Hey, you!"

The sailor turned. Bill cocked his best one, the Sunday one, the haymaker. He put everything he had into it, and let it go. . . .

The car rolled along the highway, rolling through the moonlight.

"Laugh," Bill said. "Bray your head off."

"Laugh, Bill? Why would I laugh?"

He was silent. Nancy drove, and he sat in dignity and silence.

She said, "You mean because you fell into the lake, Bill? I wouldn't laugh at that, no matter how funny you looked, with your arms and legs waving—"

"Shut up," he said.

"I'm explaining," she explained. "Because you were protecting me, weren't you? So even though you were a perfect scream—you were, Bill, honestly—I wouldn't laugh. I wouldn't want to hurt your feelings."

"Just forget it, then."

"I can't, Bill. I'll never forget it. Your face—" She was seized with a fit of coughing. After a moment she recovered. "Anyway," she said, "it's lucky that sailor was there to pull you out, wasn't it?"

"If he hadn't been there, I wouldn't have fallen in."

"That's what I mean. Everything works together for the best, Bill."

"Drive on," he said. "Just drive."

"You're awfully cute in that blanket, Bill."

He didn't answer. He would catch pneumonia, probably, and die. It would be a great gag. She could laugh at that one for weeks. The car turned off the highway, climbed the hill toward Herb's and Myra's.

"Bill," she said.

"I'm not even listening."

"Bill, tell me one thing, please."

"Well, what?"

She swung the car around the drive, into the garage, stopped. They got out. Nancy looked at him thoughtfully in the dim light.

"I mean," she said, "it looks so sort of becoming. So sort of natural. . . . Bill, *do* you have any Indian blood? Just a little?"

MORNING sunlight streaming into the room woke him. After a moment his mind came into focus. He groaned, and reached for a before-breakfast cigarette.

Last night, now. You could look at it, you could analyze your work, and you could see that it had not been wholly successful. Somewhere there had been a slip. It hadn't worked out the way it should have.

He sat on the edge of the bed, put a hand out toward the chair where he had hung his clothes. His hand groped, his mind faltered. The chair was empty.

For an instant he sat frozen. Then he leaped from the bed, jerked his bag from beneath it, dumped out its contents. Handkerchiefs, socks, three books of matches, a pair of dice. But no pants.

His eye roved wildly. It was George's doing, a strategic move to immobilize him, Bill. Something was cooking.

Pants or no pants, he had to be on hand to stop it. He had to act. . . .

Herb and Myra he found downstairs. Herb pecked at a typewriter; Myra knitted. They looked at him with interest.

"How," Herb said. Myra simply grunted. Then Herb grunted. Myra grunted again. They beamed upon each other and turned to Bill.

Bill pulled the blanket tighter. "Somebody stole my pants," he explained. He dropped the subject, went to the heart of the matter. "Where's Nancy?"

"Nancy!" Herb was shocked. "Oh, see here, Bill, old man. Nancy hasn't got them. I mean—" his spectacles glittered with the joy of it—"I'm sure I'd have noticed if I'd seen Nance in your pants."

He and Myra bubbled happily together. Bill sighed. The wit was crude, no doubt, but pleasing to themselves. He waited for them to subside.

"Look," he said then. "All I want is information. Where's Nancy?"

Myra gave it to him: "In the garden, with George."

Bill stiffened. "You mean they're out there together?" He stared at them. "Don't you realize what this means? Why, anything might happen!"

Herb shook his head. "I doubt it. Nancy can take care of herself."

Nancy could take care of herself. *Nancy!* He struggled for words. None came. Blindly, he turned away toward the door, but the merry voices pursued him still.

"Oh, Herb, look! Herb, do you suppose he's really turning?"

"Turning, Myra?"

"Into an Indian. A redskin."

"Oh, come now, Myra. Just because he's wearing a blanket—"

He reached the door, stumbled out into the sunshine. Myra's voice floated after him:

"No, no. Didn't you notice? His face has turned red already!"

THE garden dreamed under the sun; there was dew on the roses. Bill paused, breathing hard. And, as he paused, he saw them: George and Nancy, arm in arm, just disappearing behind a shed that stood at the end of the garden. Nancy glanced back over her shoulder, but, apparently, she didn't see him. Bill followed them swiftly. At the corner of the shed he stopped, listened.

The voices murmured, murmured low. Bill strained his ears; no use. Then a thought struck him.

Noiselessly he stole back to the other side of the shed and—yes, there was a door. He climbed a fence that enclosed a small yard on this side of the shed, went to the door, and entered, closing the door behind him. Then he crept through the dimness, laid his ear against the wall.

"George," she was saying, "where shall we meet?"

"Why, I told you just a minute ago. At that shack."

"That shack, George? That one, up on he hill behind the house? With the path going up to it?"

"That's the one."

Bill frowned. What lurid thing did she plot now? He held his breath.

"At eight-thirty, George? Oh, George, it's so romantic! Do you think he suspects?"

"Goodwin?" George laughed unpleasantly. "Forget about him, baby."

"But he might try to stop us. I mean, if he knew that we—"

George interrupted her. "Hush!" he said. "What was that?"

"What, George?"

"That noise, behind us. In the shed. What—"

Bill gasped, strangled and sneezed again.

"There!" George cried. "Nancy, I'm going to look into this!"

Bill straightened. He took a quick step backward and his foot struck something solid yet yielding, like a sack of flour. He teetered and sat, hard.

For an instant nothing happened. Then a piercing shriek rose. The sack of flour heaved, lurched. Bill fell backward to the floor. The shriek increased in volume, the screaming of all the lost souls in Hades; now it was joined by another, deeper sound, a roaring like thunder.

Bill struggled frantically. The blanket was over his head, it clung to him like a suspicious creditor. Heavy bodies caromed against him

Are you singing the "TIME CLOCK BLUES"?

● Thousands of otherwise healthy men feel all fagged out long before the end of the day. Often this early fatigue can be directly traced to the constant strain and drag on delicate muscles in "the vital zone." Bauer & Black Suspensories help relieve these dangerous strains for thousands.

THIS FREE BOOK TELLS THE STORY

It tells how men claim to have found new energy and pep . . . how they get more out of life . . . feel younger . . . when they have the comfortable support of a Bauer & Black Suspensory. It tells how a suspensory may help you banish "quitting time fatigue."

DON'T FEEL FAGGED OUT—SEND THE COUPON

BAUER & BLACK Suspensories
Division of The Kendall Company
Dept. S-502
2500 South Dearborn St., Chicago 16, Ill.
I'm tired of being tired. Send me "What Every Man Should Know."
Name.................................
Address.................................
City.......................State.............

PULVEX FLEA POWDER
Kills fleas 25¢ AND 50¢
JUST APPLY TO ONE SPOT

FOR DULL HAIR ·JERIS· HAIR OIL

WHEN YOUR EYES FEEL HOT AND TIRED

from over-work... glare...close-work...

USE EYE-GENE! It's the only prepared formula on the market containing the exclusive ingredient that brings such instant, cooling relief to tired eyes.

KEEP EYE-GENE handy, always! Get a bottle of this safe, stainless eye lotion from your nearest Drug or Dime store...today!

EYE-GENE
[illegible]

in the dimness, thunder shook the air, the shriek rose higher, higher—

And stopped.

Silence. No screams, no thunder. The blanket—overconfident perhaps—relaxed its efforts, and Bill sprang free of it. He stood erect, draped the thing around his shoulders, made his dazed way to the door. It was open, now.

They were all there: George and Nancy, Herb and Myra, eying him curiously.

"What—" he began; and stopped. A kind of horror came over him. Darkness beat against his mind with shadowy wings. "Pigs," he said hollowly. "Pigs."

There were three of them, and when they saw Bill they crowded together in a corner of the pen, grunting among themselves. Bill passed a shaking hand over his brow.

"Pigs," he said again.

"Yes, pigs." Herb stepped forward, shook a finger under Bill's nose. "I try to be a good host. If you want to play Indian, that's all right with me. But you let my pigs alone!"

Pigs, Bill thought. *Damn the pigs. Damn the meat shortage.* "Listen," he said, "I didn't hurt your stinking pigs."

He looked from Herb to Nancy, to Myra, to George. Their eyes were averted. They gazed thoughtfully, sadly, at the pigs. They shook their heads. They said:

"Look at the poor things. Their spirits are broken."

"They'll never be the same again."

"Oh, now, after all—pigs is pigs."

"Not after they've been cowed."

Then they laughed heartily. His friends, his pals. . . . Well, let them be gay if it pleased them. He, Bill, was not amused. He turned away in search of solitude.

And as he turned, as he climbed the fence, he heard Nancy's voice bright with interest: "How would you go about cowing a pig?"

"I wouldn't know, myself," George said. "But I know how to find out."

"How, George?"

"Just ask old Sitting Bull, over there."

THE afternoon passed, the evening came. The day had been a merry one, punctuated by grunt upon grunt, by war whoop upon war whoop, by peal upon lilting peal of laughter. Now the day was done. Bill loitered in Herb's study. Herb was present, with a magazine. Myra was present, with khaki wool. George and Nancy were not present.

It came upon him that he had not seen these two since dinner. Where could they be? What could they be doing?

And what, when you thought about it, did it matter, after all?

Naturally, it didn't matter. It was nothing to him. If they wanted to make fools of themselves and each other, why, let them. They were a fitting pair. Especially that girl, with her smooth throat, her lovely cheek, her hair that was like spun gold in the moonlight.

So let them go. Let them even marry if they wished. They could raise pigs, they could wrap themselves in blankets, they could grunt and whoop and have a beautiful life together. So just let them go.

He said casually, "I wonder where George and Nancy are."

Herb dropped his magazine; Myra dropped her knitting. They gazed at each other and at him.

"Do you think we should tell him?"

"Well, of course, Nancy said we shouldn't—"

"Yes, but Myra, I think he has a right to know."

"Well . . . it isn't as if he really cared. . . ."

They paused, they gazed at him.

"Okay, then," Bill said. "So let's have it."

"Well." Herb rubbed his chin. "You see, they're eloping."

Bill nodded. "Oh." Then, galvanized, he leaped to his feet. "Eloping!" he cried. "You mean they're going to get married?"

A pleased light showed in Herb's eye. "If they don't they'll lose their second-class mailing rights."

Bill clenched his fists. Eloping! Married! Swiftly, sternly, he strode to the door. It wasn't there. He fumbled at the wall, and Herb's voice came to him as from a great distance:

"Now, Bill, old man, just keep cool."

At the wall he fumbled. "Cool!" he cried. "I am cool! I'm like a cucumber!"

"Well," Herb conceded, "your face does look kind of green, at that."

"Never mind the gags," Bill said, and his voice was hoarse, cracked: "Just show me where in damnation you've put the door."

NOW he was running, unruffled, through the night. The shack on the hilltop, the path behind the house. Eight-thirty. Perhaps it was even now too late, perhaps they were already gone. Through the moonlight he ran, he mounted the path, he came to the shack. Calmly he threw himself at the door. It swung open.

"Oh—*darling!*" A pair of soft arms about his neck, a heady perfume in his nostrils. "Darling," she sighed. "You've come!"

A pair of lips added themselves to the arms, the perfume. They pressed against his, in a kiss meant for George, no doubt, but enjoyable nonetheless. His own arms, he discovered, were about her. Well, they were comfortable: let them stay. And if he was breathing hard, who wouldn't be, after that hill?

Then it was over. Well, so what? A kiss here, a kiss there: what did they matter? Only, he would have to tell her now that he was not George.

"Nancy," he said.

"Yes, Bill?"

"I must tell you—" He stopped. "'Bill!'" he cried. "You called me 'Bill!'"

"Of course. What else would I call you?"

He passed a hand over his brow. "But—but you think I'm George!"

"Why, no." Her voice was thoughtful. "That would be silly, wouldn't it? I mean, after all, you're not George."

"Well, no."

"So there you are." She moved, the arms were around his neck again. "Oh, Bill," she sighed. "I knew I could depend on you."

It was dark in the shack, dark in his mind. "Depend on me how?"

"To save me. You almost spoiled it, though, this morning."

"Try to make sense," he said.

She explained: "When you were playing with those pigs. You sneezed before I could finish what I was saying. So I had to get Herb and Myra to help."

She had known all the time that he was in the shed. She had meant for him to overhear. . . . He shivered a little.

"No, Nancy," he said. "You love George, remember? That's why you followed us here."

"No, it isn't." She moved again, paper crackled, a match flared. Her face leaped out of darkness, lovely, crowned with gold. "Read it," she said. "Myra's letter. The one I told you about."

He took it with trembling fingers. He read. He uttered a cry.

"Nancy, this is madness! The woman's insane! *Bill* needs to settle down! *Bill* needs a nice girl to take care of him!"

"I told you it was a nice letter."

"It's a revolting letter. You mean you weren't after George, at all?"

"Of course not. George was simply a horse."

He shook his head to clear it. It didn't clear. "A horse?"

"A stalking-horse. Like all the rest of them. Nick and Charley and Joe—" The arms materialized again, she clung to his neck. "It was really you, all along. Oh, Bill, you do love me, don't you?"

"Certainly not," he said. "Nancy, was George in on this dastardly plot?"

"Oh, no. I intended to tell him, at first. But he was so pleased with himself because he'd made a conquest, and he said such terrible things about you, Bill. So I thought it would teach him a lesson. . . . Kiss me, Bill."

"Don't be ridiculous. Why should I kiss you?"

"Because you love me, Bill. You saved me from the sailor; you saved me from George. So kiss me."

He said hopefully, "George will be here any minute. He'll kiss you."

"No, he won't."

"Why not?"

"I was afraid you might not get here in time. So I locked him up. I told him I had something funny to show him, and then I locked him up."

"Locked him up where, Nancy?"

"Why, with the pigs." Her lips brushed his chin; he raised his head out of reach.

"Nancy, this is awful. We've got to let him out."

"Kiss me first."

If he didn't, she would keep him here for hours. Old George would have to sleep with the pigs. For friendship, for a pal, for old George's sake, he bent his head.

"Like that, Nancy?"

"Yes. Now do it again."

He did it again.

"That was fine, Bill. Now we can go."

THEY went out. The moon was there, high in the sky. Her hair was spun gold in the moonlight, and the thing to do was to run, quickly, quickly, down the hill. If he stayed here he was cooked. He would spend his life married to this Nancy. And old George would have to sleep with the pigs.

She glanced at him over her shoulder.

"Have you noticed the moon, Bill? It's lovely, isn't it?" She added, "But don't mind me, Bill. Just leave me here, alone in the moonlight. Remember George, down there with the pigs."

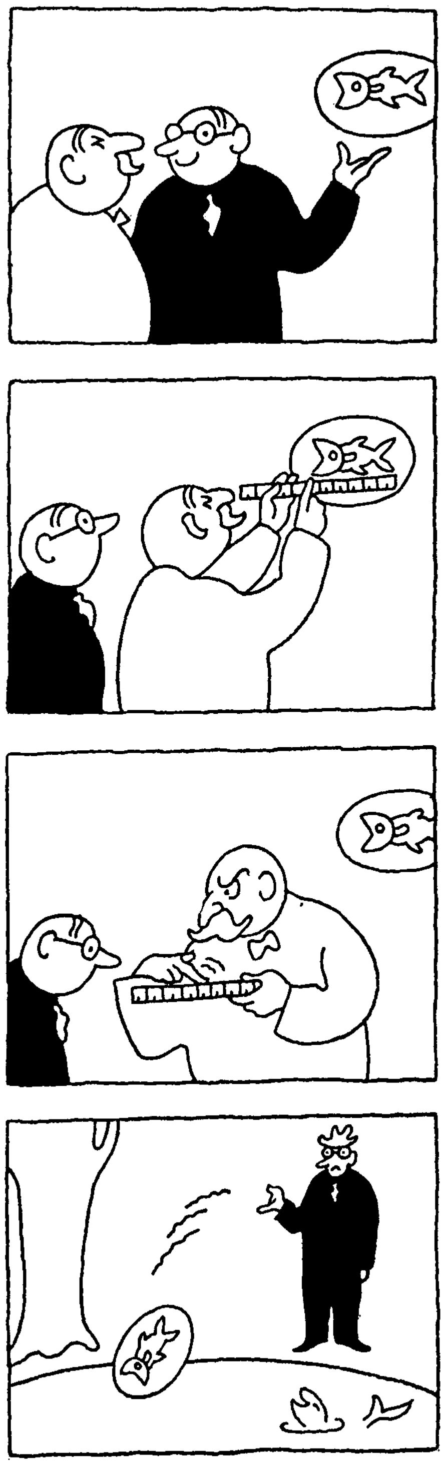
He looked at the moon, he looked at Nancy. He thought of old George. But her lips were soft, her hair was spun gold in the moonlight, and he was cooked.

He said, "Never mind George."

He said, "The pigs will just have to put up with him."

He said, "Come here."

THE END



COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Solomon Salesmen

Continued from page 59

value of an American 25-cent piece, I took out another quarter and offered both coins, figuring that fifty cents would have this native bowing and scraping and asking his heathen gods to bless the generous white man. But again all I got was an incoherent mumbling and a shake of the head.

"T' dolla, T' dolla," he mumbled again.

"No savvy," says I.

Then the ugliest-looking of the three, who had been standing in the background taking in all this frustrated negotiation, stepped up alongside his buddy. "He say he want two dolla," said he.

These natives can't have any idea of the value of money, I thought, and spurring myself to go the limit, I held out all the change I had with me.

The ugly but very coherent "boy" looked at the change in my hand and remarked, "That only one dolla, fifty cents. This fella want two dolla for skirt."

I rather sheepishly gave him to understand I didn't have two dollars with me. Whereupon, the three of them reached into their little knapsacks and brought out other items, including grass arm bands, wooden combs and some shells. Once again I offered my poor little one dollar and fifty cents for a grass skirt, but they just stared at me, put the little things back in their bi-lums and sauntered off. I felt I had wasted the time of three very busy merchants.

The Friendly Natives Greet Us

Months later we pulled into a small harbor of one of the less frequented of the Solomon Islands. The few villages we could see on the beach looked strictly primitive, and there was neither Army, Navy nor Marine establishment. This was the real thing, the McCoy. Those Guadalcanal and Tulagi natives had been spoiled, but *these* savages probably had never seen white men, and certainly not Americans. We had not even reached the anchorage before we saw scores of canoes leaving the villages, headed our way.

As the canoes came closer, we saw they were manned by men and boys—old men in their last years—boys as young as three and four years old, and young, strong bucks, too. We had hardly dropped anchor when the canoes converged on the ship, clustering wherever the sailors were leaning over the side. Each canoe was loaded with stuff.

The natives stared at the sailors, the sailors stared at the natives. Then one sailor saw a shell-inlaid walking stick in one of the canoes; he pointed and asked, "How much?"

"Four dolla," came back the reply.

The sailor dug four dollars out of his jeans, and the trading was on.

What went on during the next four hours would have gladdened the heart of any American supermarket manager—even on Saturday night. Walking sticks, plain, sold for one dollar; walking sticks, carved or with four or five inches of shell inlay, were three and four dollars; walking sticks with pornographic carvings, five dollars. Native combs sold for one and two dollars. The comb, made of wood, looks like an oversize salad fork. The native "boys" wear it, handle facing forward, in their bushy tops, and when they have nothing better to do, they just sit around and comb.

Top price for a comb was paid by a radioman who shelled out ten dollars for one with some pretty fancy inlay work. Fans made of coconut palm fronds went like hot cakes at one dollar per. Sad-looking shell necklaces brought one and two dollars. Single shells, large and colorful, sold for fifty cents to one dollar. Tobacco cans, filled with assorted small shells, sold for fifty cents to one dollar.

The sailors tried to bargain and cut down the prices, but the natives had set their prices and held out for them—and got them. One native "boy" wore a half-moon mother-of-pearl shell around his neck. He was offered two dollars, three dollars, four dollars—but he held out for five dollars, which he got from a Vermont sailor whose grandfather might very well have traded ten-cent trinkets for gold with African natives in *his* day.

Half a dozen sailors had their caps set for cat's-eyes—a rare and beautiful shell with a dark green center and a splash of yellow in the green. Cat's-eyes range in diameter from the size of a dime to that of a quarter and perfect specimens cost five dollars in Honolulu. When made up in rings or brooches, they cost from fifteen to twenty dollars in San Francisco. But the natives, it seemed, knew all this, too, and asked as much as one dollar for just fair specimens.

The canes, clubs, fans, mats, shells, combs were soon all gone. American dollar bills were scattered over the bottoms of the canoes, and the sailors were loaded down with their purchases. But the day's activities weren't over. The sailors still had cash and now they went after the personal effects of the natives.

Some of the older "boys" and strapping young native buckaroos had nose and ear ornaments. They seemed reluctant to part with these very personal gadgets until offers of two, three and four dollars came from the sailors. Then they took the sticks from their noses and the beaded earrings from their ears and swapped them for the green cash. A minute later, these same natives had new sticks in their noses and new earrings. They were not only good merchandise men, but good display men.

By this time, most of the sailors were souvenir-rich and money-poor; but the natives were ready for this, too, and now gave us to understand that they were willing to trade for merchandise. The small war club which sold for one dollar could also be had in exchange for a pipe—or three tins of tobacco—or a carton of cigarettes. Other acceptable swapping merchandise turned out to be soap, bread, thread, canned fish and any kind of canned meat. The item most in demand by the natives was calico; it seems they hadn't been able to buy much cotton goods since the war started.

Some of the sailors dug up trinkets from their lockers—five-and-ten store items—rings, chains, sunglasses. The natives just laughed. They were not *buying* trinkets. They were *selling* them!

After the very last shell and walking stick were sold, the natives uncovered baskets they had tucked away under palm-leaf mats, and showed they were still in business—this time the fruit business. They had limes, wild oranges, pineapples, coconuts. They traded these for cigarettes, tobacco, cakes of soap, small change like dimes and quarters—even boxes of candy which some of the boys had left over from Christmas packages.

And We Learned about Women

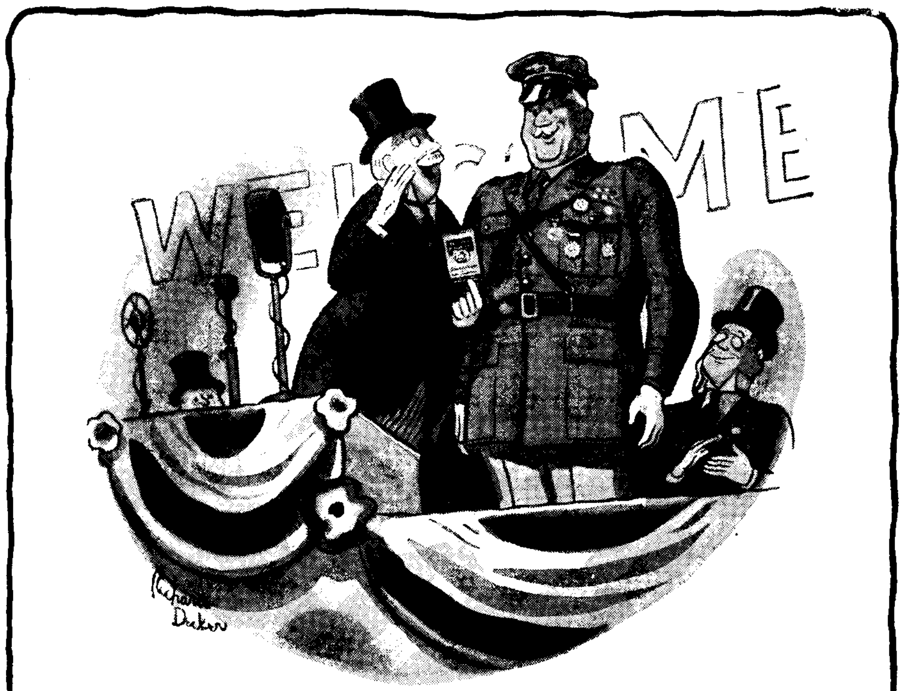
Most of these natives were Melanesians. They had no women with them. When the sailors inquired about the women, the natives replied, "Tambu." We learned they were very strict with their females and kept them at home all the time. But there were a few canoes filled with Polynesians, who take their womenfolk less seriously and had brought some of them along.

The girls wore calico capes over their shoulders, a source of frustration to the sailors who wanted to see whether it was true what they said about these South Sea island dames. But no amount of pleading could get the girls to unveil, until one of the sailors, a lanky West Virginian, offered one of the girls two dollars for her calico cape. After a little coy byplay and a little urging from her menfolk, she took off the cape and threw it to the sailor who threw back two dollar bills.

During the next few days we learned that both Melanesian and Polynesian women habitually went about with nothing on but grass or calico skirts, except when visiting white settlements. The sailors got all the eyefuls they wanted of the native women, thanks to the binoculars on the ship, and the shattering of still another tradition—the beauty of the South Sea Island woman—took place.

At sundown, the native canoes went back to their villages, loaded with cash and white man's merchandise and food. It had been a great day. The sailors had their souvenirs. The natives had the nice American dollars. Everyone was happy.

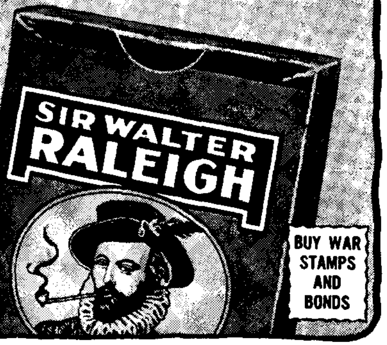
THE END



"I lost the key to the City, but I'll give you my Sir Walter Raleigh"

Smokes as sweet as it smells

"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"



SMOKE A PIPE and like it
YOUR PIPE

FREE! *24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.*

RONRICO
Finest Quality
Distilled
PUERTO RICAN RUM

The Rum of Delicious Flavor

For the Connoisseur

RONRICO*

Best RUM *bar none**

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free Copy. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. United States Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C.

Copyright 1944, Ronrico Corp. *Trademarks

REMOVES A CAUSE OF

Toilet Odors

Even in toilet bowls that *look* clean an invisible film is always forming. There may be toilet odors. Be sure your toilet is above criticism. Use Sani-Flush twice a week to remove this recurring film where toilet germs lodge.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works *chemically*—even cleans the hidden trap. Removes stains and discolorations quickly and easily. No scrubbing or special disinfectants. Doesn't injure toilet connections. (*See directions on can.*) Sold everywhere—two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS
TOILET
BOWLS
WITHOUT SCRUBBING

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Publisher
HENRY LA COSSIT, Editor
JOE ALEX MORRIS, Managing Edit

Advertising and the War Effort

BEFORE this war, the radicals and even some otherwise intelligent business leaders said that private enterprise would not survive another world conflict. American railroads were taken over by the government during the first World War. It was said that the government had brought order out of transportation chaos. There was some truth in this observation. So in the years following, it was concluded that all large business would necessarily be managed by the government the next time a great war came.

Behind these forecasts was the tacit belief that maybe government management would prove to be more efficient. In the background also was the old American political hostility to large business organizations. Our standard of living was made possible by the fertility of large business organizations, but politically we have never liked big business.

Reformers were gunning particularly for advertising. To them, advertising was a sheer economic waste. They thought, and they told congressional committees and ladies' clubs and anybody else who was willing to listen, that if only the advertising were omitted we could buy much more cheaply tooth paste and cigarettes and clothes and food and all of the other luxuries and necessities that make up our standard of living.

Of course, these assumptions were erroneous. As everyone knew, who knew anything about the making of goods in large quantities, advertising was the tool that created large markets and so indirectly stimulated industry to devise the economies that resulted in the American standard of living.

Most of this was forgotten during the ten years that led up to the second World War. Business got a black eye during the depression and during the succeeding years never quite regained its self-confidence. So when the prophets of doom began to wail their dismal forecast, a great many businessmen thought that the end of private enterprise had really come.

It has not turned out that way. The government has established controls and set up goals. In wartime the government must assume responsibility for national defense. Private enterprise, however, has borne the burden of the miraculous production that is now helping to win this war.

By every test, private American business enterprise has been proved to be the most fruitful method of production known to mankind. The United States has not had to look to Great Britain or Russia for help in producing guns, ammunition, tanks, trucks, food or clothing. Russia has looked to us, and Prime Minister Churchill and Premier Stalin have acknowledged the very great contribution made to Russian victories by American tools of war.

The private industry of the United States has aided every country in conflict with the Germans and the Japanese. The capacity of American industry to produce has been something undreamed of in the world. The creative energies of millions of people, alert, intelligent, intent on saving their freedom, have written new chapters in history. It is the sober truth that the United States has been the storehouse of ideas, of productive methods, of inventions upon which all of the nations of the earth have drawn. Private enterprise has created the arsenal of democracy upon which all nations in varying degrees rely to liberate themselves from the Germans and the Japanese.

So advertising, voice of American industry, foolishly denounced by some as wasteful, sometimes despised as frivolous and actually marked for destruction by extremists in various governmental agencies, has modestly accomplished tasks essential to the United States and to a free world. In the process, advertising has been sifted and improved. It has risen to a great opportunity and given itself a new importance and a new dignity.

Getting any idea clearly understood by millions and tens of millions of men and women is an appallingly vast undertaking. Gener can give orders, but until an order is comprehended clearly, it canno be obeyed. Presidents and administrators can make suggestions and appeals, but until the suggestions are understood and the appeals accepted as reasonable and sound, they are without effect.

Advertising is the modern procedure for making ideas and suggestions plain and persuasive. The essence of advertising is the distribution of information in understandable and pleasing doses. Pictures, type arguments illustrated by words or photographs, comedy, eloquence music—all of these human devices to enlist interest, to hold attention to win approval, to convince, have to be employed. These are th familiar ingredients of the art of advertising. They have been used a times poorly and for unworthy causes. They have been used in th war successfully and honorably in great causes.

Soon after we entered the war, the national government, afte much debate, decided to use advertising as a means of winning publi support for war projects. The public was asked to buy War Bonds, to conserve food, to salvage metals and paper. We were urged to take the complicated steps necessary to achieve some degree of economic stabilization. Young women were called upon to enlist in the Wacs and the Waves and other branches of national service.

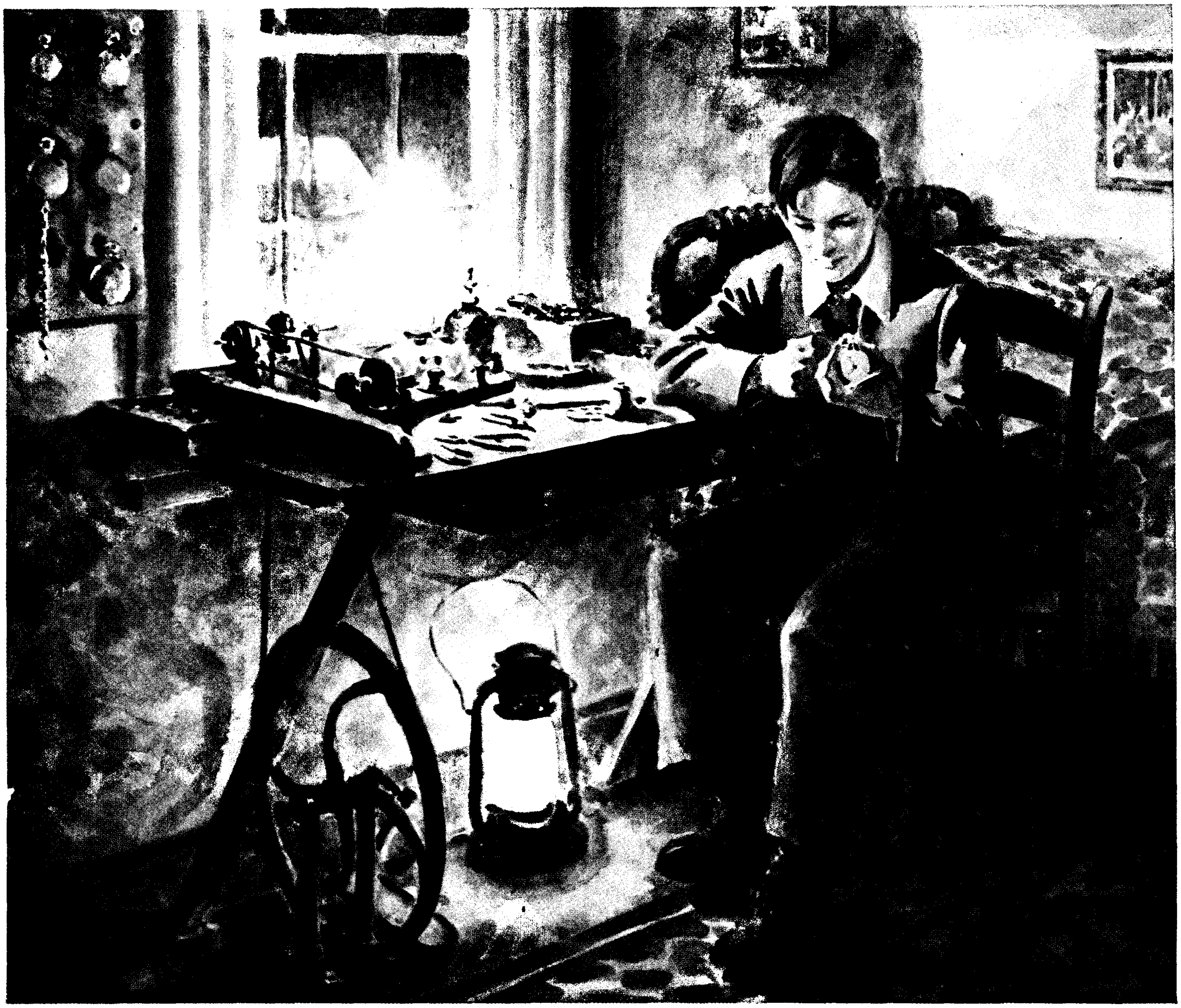
The response of the public to these appeals has been magnificent The great objectives of the nation are being attained. Advertising performed no miracles, but in practicable human fashion the war goals are being approached. So advertising has been firmly established as a vital instrument of public service. The war itself has proved that through advertising, democratic people can be persuaded quickly to take action necessary to their whole national defense.

Other advantages, quite unexpected, have resulted. For much of the advertising the government has paid nothing. While Washington was meditating upon the advantages and political complications of buying advertising for national purposes, industry itself organized the War Advertising Council, composed of advertisers, advertising agencies newspapers, magazines, radio, outdoor advertising and other groups, to mobilize the advertising energies of the country for war. Corporations that had been advertising their own products, voluntarily devoted their money, time and space to the advocacy of public causes designated by the government. During 1943, advertisers actually contributed over $300,000,000 to carrying on the various informational campaigns that our government wishes to present to the American people.

Advertisers who gave their money, their energies, and their ingenuity to these efforts were moved by the same unselfish considerations that persuaded other men and women to give whatever they had to the national defense. Few, if any, saw advantages accruing to them from these contributions to the government and to the winning of the war.

The businessmen who refrained from advertising their own wares in order to use their space for governmental purposes, however, are being rewarded by a new friendship from their consumers. The manufacturer who used his space or time to help in the war effort has by that fact established a reputation for public service that has given added confidence to his product.

Nobody set out at the start of this war to prove that private business enterprise was the most productive of the available ways of making the most weapons in the shortest time, nor did anybody hope to find a new justification for advertising or for advertisers during a world war. What has happened is merely a by-product of relentless concentration upon the winning of the war. For this very reason, it is the more firmly established.



Needles and nails made his first watch tools . . .

THE March wind rattled the bedroom window. But the kerosene lantern on the floor gave a steady glow to warm the boy's feet.

Then his head bent even more closely to the work. He nudged the balance wheel—and life and motion came back into the timepiece.

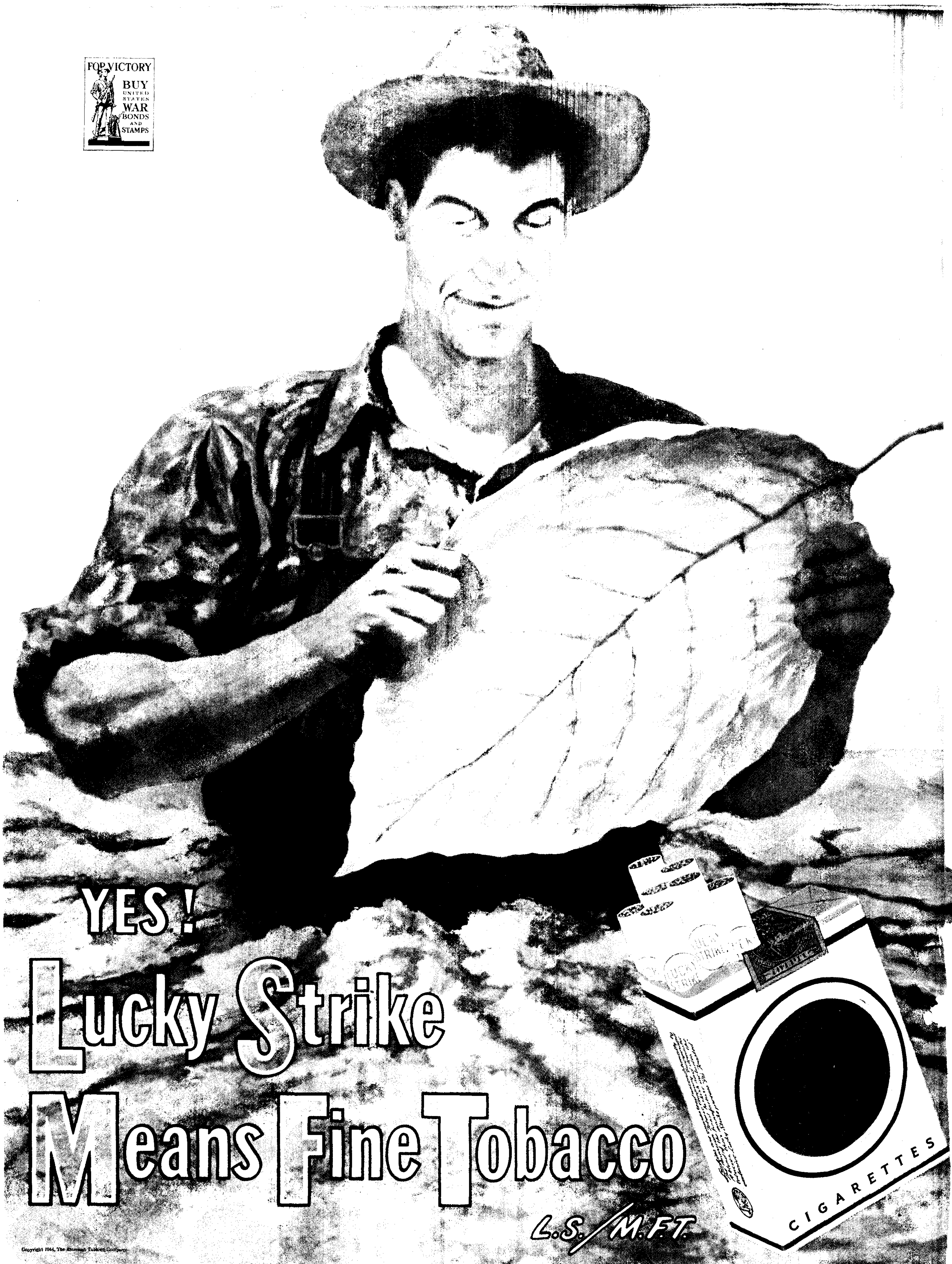
Watch repairing was coming easier to young Henry Ford. He had started at 14 and the first watch (today in his private collection at Dearborn) had been mended with a shingle nail, tweezers made from a corset stay, and a pair of knitting needles. Now he had real tools and a lathe. After school, he was watch repairer to the neighborhood. Everyone was enthusiastic about his work, particularly because he didn't charge for it. But it wasn't money that Henry Ford was interested in. Here was opportunity and he was making the most of it, an opportunity to *learn by doing.*

Years later, the watchmaker's touch and the creed of precision learned by Henry Ford in those winter nights were to guide the building of 30 million cars and trucks. Moreover, it was Mr. Ford's knowledge of watchmaking that prompted the inauguration of the assembly line. This in turn brought shorter working hours, increased wages, made life easier for millions, and is today speeding equipment to preserve our American way of living.

New cars belong to the future. But when tomorrow's Ford, Mercury and Lincoln cars arrive, they will reflect anew the watchmaker's skill, the workmanship and engineering resourcefulness that are typical of Ford Motor Company.

As in the past, they will be motorcars that are reliable and economical, smart and comfortable. And they will be priced within the means of the greatest number. For Mr. Ford has declared: "The profits we are most interested in are those the public gets from using the things that we produce. The only real profit is the public benefit."

FORD MOTOR COMPANY


FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
YES!
Lucky Strike
Means Fine Tobacco
LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.

Copyright 1944, The American Tobacco Company